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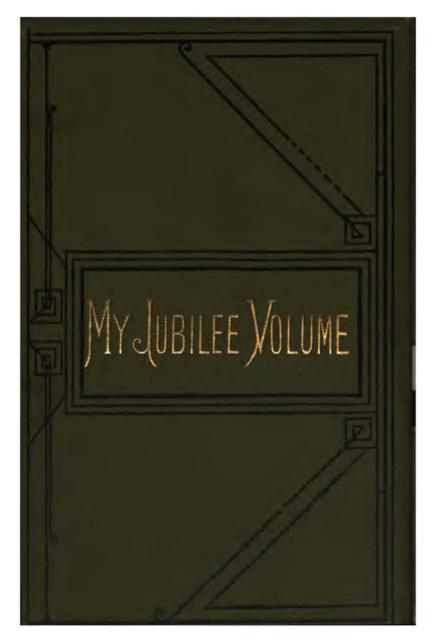
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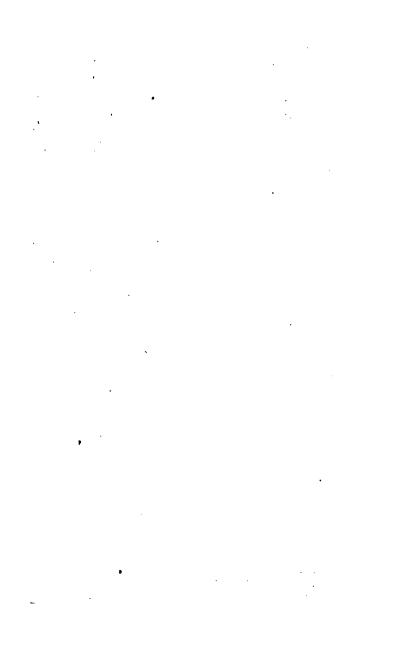
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## MY'

# JUBILEE VOLUME.

BY

## JOSEPH EDWARDS CARPENTER, Ph.D.,

AUTHOR OF

"THE ROMANCE OF THE DREAMER AND OTHER POEMS,"

"LAYS AND LEGENDS OF FAIRY LAND,"

"POEMS AND LYRICS," "SONGS AND BALLADS,"

"LATER LYRICS,"

ETC., ETC.



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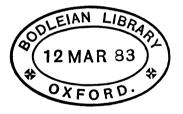
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY CLAYTON AND CO., 171, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

1883.

2800 899

#### LONDON:

CLAYTON AND CO., TEMPLE PRINTING WORKS,  $17\frac{1}{2}$ , BOUVERIE STREET, PLEET STREET, E.C.



#### TO MY READERS.

A few words only will be necessary to explain the title of this volume. In 1833—fifty years ago—I published my first collection of Verse, "Random Rhymes, or Lays of London" (London: Willoughby). Since that time several others have appeared; but this is, as I have called it, "My Jubile Volume." Should it meet with the success of its predecessors, I shall be under still further obligation to my friends and the public, and the generous critics who have encouraged me in my former efforts.

J. E. C.

20, Norland Square,

Notting Hill.—1883.



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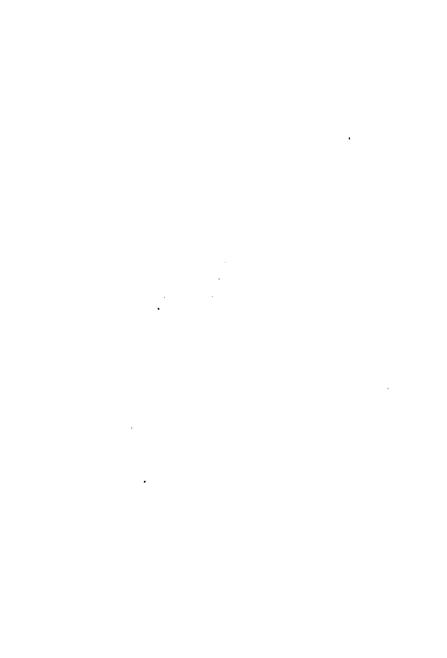
# FAIRY FANCIES:

BEING

# LEGENDS OF THE RHINE AND OTHER RIVERS.

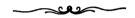
"These pretty ditties that I do devise
To feed youth's fancy, and the flockling fry,
Delight them much, what better I thereby?
They have the pleasure, I the slender prize:
I beat the bush, the birds to them do fly."

SPENSER.



# FAIRY FANCIES.

١.



#### UNDINE.

#### THE SPIRIT OF THE WATERS.

[Those who are acquainted with the BARON FOUQUE'S beautiful romance "Undine," upon which the following is founded, will at once discover that the present author has made a considerable alteration, or rather, abridgment of the story—he did so purposely, to make it assimilate more closely with our own familiar fairy legends, the subtle portion of UNDINE'S character, "formed according to Rosicrucian philosophy," being beyond ordinary comprehension, or, at any rate, beyond the object aimed at in our own national fairy tales.]

Oh! for those days of past delight When all on earth was young and bright, When Joy beneath the silver moon And Peace through every shining noon Made Earth their dwelling. When the soul, Yielding to passions' soft control, Its tenderest inspirations caught From purity of mind and thought.

Oh! for those early days, when truth
Made bright this gloomy world of ours,
And o'er the enchanted path of youth
Love flung his never-fading flowers,
Ere Falsehood reigned, or Mammon swayed,
When Nature ruled and Man obeyed.

Oh! for those days that only seem Like angels in some shadowy dream, Those scenes of bliss that only dwell In some rapt poet's minstrel spell, When bee and bird and fount and flowers And all that gladdened Nature's bowers Fresh from their Maker's hand were given, And all on Earth seemed nearer Heaven.

To those bright hours of joy and gladness When the young Earth was in its spring, Ere Minstrel's harp was tuned to sadness, My muse her backward flight must wing, Back to those bright and glorious themes That first inspired my boyhood's dreams.

'Twas on a glorious summer eve,
Crimson the orb of day went down,
Slowly, as waiting to receive
Earth's last embrace, and then to crown
With one full, rich, refulgent ray
The glories of departing day.
At such an hour, in silent mood,
Wrapped in his own heart's solitude,
An aged Fisher sat alone;
He watched the sun go down,
He heard the water's sullen tone,
He saw grey twilight frown;
And the birds, with weary wing,
Went homeward to the nest.

But he sat there musing, wondering,
Till all had gone to rest.
He called to mind an eve like this,

But ten short years ago,
A scene of tranquil, perfect bliss
When the evening wind wailed low;
And he remembered how his boat
Then swam upon the lake,

Just like a fairy bark afloat
With the silver in its wake;

And how he heard a low sweet wail Fall gently on his ear. And trimmed his boat, and set his sail, And to the spot did steer; And how he saw a fragile child Float on the lake's blue crest, And how it brightly, sweetly smiled When he warmed it in his breast: And how he wondered whence it came, And whose the child could be, And why it floated, just the same As the Nautilus at sea, As the water-lily on the tide. Or the weeds that to and fro did glide? And he remembered how he took The little child ashore. And how it never him forsook. But dwelt there evermore: And how his wife would fondly dance The wee thing on her knee, And watch its merry, sunny glance, So beautiful to see: And how it thrived, and how it grew, But grew not very tall, And how its limbs were fair to view So graceful, yet so small; And how it had its wilful ways And sometimes sought the shore, And then came back and wept for days, And never left his door; And how the time must come at last That both of them must die, His wife and he—now ageing fast, And leave the maid to sigh; And this was now his trouble sore As he sat musing by the shore, And then he gathered up his net, And pulled his boat up high and dry, And from the meshes wrung the wet, And spread it on the turf close by;

And turned him homeward, sad and slow, As the stars came out and the tide sunk low.

It was a quiet, lonely spot,
Where the ancient Fisher had built his cot,
A strip of green that, like a snake,
Slept on the margin of the lake;
As though it loved the waters bue
That proved to it so kind and true;
There, too, the waving willows made
Around his cot a cooling shade,
And, drooping in the waters bright,
Drank of their crystal day and night.

Such was the spot where Hubert made His pleasant dwelling in the shade, Protected by the clear blue tide That ebbed and flowed on either side. The bold, broad lake spread out before Far as the vision could explore. Behind—far back—a forest lay Whose branches closed the light of day. For ever from its gloomy track Whence few who entered e'er got back. So dark, so deep its sunless gloom No floweret there was known to bloom. While noxious weeds and tangled grass Choked up each dark and swampy pass. Yet, not the uncertain road alone With thorns beset and weeds o'ergrown Scared the lone traveller—rumour spoke Of witch-crown'd elm and spell-fraught oak, Of many an uncouth goblin shape, That few who met could e'er escape Mis-shapen, shadowy creatures they That scared the traveller on his way.

Sometimes from out this distant wood A wanderer there would chance to stray, And mark where Hubert's cottage stood And thither turn his lonely way. Then Hubert would his toils forsake, And row him safely o'er the lake, Or bid him rest a little yet The while he plied his busy net; And when the finny prey was stored, And he again must be on board To sell them at some distant town, The stranger'd to the shore go down, And share his voyage across the flood, But ne'er again would brave the wood.

Not lately Hubert had been called To succour strangers in distress, No dismal tale his ear appalled, But all seemed peace and happiness;

His little foster-child each day
Some new endearment did display,
Though still, at times, and unawares
She'd give herself strange elfin airs,
All Hubert and his wife could say,
Proper or not—she'd have her way.
"Was there e'er such a fairy sprite?"
The dame would say, but half in fun,
Then UNDINE's cheeks turned lily white,
And down her face the tears would run:

"Call me not Fairy, mother dear,
That name I dread—that name I fear."
But the good mother only smiled—
"Well, well, you're not a fairy-child."

But such she was—they knew it not When first they nursed her in their cot, Nor yet until, in after-years, They mourned her loss with sighs and tears.

One eve when Hubert homeward sped He found his wife and Undine there; The little maid had gone to bed, His dame dozed in the old arm-chair. She welcomed him with kindly zeal, Before him spread the evening meal; But he was sad, and sick at heart, And could not touch the smallest part; He told his wife what he had thought About the child he'd thither brought, And how it grieved him not to know How her in future to bestow.

E'en while he spoke a lightning flash Illumed the chamber where they stood, And then pealed out the thunder's crash, While roared without the angry flood.

A storm had burst across the lake,
They felt the cottage reel and shake,
As round and round the tempest blew,
And down the hail-stones rattled too.
Oh! what a night for wanderers out!
But hark! what's that?—a distant shout!

Into the darkness of the night,
Old Hubert went, and peered about,
He could not shew the friendly light,
He could but answer with a shout.
But soon towards the cottage rode

A knight upon a panting steed, Him Hubert led to his abode,

And gave him shelter in his need. First in the shed in which he dried His fish, with care the old man tied The knight's good steed, the knight's first care, Ere he'd the proffered shelter share, Ere he beneath the roof would go, Though pitiless the storm did blow.

The old wife plied the pine-wood fire, And bade the stranger draw still nigher, Then placed before him frugal fare, Yet sweetened by the welcome there; And curious still, yet asked him not What chance had brought him to the spot. His doublet was of violet blue Embroider'd o'er with lace of gold, His scarlet cloak, though now wet through, A knight of gentle blood foretold; His cap had on a draggled plume,

A golden shoulder-belt he wore,
A golden shoulder-belt he wore,
A bright sword, flashing in the gloom,
Whose hilt with gems was studded o'er.
All this proclaimed to them that he
Must be a knight of high degree.
"I see you marvel," soon he said,
"What chance it was me hither led;
I left my home at break of day,
Outrode my followers on the way,
Obscured from them behind a hill,
Where they, no doubt, are watching still.

I found my horse beyond control,
Some demon seemed to urge him on.
I gazed—but could not see a soul—
Behind—before—they all were gone.
My horse kept up his highest speed,
Before he'd been a trusty steed,
But now—I called him by his name—
I coaxed—I whipped—'twas all the same;
He bore me to a deep, dark wood,

One narrow path before us lay;
I thought at last he would have stood,
But still he kept his frantic way:
Then came the storm—the wind did roar—
The branches cracked and groaned the more,
And then a strange unearthly sound
I heard as from beneath the ground,
And, suddenly, before me stood
Some evil spirit of the wood,
A hideous, ill-shaped, monster form,
To add new terrors to the storm.
I did not quail—my sword I drew,
Resolved to cleave my bright way through,
And then a mocking laugh rang clear,
But loud and hideous in mine ear.

I did not quail—not even now; I thought upon my knightly vow; I then, as fast I rode along Began to sing a holy song; A song my mother taught to me When but an infant at her knee. I thought, e'en in that horrid wood, No harm could come to brave and good, And suddenly I saw afar Shine through the path a distant star. The monster vanished from my sight And seemed to fade into the night At once, as he had never been. Oh! had you then my good steed seen, He stopped and looked round in my face As if to humbly ask me grace, He trembled, flecked all o'er with white, And foamed and snorted in his fright. Twas then my turn to urge him through The dismal wood—my voice he knew, And bounded on, until we got Safe through the path—I saw your cot A moment by the lightning's glare, And sought the shelter we now share.

"Welcome, Sir Knight, for such I deem
Your title by your brave array,
Poor though my rude abode may seem
"Tis here that you to-night must stay;
No other house"—'twas Hubert spake,
"You'll find for many miles from here,
At morn I'll row you o'er the lake,
To-night accept my humble cheer."

"Gladly," the stranger knight replied,
"And you shall me your debtor hold,
I will not mock your honest pride
By offering you reward in gold.
Though I've a castle on the Rhine
And keep a hundred serving men,

I'll be your guest—you, some day, mine,— Sir Hildebrand of Ringstetten!"

When Hubert and his good wife heard
The noble knight his style proclaim,
They felt their hearts within them stirred,
For well they knew from whence he came,
And how for many leagues around
The poor in him a friend had found.
And then they thought what good might come,
If he would give their child a home,
When they were dead and passed away,
And sleeping in the silent clay.

And so they told the knight how they
Had found her some few years ago,
How floating on the lake she lay,

A fragile flower tossed to and fro,
And how they took her to atone
A little baby of their own,
That went to heaven a month before;
And how their baby's clothes she wore,
And how the caps, the little shoes,
Were fitted well for her to use,
And how kind Heaven it seemed supplied
Another for the one that died;
And how they loved her—how she grew,
So beauteous—yet so wilful too.
And thus the night with pleasant chat
Wore on between the hosts and guest;

At last was spread the coarse rush mat, And there the knight lay down to rest, And Hubert and his wife take leave, And once again his thanks receive.

Next morn the knight rose up by times, He visited his noble steed; The storm was o'er, for in those climes The sunshine soon the storms succeed; He sought the patch of garden ground That stood behind the Fisher's cot, And there a fairy-form he found. 'Twas Unding's—that he doubted not.

He ne'er had seen a form so fair As that bright being standing there. Her blue eves spoke her but a child. In clusters fell her flaxen hair, Yet there was something when she smiled. That seemed to show an inward care. She moved about—she did not seem To walk upon the dewy ground, But glided o'er it like a beam When sunshine falls in streaks around. Or like a stream that rippling goes

Over the pebbles as it flows.

The knight approached the little maid, She did not seem of him afraid. But said, as smiles on her he cast, "The storm has sent you here at last. THE BROOK, my father, told me true, A knight would come to me to woo; THE LAKE, my mother, was unkind To bring me here, and leave behind THE LITTLE RILL that longed to go To some fair dell, where flowerets grow." Much marvelled, then, SIR HILDEBRAND, Her words he could not understand; But he remembered Hubert said The maid was flighty in her head, And oftentimes strange things would say As children " make-believe " in play, And that she loved his wife to tease By saying just such things as these; And so, her fancy not to baulk, He joined her in her fairy talk, And so they two became good friends, And talked, not heeding how time flew;

But Hubert now his footsteps bends Towards the half-unconscious two. "How's this, Sir Knight?" the Fisher said, As little Undine archly smiled,
"Our hospitality repaid
By secrets with our foster-child!"
"Oh! doubt me not," the knight replied,
"I am betrothed to lady fair,
And she would rather that I died
Than harm your little maiden there."
With that he signed him with the cross,
In proof that what he said was true;
And Undine up her head did toss,
And straight into the cottage flew.

They saw her not again that day; Old Hubert urged the knight away: But o'er his limbs a spell there came, A sudden tremor shook his frame. An ague, such as men will take Who fall asleep beside a lake.— Or travel when the evening dew Rises the steaming herbage through, Or walk before the morning mist The rising sun away has kist. Soon on a couch of pain he's laid, And then comes forth the little maid. And waits on him with anxious care. Nor lets the dame her duties share: And soon a month has passed away. Nor yet the knight has named the day To cross with Hubert o'er the lake. Sir Hildebrand and Undine take Their walks at eve Her hand she dips At times into the waters clear, And then she'll raise it to her lips And kiss it—murmuring "mother, dear." And Hildebrand, since 'tis her will. Calls her "his own dear LITTLE RILL."

Why lingers still the tardy knight?
Has he forgot that lady fair

To whom his fealty he did plight? Now in her bower so lonely there: Has he forgot his knightly vow. His honour, that he held so dear. Or is a spell upon him now That Undine holds him captive here? His steed is turned upon the grass, To come and go, and graze at will; And days, and days, and weeks by pass, And yet they find him lingering still. His sword is hung behind the door. His broidered vest no more his pride. The golden shoulder-belt he wore Is cast, a useless thing, aside. He dresses like the Fisher's son Whose suit he in the oak chest found.—

Sad relics of that first-born one Who'd in the lake long since been drowned,— And to his hosts one day he said That he and Unding were to wed. They'd guessed as much, for both their ways Reminded them of earlier days. When they together by the lake Their loving evening walks would take; And so 'twas settled 'twixt them all. But no hope now a Priest would call, Or wandering Monk—for rarely came Such to the Fisher and his dame. For now,—at first they saw it not, The lake had eaten round the cot; The turf that joined them to the land Had changed, at places, into sand, And, by degrees, the blue tide ran, At first a rill a child might span, Around their cot a mile about. And closed it from the mainland out, And then it widened—and, at last, By boat alone the space was passed, And so at length themselves they found Upon an Island—wave all round;

And Undine, in her merry play, Cried, "Hildebrand! now go away!"

One night, as by the door they sat
They saw afar a tiny boat,
The first that they had seen as yet,
Save Hubert's, on the lake afloat:
With feelings half-akin to fear
They saw that bark towards them steer;
But Hubert's fear was turned to joy,
The hooded boatman was a Monk—

His services they could employ

(The false knight's heart within him sunk, He thought one moment on his vow
To fair Bertalda—broken now.)
And Undine and the knight might wed,
And nothing had he then to dread,
For he could row them o'er the lake,
And homeward they their course might take.

They helped the Monk his boat to moor,
They bade him welcome to the shore,
They took him home and gave him food,
And asked his blessing where they stood;
Save Undine, who at once averred
Of Priest or Monk she'd never heard,
But if he had the power to bind
The knight so he were hers for life,

She'd deem it very, very kind,
And be to him 'till death his wife.

The Monk he had misgivings sore,
But if the maid would kneel and pray,
And count to him her beads once o'er,
It then might be her bridal day.

But, wilful still, she mocked his call, "Just as I am—or not at all,"
She said—then gazing on the knight
She looked so beautiful and bright:—
"Father," he said, "the rites begin,
So fair, she surely knows not sin."

And then he girded on his sword
And showed the hilt—the sacred cross,
And confidence was thus restored,
The Monk no more was at a loss:
"I see thou art a true-born knight,
And would not fealty lightly plight."
Then Unding said, "A moment stay,
I am not as a bride arrayed."—

I am not as a bride arrayed,"—
Then to her chamber stole away,
But she not long the rite delayed;
Soon she came forth—but what is this!
No more a maid of lowly mien,

A robe whose hem a prince might kiss, And jewels that might grace a queen.

A coral crown of worth untold,

With sparkling diamonds studded o'er.

A zone too of the purest gold,
Around her slender waist she wore.
The dame stared at her foster-child,
But Under clapped her hands and smiled,
"My parents did these trinkets sew
Beneath the raiment that I wore
The very day I came to you,

And charged me ne'er to see them more Until my bridal day came round,

And where I hid them they were found: They would not let me wed a knight Save when attired in jewels bright."
"Then Heaven be praised," exclaimed the

dame,
"You come of some of noble name."
And pleased was Hildebrand to know
His lady-bride was not born low,
But, like to him, of noble birth,
Born of the proud ones of the earth.

When they were wed the holy man Exclaimed, and in a tone severe, "Before that I the rites began, You told me you alone were here, That on this Island, but you four Were dwellers—did I hear aright? For, standing by the open door,

I plainly saw a form in white,
That while you the responses said
Looked calmly on and bowed its head."
"They four were all—they'd seen it not,"
Said Hubert, pointing to the spot:
The Monk turned round with angry air,
But only empty space was there.
The knight he turned him to his bride,
And frowned as if he meant to chide;
But Undine in his face did look,
And whisper'd, "Hush, 'twas but The Brook;
You would not have the father stay
From his own daughter's wedding-day!"
And still they deemed the maiden said

In frolic these unearthly things, And then the frugal meal was spread

And Hubert from his cupboard brings Some flasks of wine, for years there stored, To fitly grace the marriage board. And the good Monk, the knight, and he, They pledge the bride right merrilie. Then evening spreads her veil anew,

The moon shines clear upon the tide,

The holy Monk now says adieu,

And leaves the bridegroom and the bride. The dame and Hubert both declare They wonder much who sent him there; But well contented still to know Their child from them a bride will go.

Long time had passed since Hildebrand Departed with his chosen band, Sir Hildebrand of Ringstetten, Attended by a hundred men—
A hundred men, who all came back, And yet their lord had failed to track—A hundred men who far and wide Had striven to find where he might hide.

They sought him in the wild wolf's den—They sought him in the lonely glen,
They sought him in the robber's hoard
E'en while the tempest howled and roared,
But when they sought their way to take
And cross in boats upon the lake—
Then, every time, a storm arose,
And they who feared not mortal foes,
Were driven back in fell dismay,
No bark in such a whirl might stay.

At last they ceased with fate to cope, And rested them in idle hope, And to the castle—one by one Returned, their weary wanderings done.

And fair Bertalda, she to whom
The wandering knight had plighted
troth,

Weeping she mourned her early doom,
But true to him and love was both;
Though many suitors to her came,
Sir Hildebrand was hers the same;
She would not yield—not even now—
The hope he'd keep his plighted vow;
But dwelt within the lonely bowers,
That overlooked her lover's towers,
And watched and waited there in vain,
Some tidings of the knight to gain,

At last—'twas on a winter's morn
She heard his well-known bugle horn.
'Twas spring when he had gone away,
The birds sang sweet on every spray.
And now the snow was on the ground,
She else had heard the hoofs resound
Of passing steeds—for quick the ear
When listening for the loved and dear.
She quickly to her lattice hies,
And in the distance she espies

His knightly form before his gate: But ah! two weary steeds are there, On one the perjured false knight sate. The other bore a lady fair. "Oh! better far that I had died, If he I loved brings home a bride." Thus said she in her bitter grief, But tears at last brought brief relief. And then she pondered o'er and o'er The tales she'd often heard before, How gallant knights like Hildebrand Would leave awhile their native land To rescue those, in evil hour, Who in some fell Enchanter's power Had fallen—or had been lured away. And kept in bondage day by day, And how those maids would oft reward The service that the knight's good sword Had done them—not with lands or gold, Nor gems that might be bought and sold, But with the proffers of their hand, And beauty, few could e'er withstand. And such a tale as this indeed Was brought her in her direst need. For this, through all the realm about, By Hildebrand was given out: And stately Barons came to bless And gaze upon his fair Princess, For such they deemed her, one and all, When daintily she led the ball, Or sat at table by his side, A blushing, bright, and beauteous bride. For there was feasting many days, The knight's old hall was all ablaze, And mirth and music and the sound Of revelry there oft was found To fill the air. At evening's hour Bertalda heard it in her bower, And then arose her woman's pride, And she resolved to see the bride.

She called her father to her then. And bade him arm ten stalwart men, And then she called her brothers three. That they his perfidy might see; And thus attended, forth she rode And sought the knight in his abode,— His castle—half a mile away; And to her father did she say, "If he is happy in his choice, Dear father, should I not rejoice? But I must hear him this avow Ere to my fate I meekly bow; If it be so, the convent's gloom From this time forth shall be my doom, For only once the heart can love That puts its trust in Heaven above."

Bertalda with her train then went And soon beneath the battlement Of Hildebrand's fair castle stood; When there, the warder thought it good To send a message to the knight Ere he should bid them to alight.

"Yes! yes! throw back the portals wide, I would that all should see my bride!"

The answer made—but when they came
With clang of armour through the door,
He felt his temples burn with shame,

His heart within him smote him sore. Bertalda, though so pale and wan, Was beautiful to look upon; And he could see she'd suffered much, And when he went her hand to touch,—Then—Unding rose up with a start,

And suddenly between them came;
"I thought you gave me all your heart;
"You love this woman? Fie, for shame,
THE LAKE was right—THE BROOK was wrong;
He bore me from the heartless throng;

He made me with a mortal wed: "Twas he your footsteps thither led!" In vain said Hildebrand, "She raves, And oftentime will talk like this, But never long my will she braves. I calm and soothe her with a kiss." But now he saw to his surprise A strange wild light gleam in her eyes, And, as she flung her arms about, A sudden tempest rose without; Then said she. "Recreant knight, adieu. I find you false—I thought you true!" Then glided swift towards the door, That they had closed but just before. As she would pass, the knight cried, "Stav!"

She only turned her round to say,
"If still a vow your soul can bind,
Search in the wood—and you shall find."
And then she vanished—no one knew
If that she passed the keyhole through,
Or through an open window fled,
So rapidly away she sped.
But some averred a little cloud
Of white mist, like a fairy shroud,
Hovered a moment o'er her form,
Then glided out and joined the storm
That fiercer, louder, wilder blew,
As if it echoed her adieu!

Long time lay Hildebrand the knight Again upon a couch of pain, And fair Bertalda, day and night, Nursed him, until she hoped again; For all agreed some fairy spell Had lured his truant heart too well, And when at last he faintly spoke It seemed as from a dream he woke, That he had never been away Nor left his castle for a day. He called Bertalda to his side And told her she should be his bride, And soon to health and strength he grew, And seemed as of the past he nothing knew.

At last the bridal day was named And through the realm around proclaimed, And Hildebrand with joy elate, Rode forth from out his castle gate Attended by each wedding guest, And lightly o'er the turf they pressed To seek Bertalda in her bower, And bear from thence its fairest flower; But, when her father's halls they gain, The knight was missing from the train; They saw his waving plume afar,

His horse was dashing wildly on,
His course seemed like a falling star,
When gravitation's force is gone;
They saw he could not rein his steed,
Nor turn, nor stay his horrid speed;
They could but follow in the track,
Too late to bring him safely back.

The knight with terror saw the wood, And then his fate he understood; In vain he breathed the holy song, He knew he'd done Bertalda wrong Since first he rode that pathway through, Then to his knightly vow so true.

The wedding guests they followed fast,
They came—to see him breathe his last;
They deemed that by a fallen tree
The prostrate knight had been laid low,

The prostrate knight had been laid low,— The Spirit-form they could not see

Nor knew his, more than mortal, foe. They laid his corse across his steed That now a gentle child might lead; They bore it through his castle gate, And there awhile it lay in state, Sad finish to a bridal day, Began with all so blithe and gay. The wedding guests but stayed to blend Their lamentations o'er their friend, And, with Bertalda, shed the tear O'er Hildebrand's untimely bier.

They dug his grave outside the wall, Where the sun could shine and the rain could fall;

And in procession, sad and slow, The monks and the sorrowing mourners go: And often since has the tale been told

How a figure in white came there unbid,
And how as they lowered him into the mould,
It dropped a tear on the coffin lid;
And how when they'd made o'er the grave of

And how, when they'd made o'er the grave a mound,

The small white figure stood there still, And how, as they silently left the ground, It seemed to change to a little rill;—A little rill that spread round the grave, That it seemed to kiss with its tiny wave.

And there—though 'tis ages now ago—
The little rill may still be seen,
And the peasants point, as its waters flow,
To the grave of the knight and of poor
UNDINE,

For such they deem is the little hill, And the rivulet that girds it still;— The rivulet that its way doth take "Till it empts itself in the distant lake, And they say when that lake is beset with calms.

That Undine sleeps in her mother's arms.

# THE LEGEND OF THE LORE-LEY BERG.

Listen to a legend, a legend of the Rhine,

The fairy-haunted river whose blue depths deeply shine

Like the crystal when it sparkles in the radiance of the sun,

Like a mirror cut in diamonds, as its ripples rise and run:

Mighty river! famed in story, river chronicled in song,

To whose banks, now ruin-crested, many a legend doth belong:

Of whose waves the ancient Fishers many a tale pretend to know.

Of the syrens who have palaces and coral caves below;

Chief of these the maid called LORE-LEY, a spirit of the deep,

Doomed to sit upon a lone rock her weary watch to keep,

Doomed to sing, sing sweetly ever—to lead travellers astray,

Should they pause to gaze upon her, should they listen to her lay,

Doomed to lure them to her dwelling, 'neath the blue waves of the Rhine,

There to live imprisoned ever, if for earth they should repine;

There to dwell, if well contented, with a Rhine nymph for a bride,

But never more to gaze above the surface of the tide.

'Twas a boatman who once told me of the legend I shall tell.

As he rowed me down the Rhine stream he had loved so long and well.

# THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

It was Lore-Ley, lovely Lore-Ley,
And oh! deem it not a dream,
That I once heard singing sweetly
With her maidens 'neath the stream.

I was resting in my boat, sir,
When a heavenly sound I heard,
And I knew it was the syrens,
And so not a hand I stirred.

Had they known that I had listened,
They had wrecked my tiny boat;
But I crept beneath the sail-cloth,
And at morn I was afloat.

They had deemed my craft was empty,
For she lay a lifeless thing:
'Twas thus I heard the Naiades
Their chorus sweetly sing:—

## CHORUS OF NAIADES.

Down in the deeps of the dark blue Rhine,
Far from the shores that the wild waves lave,
Little they know how we nymphs combine,
Weaving our spells in each pearly cave;
Save in the Lay and the Legend old,
Nothing they know of our Halls of Love,
Where there are jewels and gems untold
Brighter than all in the world above.

We are the spirits of maidens fair, Banished from earth when the world was young,

Fairer than any that linger there,
Born in the bowers whence music sprung.
We have the power to weave our spells
Over the Rhine as it flows above,
Mortals to lure where the Naiad dwells
Down in the deep—to our Halls of Love.

The music gently rose and fell,
And then in silence died,
And Lore-Ley then took up the strain,
And to her nymphs replied:—

#### LORE-LEY.

Come away! come away!
Soon 'twill be decline of day;
Hark! I hear the Fisher's song
Float the evening tide along.
I must to my rocky throne,
There to sit all night alone;
Fated still to lead astray
Travellers on their lonely way.
Let the mist above us float,
Rising round the Fisher's boat,
From the land the waters screen,
Naiades, obey your Queen.

Come away! come away!
Soon 'twill be decline of day.
And then I heard them sing or say:—
"Lore-Ley—Lore-Ley! we obey."

And next a voice around me rose. A voice that filled the air. And, stealthily, I saw a form, A maiden young and fair: 'Twas Coraline—a Naiad, The favourite of her Queen, And she came up to gaze upon The glorious sunset scene; She spread her hand across her brow As she would gaze afar, For they can objects plainly see, Though distant as the star, And then I heard her sweetly sing A tuneful, fairy lay To call her mistress from the deep As daylight died away.

#### CORALINE.

Lore-Ley of the golden hair,
Lore-Ley of the magic song,
Hie thee to the lone rock where
Shines thy love-star all night long.
A noble knight comes – far away—
He thy spell shall lead astray;
Guided thither by that star,
He has come from lands afar;
In her bower his love doth wait,
Little dreams she of his fate;
Hie thee to thy mystic throne,
Soon thou'lt claim him for thine own.

And then up to the surface of the Rhine a boat arose,

So beautiful, so fine a barque, no monarch ever chose;

Its sides were made of burnished gold with pearl shells studded o'er,

The rudder was of coral formed, of amber was each oar;

A sail it had of woven silk, so beautiful and fine, The rigging was so gossamer I scarce could see each line.

And Lore-Ley she was sitting there, and to her side then sprung

The lovely Coraline, and thus in harmony they sung:—

## LORE-LEY AND CORALINE.

Hark! what tuneful notes are swelling O'er the waters as we float, Music from some far-off dwelling, Or some fisher's distant boat.

#### CORALINE.

'Tis the night-wind softly stealing,
Winding through some mazy shell,
Some deep mystery concealing,
Guarded by the ocean well.

#### LORE-LEY.

'Tis the soul of some departed Singing in its ocean grave; Many are the broken-hearted, Sleeping 'neath the restless wave.

#### LORE-LEY AND CORALINE.

No! the music softly sighing Seems to come from some dim cave, Where the evening breeze is dying: The melody of wind and wave.

And then the syrens down below took up the plaintive strain,
And, like an anthem soft and low, poured forth their sweet refrain.

## NAIADES.

'Tis the soft wind that sings ever O'er the billows' tranquil breast, "Peace and love on earth live never, Come to us and be at rest!"

From the caverns deep and hollow, Singing, sighing to the shore, "Follow us—oh! follow—follow! Be at rest for evermore!"

## LORE-LEY AND CORALINE.

Hark! again the sound seems nearer;
'Tis the voices from the shore,
Sweeter falls each cadence, clearer
Than the billows' sullen roar.

#### CORALINE.

No! it is the sad waves sighing To the breeze's answering tone, While the distant woods replying Make sweet music of their own.

#### LORE-LEY.

Thus the weary waves for ever Sing, but cannot break their chain, Like a dream that true comes never, Beautiful, but still in vain.

The boat then gently glided on, and as it neared the land

I heard the voices on the shore—I knew the vintage band;

The labour of the day had ceased, I heard the peasant throng,

Ere yet they parted for their homes, sing out their vintage song.

# Song of the Vine Dressers.

Come! sing we of the Rhine land,
The beautiful, the fine land,
The mighty, mighty wine land,
The mother of the free!
The vines are young and tender,
The grapes are green and slender,
But in autumn, boys, they'll render
Good wine for you and me,
And for all who love the wine land,
The beautiful, the fine land,
The mighty, mighty Rhine land,
The mother of the free!

The tender shoots caressing,
The bine now neatly dressing,
Our care they'll soon be blessing,
In autumn we shall see
The grapes that court the crushing
From mighty wine tuns gushing,
Till in the goblet blushing,
They glad all Germanie;

And all who love the wine land, The beautiful, the fine land, The mighty, mighty Rhine land, The mother of the free!

Then all was calm and still awhile, no other sound I heard.

Save, flapping in the tranquil air, some homeward-winging bird,

And then in the blue heaven above the broad moon did appear,

And the dark hills in the tender light shone out all sharp and clear;

I could the smallest object see, tho' distant was the shore,

For not as yet the mist had veiled the Rhine's bright bosom o'er;

And I could hear the lightest sound from valley and from hill,

So tranquil was the silent air, so peaceful, calm and still:

And soon betwixt me and the hills I saw a form draw near,

A knight upon a jaded steed, a noble cavalier, And as he rode he sang a song to cheer him on his way,

And, wafted o'er the flowing Rhine, I heard his plaintive lay.

# Song of the Wandering Knight.

Wandering afar from the home of the stranger,
Hither I come to my own mountain land,
Happy again now I've braved every danger,
'Mid her green hills and fair valleys to stand;
Long in her bower has my true love been sighing,
Mourning my absence each wearisome day,
Whot the'the declinate around mo is drive.

What the daylight around me is dying, Still I must on for love's star lights the way. There is a path by the vine-covered mountain,
Down by the beautiful banks of the Rhine,
I will but linger to drink at the fountain,
Then in my arms seek my true love to twine;
Long in my bower has my true love been sighing,
Mourning my absence each wearisome day,
What tho' the daylight around me is dying,
Naught need I fear if love's star lights the way.

The stranger paused a little while as he his horse would rest,

And from his cottage came a man and thus the knight addressed:

Twas Hubert the old vine-dresser who by his garb I knew,

I heard him warn the traveller as it was his wont to do;—

For he, like all who dwelt about, the Lore-Ley Berg knew well,

And many a time his warning words had saved them from the spell.

## THE WARNING.

Beware! beware! 'tis now the hour That danger hovers near the Rhine, Ne'er may'st thou see thy true love's bower; Then share this lowly cot of mine: If on yon rock the LORE-LEY sings While rising mists obscure the vale, Pass not that spot whence danger springs:—Thou'lt not survive to tell the tale.

"Tis said with song she charms the ear
Of lonely travellers on their way;
The fishermen that homeward steer,
Have heard the mystic music play;
The mountain path none ever passed
At nightfall, who were not beguiled,
And fatal is the spell that's cast
On those on whom hath Lore-Lev smiled.

Her beauty is a radiance bright,
Her song a syren's witching lay,
But those who win her love by night,
May never see the coming day;
Then share my humble cot till morn,
And thou shalt see that love of thine;
But if my warning still you scorn,
Beware of Lore-Ley and the Rhine!

The knight made answer as you'll hear; he danger did despise—
I give you, sir, the words he said, and Hubert's vain replies.

#### THE KNIGHT.

I fear no spirit of the Rhine,
Alone I boldly take my way;
A love that's true and pure as mine,
No other love can lead astray.

#### HUBERT.

Ah! yet delay, e'en now I fear
She sits concealed beneath the mist,
For hark! a distant sound I hear,
The spirit music—oh, desist.

## THE KNIGHT.

It is the night-breeze rising o'er
The tranquil bosom of the Rhine,
That murmurs by the moonlit shore,
And plays amid the spreading vine:
Upon the wave the moonlight sleeps,
The light shall guide me on my way;
Love's star above its bright watch keeps,
It lures me on, and I obey.

#### HUBERT.

'Tis not the star, it is the power
That's weaved by Lore-Ley's fatal spell;
The magic of the moonlight hour,
And thou art lost—farewell—farewell.

#### THE KNIGHT.

Farewell—the night-wind chilly falls—
I fear no spirit of the wave;
I go where love and duty calls,
And mock the danger that I brave.

The knight passed on, and then I heard Sweet music from below, Rise to the surface of the stream And mingle with its flow.

#### THE NAIADES.

The shades of night begin to lower,
The stars above begin to shine,
It is the silent, mystic hour
We weave our spells beneath the Rhine.

The sound of many voices then came floating on the tide,

I caught the strain and still the words in memory abide;

The words the cruel syrens sang that night beneath my boat;

But heaven was merciful to me, for still I kept affoat.

#### THE NAIADES.

He is nearer—coming nearer,
We must launch our phantom boat,
Soon the knight will come to steer her,
But with mortal 'twill not float;
Soon the spirit-voice will lure him
With the magic of its song,
For our pearly caves secure him,
Be his passion ne'er so strong.

He shall dwell with the Immortals In our caverns fair and bright, He shall enter through the portals In the shadows of the night; Where the daylight enters never,
Where the sunshine never gleams,
Where Love endures for ever,
In the fairy realm of dreams!

Then, sir, I held my very breath, it well my nerves might shock;

I saw the knight ride heldly on he neared the

I saw the knight ride boldly on, he neared the fatal rock;

And then I heard fell Lore-Ley sing, as he stood by amazed,

Struck by the sweetness of her strain and by her beauty dazed.

I felt, sir, that his time was come, I knew that he was lost,

And restlessly within my boat from side to side was tossed;

Perchance they deemed 'twas but the wave that rocked it where I lay,

But heaven was kind—tho' then I feared I ne'er should see the day.

# LORE-LEY'S SONG.

Art thou near, my soul's beloved,
I have watched and waited long;
I have listened for thy coming,
But still lonely was my song.
To the billows, to the breezes,
I have sung my plaintive lay,
Till with sighing and lamenting
I have poured my soul away.

Art thou near? I hear a foot-fall,
By the margin of the stream,
I shall know thee when I see thee,
Lovely spirit of my dream;
I have waited uncomplaining
On my lone rock by the tide,
With my golden locks unbraided,
And my garments as a bride.

Art thou come, my soul's beloved?

I was once of mortal mould,
And a gallant knight he wooed me,
In the sunny days of old;
Tis his spirit burns within thee,
Thou art come to set me free;
Do not tremble to release me,
And thy Spirit-Bride I'll be.

nd the Naiades, exulting, still they sung beneath the tide, or they knew the wandering stranger would take Lore-Ley for his bride.

## THE NAIADES.

Now he trembles to behold her,
Now the fatal rock draws near,
In his arms he will enfold her
Nor the coming danger fear;
Let the waters wild surround them,
Steer the phantom bark to shore;
In our hall when we have crowned them,
He the earth shall see no more.

hen Lore-Ley stretched her ivory arms towards
the wandering knight,
saw her sweet, but treacherous, smile—I saw
him too alight;
saw him rush towards the maid to set the
captive free,
heard his low impassioned words—and then
how answered she.

# THE KNIGHT.

Oh! beauteous maid! Whoe'er thou art, Or nymph, or shade, Or purer part Of maiden fair
By love betrayed,
Of earth, or air,
Or realm of shade,—
My senses reel
Beholding thee;
Thy power I feel,
I am not free.
I yield my soul
Beneath thy beam;
My fate control—
I faint—I dream!

## LORE-LEY.

Behold the tide. Alone we stand. The waves divide Us from the land; Yon boat we may In safety reach, And sail away Beyond the beach; If thou wilt bear Me hence with thee, Thy fate I'll share, Whate'er it be! But, should'st thou speak, Beware—the spell— The home thou'lt seek I may not tell.

He clasped her in his sinewy arms, he led her to the shore,

The phantom bark approached, and soon away the twain it bore;

The waves, as in a sudden storm, then rose on either side,

Again he clasped her in his arms as bridegroom would a bride.

The wind then blew a fearful blast, and rent the fragile sail,

The fairy-boat tossed to and fro, it could not stem the gale!

He spoke—defiant of her words, the warning that she gave;—

The knight and Lore-Ley sank below, engulfed within the wave!

And then again, exulting, I heard the syrens sing,

And ever in my ear, through life, the mystic sound will ring.

## THE NAIADES.

Welcome to our coral caves,
To our home beneath the waves!
Lore-Ley on her fairy throne,
Thee shall welcome for her own;
Thou shalt listen to her song,
Here, unseen, the whole day long.
Here alone the brave and good
Live immortal 'neath the flood;
Hours of bliss untold be thine,
'Neath the billows of the Rhine!

The boatman ceased—then, with a smile that greatly me amused,

Said, "See, sir, the result of hospitality refused; If that lost traveller had but paused when Hubert bade him stay,

How easily he had escaped the danger in his way; But some men think but of themselves." On this I took the hint.

And paid the boatman double fare to put his tale in print:

As he told me, I give to you this legend of the stream—

But you must say if true or false—or but the Boatman's Dream!

# THE PERI AND THE MERCHANT'S SON.

## AN ORIENTAL LEGEND.

Peries and Deeves take their place Amid the ancient fairy race: The first are radiant as the sun. And beautiful to look upon; Their skin is whiter than the snow Before it falls to earth below: Their eyes are made of heaven's own blue, And shine as heaven's own planets do; Their necks are wonderfully fair, Though hidden by the wealth of hair That floats just like a golden cloud That's tinted by the sun's first ray, Or, like a rippling wave, allowed In every passing beam to play; Their cheeks have just the same pink tint That gems the rose-lips of the shell: Their lips, half-parted, only hint The hidden pearls that 'neath them dwell: And they've a raiment of their own. More radiant, beautiful, and bright, Than any now to mortals known; Like silver wove with streaks of light. And from their polished shoulders spring A gauze-like, pearly filament, Which they can close, or like a wing Spread to the glorious firmament; And they, of old, were often seen To hover earth and heaven between. Or by the margin of the lake On earthly ground their paths to take, Then hide in realms unknown to man, The fairy homes of Jinnestân, Where fairy castles, built in air, Like ships go floating here and there,

Only these fairy homes abide In space, and know not wind nor tide.

The Deeves never seek the skies,
But are the Peries' enemies;
And, when they meet on earthly ground,
At war with them are ever found.
Deeves are hideous to the sight,
And envious of the Peries bright,
And when their enemies they seize,
They hang them on the highest trees
In iron cages, bolted fast,
The prey to every chilling blast:
Round these their sister Peries brood,
And bring to them the choicest food,
The sweet musk-rose's rich perfume,
But ne'er can they escape their doom.

It happened once three Peries strayed (Three Peries doomed on earth to stay, For they had not their queen obeyed)
To where a mortal sleeping lay;
A form he had of noble mien,
A youth but twenty summers old,—
So strange a sight they ne'er had seen,
For Peries may not man behold,
Except, as 'twas these Peries' fate,
When banished from the fairy state.

The youth had left his native town (His sire a merchant of renown, Known for a just and thriving man Through all the realm of Hindostan), Some trifling fault to expiate, And banished thus his father's gate, His home, his kinsmen, and his friends, Till he should truly make amends. And he had wandered far away, And travelled since the break of day,

Till faint and weary he became,
And glad of any place of rest,
Where he could sit and hide his shame.

Far from the road the traveller pressed; And so, beside the cooling stream
He lay him down to sleep and dream.
And when the Peries found him there
His brow had not a trace of care,
For blessed sleep oblivion brings,
And peace and healing on her wings;
And ever as the eyelids close
She fans them into sweet repose,
Or hovers lightly round and round,
And he her healing influence found;
But when he woke to light and air
And saw that radiant vision there,
He deemed that he was sleeping still,

So fair to him the Peries seemed, Those lovely ladies of the hill,

Fairer than all he'd ever dreamed.
The Peries knew the Deeves were near,

And they were frightened to depart,—

Else had they not in mortal ear Pour'd their lament to touch his heart; But well they knew no Deeves would come So near the paths where mortals roam, And him they asked by them to stay 'Till night should warn their foes away. Or they could glide unheard, unseen, To seek some far-off fairy green. The youth replied, with silvery tongue, "Oh! maidens bright and fair and young, Let me your wandering steps attend, Your knight, your guardian, and your friend I have no home, alone I stray A cruel father to obey, My birthright to myself belongs. But you shall teach me fairy songs, And all of earth I'll freely yield So that by you to me revealed

The spell of Earth to set me free, That I may live and die with thee, That I may dwell with forms so fair, May soar with thee the upper air, And all your dear enchantments know, For this I would the world forego."

Then said the fairest of the three. "No, stranger, no! that cannot be; Though we awhile on Earth may dwell, A mortal may not know the spell By which the Peri may assume Her shape, her being and her doom— For we have troubles, we have care, Else had no foe been lingering there." With this she pointed far away Where hideous Deeves in ambush lay, To catch, in an unguarded hour, And get the Peries in their power. Then said the youth, whom passion fired, "Since 'tis not as I first desired, I'll take, though weal or woe betide, Thee, fairest maiden, for my bride."

With that he seized her by the wings,
When lo! they came off in his hand,
And, as he back in rapture springs,
He sees a mortal near him stand:
The Peri, beauteous as before,
But not with the same smile she wore.
The radiant glow had left no trace,
The stain of Earth was on her face.

"Oh! give me, give me back my wings,
Or I shall pine and I shall die,
For even yet my spirit clings
To my dear sisters of the sky;
I long to join them in the halls
Where they will meet when twilight falls,
But of my Peri wings bereft
On earth I am for ever left."

Then said the youth, "I'd have it so, You to my father's house shall go, And I will say how did betide The chance that gave to me a bride-A bride more beauteous, bright, and fair Than mortal ever home did bear: And I'll to thee be kind and true. And never thou this day shalt rue. I'll keep thy wings, and should'st thou say In time, you wish to fly away, Then freely will I them restore." The trembling Peri said no more; But loudly wailed her sisters two. When they her fate and future knew; In vain the stranger they implored Her wings might be to her restored. He answered but "Adieu-adieu," As from him, weeping, then they flew. The merchant's son took home his bride, And grace was not to him denied; His father thought her wondrous fair And gave them of his wealth a share. And soon her past life she forgot, And seemed contented with her lot; Her husband bought her raiment rare, Such as a Sultan's bride might wear, And she had slaves at her command, And serving maidens, too, at hand; And every day she might be seen Within her stately palanquin. He built her, too, a palace rare, And amber-scented baths were there— And every luxury that wealth Could buy for ease, or state, or health: And love beside at last she felt, Love that from pity first did melt; For could she see him true and fond And never feel her heart respond? She loved him. Yes! and oft would say She never did, could, rue the day

He found her by those cooling springs, And, she forgave him—stole her wings. Thus time passed on, the merchant's son, The merchant's earthly race now run, Succeeded to his rich bazaar, And sent out caravans afar, And traded with the Franks, and those

Whose banners proudly were unfurled
Where'er the red sun set or rose:

Where'er the red sun set or rose:

The merchant princes of the world.

But scarce ten years had passed away,

A cloud came o'er the merchant's brow

A cloud came o'er the merchant's brow, Some creditors had failed to pay,

And he must be long absent now;
Affairs of import bade him go
And trust the wild waves' treacherous flow.
So to a nurse of fourscore years

Must he entrust his beauteous wife. He told her of his hopes and fears,

And bade her guard her as her life; And they were parted—sad indeed The parting—but in direst need. The Peri-bride secluded lived,

And long her absent lord she mourned, And well to keep her heart up strived;

And still to make complaint she scorned, Though many a weary, weary day Passed o'er; her husband still away. The nurse, as oft will nurses old, Full many a tale and legend told To keep her mistress dear amused, Though never she her trust abused, Till one day—'twas to soothe her care—She told her "She was passing fair, And that she'd often wonder'd how She kept the wrinkles from her brow, And held her seeming youth so long, And still appeared so fair and strong, More like a girl of tender years Than one beset with doubt and fears."

The Peri-wife she blushed deep red; Then, whispering to the nurse, she said. " Fetch me that pair of fragile wings, Locked up with Selim's choicest things; I know he left with you the key— Just for a minute, you shall see How I those fairy things could wear. For oft I've longed for such a pair, And then you'll see how I shall look." The curious nurse her way she took, And found, suspecting nothing wrong The pair of wings, as she'd been told, The wings that had been hidden long, Forgotten since the days of old. Then sighed the Peri-wife, as though She wished those wings had been destroyed; And then came back the long ago, And with them still she played and toyed; And then she flung her hands behind And tried if she again could bind The wings upon their former place. Then came a shudder o'er her face,

Then came a shudder o'er her face,
For she had fixed them firmly there—
She could not from her shoulders tear
Those wings, though it was grief and pain
To feel a Peri once again,
To know she must rejoin her race
And leave behind no sign nor trace.
The purse looked on in dread to trace

The nurse looked on in dread to trace The strange, wild glow light up her face. She shook, she trembled—then she flew, When went her charge she never knew— She sought at night her chamber-door, But saw her master's bride no more.

The merchant but returned to find
A lonely home—his treasure fled;
And long, with overburdened mind,
He wished that he himself were dead.

But he had bowed to beauty's power, Forgetting there's a higher dower A gift of goodness—grace of mind, And many a holier spell to bind Two wedded hearts in wedded love, Rare gifts, than beauty, far above; Strong, perfect, true domestic ties That fix the heart, not charm the eyes. That strengthen, ripen, ne'er grow cold, That keep the heart from growing old, That never from the bosom start, Enduring till from life we part.

# THE FAIRY'S REVENGE.

(Versified from Thomas Crofton Croker.)

'Twas in the old town of Fermoy, In the days when proud O'Keefe Was lord of all the country round, And reigned there, feudal chief,

That a beggar came unto his gate, And begged for a little drink, "Only a cup of cold water, For I'm weary and nigh to sink.

Only a cup of cold water,
For I've journeyed long and late:"
The chieftain he was coming in,
And he spurned her from the gate.

Up to him ran his little son,
Who did to his father say,
"For the love of Heaven let me fetch
A cup of cold water, pray."

But the chieftain answered with a frown In a tone that was severe, "Let her go to the lake a mile away, For I'll have no beggars here."

And then the little old woman took
From beneath her blue serge cloak
A cup that was brimming o'er and o'er,
And she sprinkled him as she spoke:—

"Infant heir of proud Fermoy, Fear not fields of slaughter, Storm and fire fear not, my boy, But shun the fatal water!"

Was she a beggar woman? No, But a fairy in disguise; And the proud O'Keefe he trembled then, For his fears began to rise.

For he loved his little son, and said,
"Let them bring her a flask of wine."
But she answered, "Your words I shall treasure long,
And you shall remember mine."

And she touched her brow with a meaning smile,
As she turned her on her heel,
And the mighty chief dared not to speak

For he knew that the fairies never broke Their words, nor their threats forsook, And as he passed through his castle gate Like an aspen tree he shook.

The fear he began to feel.

And the boy who loved the waters blue, And to float upon the lake, Was told that no more he must seek the shore, His evening sail to take; Must never again his light line throw
To ensnare the speckled trout,
Nor seek the hill when the rain came down,
Nor the vale when the floods were out;

Must never again through the swampy marsh The water fowl pursue, The snipes and the mallards and water hens, That he shot with his aim so true.

And the boy grew up to a comely youth,
And had never seen the sea,
Though he oft had said in his younger days,
That a sailor he would be.

His father he watched him night and day, And though he was growing old He kept him in sight—he loved him so, Since his doom had been foretold.

At last he thought of a way to baulk
The angry fairy's will;
That he'd build him a castle, far away
At the top of an inland hill;

The top of a hill where no waters rose,
And the flood could never come,
And there he should live, like an eagle perched
On the height of his mountain home.

So he called him his vassals and bade them hew From his quarries the largest stones,
And to fell the trees in his forest wide;—
And the wood with the sharp axe groans.

And they square the stones, and the beams they make,

And they toil in the noonday still,
But the labour is great, with their bulk and
weight,
To carry them up the hill.

At last the castle was nearly built,
And the chief and his son went there,
And their great content with the progress made
To the builders they declare.

And on one of the finished battlements There stood a crystal cup, And the young O'Keefe he felt athirst, And he took the vessel up.

The cup but a little water held,
And his lips scarce touched the brim,
When a form, like a youth of his own age, stood
And strangely smiled on him.

The form drew back, but the youth went on To welcome give the stranger, And he stood on the edge of the slippery ledge Before he saw his danger.

He felt his senses reel and swim,
But his hand the cup was grasping,
He cried for help, but he slipped and fell
E'en while for succour asking.

He fell—and the chief on the stones below But gazed on a scene of slaughter;
In spite of his care his boy lay there:—
He could not shun the water.

And he thought again of the fairy's words, And how vilely he had used her, And this was the way that she made him pay For the cup that he'd refused her.

And thus it is when to others we
Deal out an evil measure,
And God's gifts refuse, at last may lose
Our own hearts' dearest treasure.

# THE NECK AND THE PRIESTS' SONS.

A LEGEND OF THE RIVER GÖTA, SWEDEN.

By the side of a flowing river,
As the crimson sun went down;
Two little lads had wandered
From the quaint old Swedish town.

The quaint old town of Gottenburg, Where the river Göta flows; They wandered, playing by the way, In the daylight's pleasant close.

They wandered by the river side,
And, as they went, they heard,
Sweet music that seemed not the sound
Of instrument or bird.

And the 'many songs and tunes they knew
They ne'er had beard the like,
And the elder to the younger said,
"'Tis the music of the Neck."\*

The Neck a water fairy is,

And he sits down by the shore,

And sings a dirge as a husband might

For a wife dead long before.

A bride who died in the youth and pride
Of her early wedded days,
And left behind a charm to bind
Fond memory always.

The lads went on and before them sat

A form with a harp of gold,

Which its thin white fingers touched the while

A sad lament it trolled.

<sup>\*</sup> NECK-pronounced Nike.

And the Neck played on, and it heeded not As the little lads drew near; The little thoughtless lads who should Have been moved by sorrow's tear.

But they were young, and their hearts as yet
Were untouched by sorrow's leaven;
And they said to the Neck, "Why sittest thou
here?"
Thou wilt not go to heaven!"

Then the Neck flung down his harp of gold, And loudly he lamented; And the little lads were sore afraid, And their hasty words repented.

For the harp sank down like a flash of light, With a gleaming, golden quiver, And the Neck stretched out its arms to it, And then glided down the river.

And they saw him turn his eyes to them, Sad eyes with tears o'erflowing, That looked—oh! so repreachfully, As towards him they were going.

And they heard his low and plaintive wail,
And saw him sink down slowly,
And the tide flowed on and the Neck was gone,
And the waters hid him wholly.

Then they turned them back towards the town, And sought their father's dwelling; And he saw that there was something wrong, Nor were they long in telling.

For their father was a holy priest,
One of Göttenburg's best preachers;
Who kept a school for youth, and stood
A chief among the teachers.

He taught, as should a Christian man, The creed of toleration; For he believed that for every one There still would be salvation.

And when his children told him how They'd scared away the fairy, Because he was an Infidel, And knew not Christ nor Mary,

He said, "Ye have sinned towards the Neck; Remember Him who said, 'Judge not, lest when the time shall come Ye shall be judged instead.'

"Go back and give him promise—say
That one from heaven was sent,
Whose saving help extends to all
Who truly shall repent."

And they went back to the river side,
To the same green, flowery bank,
Where the Neck had sat when they saw it first,
Ere 'neath the tide he sank.

And there they saw him yet again,
Moaning and weeping too,
With his harp by his side as he sadly sighed,
Nor a tone from its gold strings drew.

And they said to the Neck, "Weep thou no more,
For our father a message giveth
To thee—and has sent us back to say
That thy Redeemer liveth."

Then the Neck took up his harp of gold, And played such a heavenly measure, That the heart of each boy leapt up with joy That he'd given to it such pleasure. And he played and he played till the sun went down,

O'er the hill tops, golden-crested, And the lads went home with lighter hearts That they'd left it unmolested.

And their father, the Priest, said, "Well ye have done,
For why should the heathen fear us?
Leave God above, in His holy love,
To judge if he's far from or near us:

"We know the truth, and the way should walk

That will lead us to heaven's portals; Can we deny that worlds may lie Beyond this of erring mortals?

"There may be a bright and shadowy race
To visit this earth permitted,
To wander about in fear and doubt
Till their souls are for heaven fitted,

"Even as those who darkly walk In many a heathen nation, Who never have heard the holy word That shall fit them for salvation;

"Who yet may come in the fold as one
Of the chosen Christian brothers;
Then while ye cling to your own creed
bring
Toleration unto others."

So shall your paths be pleasant paths
Till the time for the soul's release
At last shall come, and they bear ye home
To rest in the Court of Peace.

To sleep in the Court of Peace—then wake In the glorious realms above, Where all are freed from craft or creed To unite in perfect love!

COURT OF PEACE—the churchyard, so called in some of the northern nations.

# CUNNING TOM AND THE LEPRE-CHAUN.

# (Versified from Thomas Keightley.)

Leprechaun—an Irish Fairy, keeper of the hidden treasure—

Thus described within the pages of the famed historian Keightley;

He who wrote about the Dwarfs, he who toiled with so much pleasure,

Storing up each lay and legend of the Fays and Goblins sprightly;

He who brought to light the lore of the Elves of Scandinavia.

The Nixes and the Kobolds, and the Fairies without number,—

Of their trixy doings telling—of their lives and their behaviour

Making record, and embalming in the pages where they slumber

Till awakened into being by the fancy of the reader,—

Who can picture what they were and can almost seem to see them,—

He who loved the Fairy creed and for it became a pleader,

Till of wishing ill to mortals they at last agreed to free them,

For he told us that they worked not without meaning, nor in blindness,

But loved cleanliness and honesty, and truth alone rewarded:

That they punished only evil ways and even those in kindness;

This the moral by the record of their mystic rites afforded.

Listen then unto the story of the Leprechaun, a Fairv.

Told in prose by honest Keightley, which in rhyme we'll strive to vary:—

A good-looking boy—of the county of Clare, One Thomas Fitzpatrick by name, Had often been heard to lament and declare That to live, and die, poor, was a shame.

Yet Tom was long known to be lazy—a loon Who still for the future would wait, There was not another left off work so soon, Nor one that began work so late.

But still he cried out how he little had got,
And how he should like to have more;—
He might have been rich, but if work he would
not,

How was he to add to his store?

Now Tom of the Leprechaun often had heard.

And vowed that he thought he could match him;

But in order to make Tom as good as his word, It was requisite first—he should catch him.

He thought could he into his power once get,
That Hop-o'-my-Thumb of a Fairy,
He than all his neighbours might richer be yet,
And live like a nobleman-rarely.

"For." thus argued Tom, "I am stronger than he,
So he must do just as he's bidden;

I'll make him confess, when I catch him, to me, The spot where the treasure lies hidden.

"I know in the wars, when stern Strongbow the Bold,

His heroes led over the field,

That the people were frightened and buried their
gold,

And to me he the treasure shall yield."

So play, but not work, was Tom's motto, but still

No Leprechaun came to his aid, His fortune to make and his wishes fulfil, Though he'd bought a new pickaxe and spade.

At last, one fine day, as he strolled by himself,
As he did, the most selfish of rogues,
He spied in a field the identical elf—
The Leprechaun—making of brogues.

For fairies, you know, have full often a trade, And work for each other like brothers, And this Leprechaun, fairy boots and shoes made, For the use and the wear of the others.

His form was the form of a little old man,
And he sat on a small wooden stool,
With a little brown pitcher, from which he began
To drink something pleasant and cool.

A little cocked hat stuck atop of his head,
He'd a neat little apron of leather;
He'd a lapstone, a hammer, and bristles and
thread,
And a cobbler he looked altogether.

He didn't see Tom, as he slyly crept near,
For he was not given to shirking.
But he knocked at his heel-piece, then pulled at
his beer,
And so kept on drinking and working.

Said Tom to himself, "Sure my fortune is made! And only to think of the size of him; The only way now to secure them, 'tis said, Is never to take once one's eyes off 'em."

So Tom shifted round till he got to his back, And then he sat down by the side of him, And then on the pitcher he seized in a crack, But would not drink at all for the pride of him.

"You're welcome to taste it," the Leprechaun cried,
Tom thought there might be something queer in it,
He'd heard folks who drank with fairies had died.

The Leprechaun said, "Sure, it's beer in it."

"It's beer!" exclaimed Tom, "when there's never a shop, For miles and miles round to be buying it; No, no, Master Fairy, I'll not touch a drop, So your joke upon me don't be trying it."

"It's no joke at all," said the cobbler, "I work, And so earn a right to the drink of it—"
Then he hammered away at his shoe like a Turk, "Tut, man, drink—and just say what you think of it."

"I'd drink fast enough," replied Tom, "were I sure
It contained not some fairy ingredient."
Quoth the fairy, "It's brewed from the heather,

it's pure."
Quoth Tom, "I don't think it expedient."

"Why, then," said the fairy, "you'd better go home,

My time here you only are hindering;

Get out of my workshop." "Your workshop?" cried Tom,

"Why, it's got ne'er a door nor a window in."

The fairy grew wrath at Tom's treating him so; Tom, by looking so long, felt a dizziness, Which greatly increased when the fairy said,

"Go,
You had much better mind your own busi-

ness.

"There's your father's old cow has broke into the oats,

And the pig it is knocking the corn about, The dog's in the house, and is tearing your coats, And the cat all her kittens has borne about."

Then Tom, nearly losing his presence of mind, On thinking of home and the state of it, He just on the point was of looking behind, When the fairy'd have beat a retreat of it.

But he thought, "If I once take my eyes off the elf,
I shall never be able to dab at him,
He'll be off in a crack, taking care of himself—"

And so, suddenly, Tom made a grab at him.

No chance had the Leprechaun then to escape,
In companying Town proceed for the quicker

In cunning Tom proved far the quicker, But he, in his hurry the fairy to take, Kicked the pitcher, and upset the liquor.

The Leprechaun said, "What a folly is this?

To see how good liquor is wasted;

Some day you'll regret such a chance you miss,

And that fairy-beer you never tasted."

But Tom had him firm in his grasp, and he said, As his hold on the fairy he tightened,

"I'm master here now, and am not to be led, Nor be by a Leprechaun frightened;

"So speak—or I'll break every bone in your skin,

Where am I to dig for the treasure? No fencing the question—I want to begin;" Said the fairy, "I'll tell you with pleasure.

"About four fields off there's a large crock of gold,

And there it's been hidden for ages;—
And now, Master Tom, won't you slacken your
hold?

Sure the labourer's worthy his wages."

"I'm not such a fool as to trust you," said Tom,
"Your cunning would mine soon beat hollow,
So show me the place—me you do not stir
from;—

Which way?—I am ready to follow."

The Leprechaun saw he'd no chance; on they went.

But he led Tom through bogs and through ditches,

No doubt out of spite, but still Tom was content, For he only could think of his riches.

At last they arrived at a field of tall wheat,

Said the Leprechaun, "You'd never guess it, The gold that you seek lies right under your feet,

You have only to dig and possess it."

But there was not a landmark to mark out the spot,

Not even a tree nor a hovel,

And Tom recollected that with him he'd not His pickaxe, his spade, nor his shovel. He knew that the Leprechaun wouldn't stay there

Till he could go home and procure them,

And his thoughts that the treasure he still might not share,

Were so bitter, he scare could endure them.

The Leprechaun laughed, and cried, "Tom, work away,

And I will stand by just to view you,

There's gold to be got that will labour repay; When you get it—much good may it do you."

A thought then rushed right into cunning Tom's head,

Quoth he, "I am not to be beat here!"
Then he took off his garter, of ribbon, bright red,

Which he carefully tied to a wheat ear.

"It's all right," he said, "I shall now know the place,"—

And he felt once again quite light-hearted;—
"Well, good bye t'ye, Tom, since the spot you
can trace."

Said the Leprechaun;—then he departed.

Tom jumped over ditches, Tom ran o'er each field,

For the thoughts of his wealth made him bolder;

From his father and mother his luck he concealed,

When he got home, his pickaxe to shoulder.

He stayed not a moment—he took up his tools, And back to the wheat field he hurried;

He thought all the world but himself must be fools.

To work while such treasure lay buried.

He got near the field—yes! it must be the same For a thousand his chance he'd not barter, But when he right up to it suddenly came, Every wheat-ear had on a red garter!

"Lord have mercy!" cried Tom, "why I can't dig all this! The field fifty acres has in it,

It would take me a lifetime, and then I might miss—

And how'd I know where to begin it?

"That dirty ould blackguard has cheated me still, It's I am the biggest of martyrs!"

And now, when the poppies the growing crops fill,

They call them there—Cunning Tom's Garters.

Thus Tom he went home again just as he came, And all his relations and brothers, They told him he only himself had to blame For coveting that which was others;

Because if the treasure had really been there,
Though the Leprechaun might be the donor,
Tom's duty was plainly the find to declare,
And to see if there might be an owner.

He never went looking for fairies again,
His proper employment thus shirking;
And when he, at last, some few guineas did gain,
He was proud to confess 'twas by working.

Our tale has a moral—all fairy tales have— And 'tis this—If you'd wealth be possessing, The gold that is worked for, to spend or to save, Will prove in the end the best blessing.

## THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

## A PASTORAL CANTATA.

The village sleeps—the first dim shade From night's dark veil begins to fade, The paling stars dissolve in grey, Far in the East the first faint ray Peeps o'er the hills. The misty morn In purple sheen begins to dawn, The leafy branches now are stirred, The matin song of many a bird Awakes the woods, while loud and clear The clarion note of chanticleer Warns dreaming maid and drowsy swain The busy day begins again.

## PART SONG.

The morning mist is breaking,
The hills are tipped with gold,
The cattle are awaking
And lowing in the fold:
The reaper calls his neighbour
Asleep among the hay
In fell and field to labour;
—
It is the dawn of day.
The sun the East adorning
Now sheds his radiance bright:
—
Sing—Early in the morning
Gives sweet repose at night!

The maids a-milking hieing, Now trudge along the lane, Each other's steps outvieing The distant croft to gain; The miller sets his mill sail
As early as can be,
"I cannot bear a still sail,
It brings no grist," says he.
Thus all dull sloth now scorning
In labour who delight,
Sing—Early in the morning
Gives sweet repose at night!

Scarce has the sun dispelled the mist
The first warm beam the flowerets kiss'd,
Ere Rose and Lily—maidens fair
As any flowerets blooming there,
Their blue eyes ope—then tell their dreams
As maidens will do, while the beams
Stream through the woodbine-sheltered pane,
Then, glancing slyly down the lane,
Assured no listening swain is near,
They blend their voices sweet and clear.

## DUET.

We are called the village rose-buds, But ah! let all beware Who seek to gather those buds, They deem so fresh and fair; The sweetest flowers may only Be cherished for a day, Then flung, all pale and lonely, Poor, blighted things, away.

No! no! the silly flowers
They call us we disown,
The sunny summer hours
At least shall be our own.

We are called two village rose-buds, But call us what they will, We'll only tell them those buds, They cannot gather, still; Still side by side we'll wander, Two merry maidens we, Each day still growing fonder, But on the parent tree.

> No! no! the silly flowers But fade as soon as blown, With us the summer hours At least shall be our own.

The song is hushed—in household cares
Away the busy morning wears,
And now the garish hour of noon,
For Rose and Lily all too soon,
Draws near. What means that roguish smile
On either face that beams meanwhile?
That Sunday hat put on with care?
That cloak with such a jaunty air?
That muslin dress—those ribbons gay?
Itis the Village Fair to-day!

And now the sound of music floats Upon the breeze—they catch the notes As side by side adown the lane They hie to join the village train; Not all alone—a joyous pair Of laughing swains accost the fair. Ah! Rose and Lily—all may see If lovers not, they soon will be, For Robin as they trudge along For Rose has many a snatch of song, And half in jest, and half afraid, He sings to woo the smiling maid.

SONG.

Like but yet unlike the rose
Still the one I love must be,
Like it by the blush that glows
When she whispers sweet to me;

But when dew-drops steal apace
Where the rosebud sleeping lies,
I would not the likeness trace,
Tears should ne'er bedew her eyes.
Ever smiling should'st thou be,
Sweet my rose that bloom'st for me.

Like but yet unlike the rose
That must in a day grow old,
She fresh beauty must disclose,
Every day some grace unfold;
Like the rose her ruby lips,
But when every wanton bee
Honey from the floweret sips
Then no rose is she for me.
Bloom, if thou my heart would's town,
Sweet, my Rose, for me alone.

Away, away adown the lane
They haste the village green to gain,
But still their steps they must delay,
A band of gipsies on the way
Accost the group. The gipsy throng
With pipe and fiddle dance and sing,
Now form a ring, while maidens bold
Demand to have their fortunes told;
Though first the gipsy chaunt they hear,
And greet it with a hearty cheer.

#### GIPSY CHORUS.

Gipsies of the wild wood we Pitch our tents beneath the tree; Careless wheresoe'er we roam So the wayside yield a home; Roaming on from town to town, Resting when the sun goes down; Dull would be the wake and fair Were the gipsy tribe not there! Ever happy—ever free, Gipsies of the wild wood we!

## SOLO (BASS).

We can patch your pots and pans,
We can mend your milking cans,
Knives and scissors we can grind,
Sharper blades you'll nowhere find;
At our greenwood smithy who
Like the gipsy foal can shoe?
Trust us then, be not afraid,
Well thy gipsy knows his trad e
Deem not arrant knaves are we
Gipsies of the wildwood free.

## SOLO (SOPRANO).

Pretty maidens we can well,
If you will, your fortunes tell,
By the cards can we declare
If you'll mate with dark or fair;
By the lines upon your hand
We the future understand,
Pretty maidens, shy or bold,
Come and have your fortunes told.

Come and you our skill shall see, Roving gipsies though we be.

#### ROSE.

Tell me, dark-eyed gipsy stranger, For your skill I fain would hear, Is my path beset with danger, Now or in some future year?

### ROBIN.

Danger is for those who fear it,
With a helping hand to guide,
One fond heart thine own to cheer it,
Ill can never thee betide.

## SOLO.

The Gipsy Queen am I,
The stars I understand,
If you my skill would try
With silver cross my hand;
To you, my pretty maid,
The truth I'll first declare;
You need not be afraid,
Your lover means you fair.

#### WILLIAM.

Tell me, gipsy of the wild wood,
Does sweet Peggy of the hill,
She I've loved almost from childhood,
Love me fondly, truly, still?
Content I would with scythe and sickle
Toil for her the live-long day,
But I fear she may prove fickle,—
Dark-eyed gipsy, tell me, pray?

## SONG (continued).

And now this sighing swain
Who'd have his fortune told,
With him I must be plain,
His sweetheart is too bold;
She dances on the green
With every comer there,
It plainly thus is seen
For him she does not care.

#### CHORUS.

Yes—yes! the gipsy tells us true 'Tis plain she does not care for you, So seek another at the fair From pretty girls in plenty there.

## song (continued).

For you a scolding wife
Bespeaks the card you drew,
She'll live to plague your life:
A handsome one for you (to another).
For you of girls and boys
The fates declare for ten;
For you in wedlock's joys,
The very best of men (to others).

#### CHORUS.

Yes—yes! the gipsy tells us true, See what's in store for you—for you— But haste to join them at the fair, The village sports await us there.

#### DUET.

- See the sports of the day have already begun, How they foot it away on the green, While the elders around are enjoying the fun That reminds them of days that have been.
- How gaily they pass, to and fro on the grass,
   As each happy couple advance,
   They step it so neat and so nimble their feet
   Round the ring as they merrily dance.

#### BOTH.

Oh! who'd not delight in a villager's life, So gay and so happy the scene, Sure a dance thro' this life, with its joy and its strife,

Oft begins with a dance on the green.

Yes-yes-

Oft begins with a dance on the green.

 You promised that with me the dance you'd begin,
 And your hand none more fondly would

claim.

For the others have tried your attention to win,

You alone for my partner I'd name.

 Ah! yes for the day you may lead me away, Since there can be no harm in a dance, But don't you believe—though I hear what you say, That beyond it I yield you a chance.

BOTH.

Oh! who'd not delight, &c., &c.

The fairest of the rustic band, Now Rose and Lily blushing stand, Soon in the dance are whirled away, None seem more happy, none more gay : But to the fair—ne'er was such fun, So they think, since the world begun; Such stalls for fairings, all in rows, Such merry clowns, such wondrous shows. The circus—rural swain's delight— The columbine in spangles bright, The shooting through the wedding ring, The roundabouts, the lofty swing, The ballad singer and his song, Three yards a penny—then the gong! "Walk up! walk up!"-Oh! what delight The village fair's midsummer night.

Now turn me to the lammas field,
To see what frolic that will yield;
There Hodge climbs up the well-greased pole.
Too soon upon the ground to roll;
Next Mat the miller tumbles down,
Then Will the carter cracks his crown,
Till Snip the tailor, holding fast,
The lofty prize obtains at last.
Next jumping in the sacks begins,
There's many a tumble ere one wins,
While village belles their beaux deride,
And laughter peals on every side.

The sun now sets behind the hills: The village alchouse quickly fills; The grandsire, o'er his cup of ale, Recites again his thrice-told tale. What sports they had when he was young, What songs his aged grandsire sung. How that on every village green Each year they found and crowned a queen. How lusty yeomen bent the bow Upon the butts there just below. How roasted crabs, in nut-brown beer, Or cider cup the heart would cheer. With many a tale of bygone days, Such as the aged love to raise, Till warming with his theme at last, He sings this ditty of the past:

#### SONG.

Come, call back the days that we still love to praise,

When lads and their lasses were seen, Every night in the year save when winter was near.

Joining gaily the sports on the green.

When the yeoman did go with his shaft and his bow.

To shoot on the butts for a prize, Tho' he made it his boast that the prize he loved

most

Was a glance from his lassy's bright eyes.

Then the great loved the small, there was work for us all;

There was time, too, when labour was done,

At bowls for a match, for a song or a catch, Or a dance at the set of the sun:

Now the sports of the green—they but seldom are seen,

And where is the Queen of the May? She lives but in song—to the past does belong— Yes! old customs are passing away!

Then the squire loved his hounds and the farmer his grounds,

And the ploughman took pride in his team, There was work for the poor, and if slow it was sure.

And the kettle alone found the steam; Then the squire loved his punch, and the farmer his lunch

In the fields with his flask of old ale; Now he dresses so fine—like a lord drinks his wine,

And the wheel does the work of the flail.

Heaven bless all who strive once again to revive Old customs the poor to befriend,

For the labour is sweet that reward's sure to meet,

And the master pays best in the end;
Your tankards then fill, and with hearty good
will

Let us drink to our true British Queen.

May hers be the reign that shall see once again

Revived all the sports of the green!

The toast they drink in home-brewed ale, Applaud the song and praise the tale, No village politicians they, By frothy ranters led away; They seek the evening to prolong By harmless mirth and rustic song. Thus Rose and Lily soon are press'd To add their ditty to the rest; They, maiden-like, their powers deny, Excuses make, but still comply, And as the evening wears away Each sings her simple untaught lay.

## ROSE.

I've a kind word for all, I've a heart light and gay,

In my own native village contented I stay, And tho' humble my lot, and but homely my

gown,
No envy I feel of the fine folks from town;
They may boast as they will of their balls and
their plays,

Can they match the content of our own simple ways?

Are their hearts half so light as my own seems to be,

When the lads of the village come courting to me?

When I rise in the morning how sweet is the air When I trip it along to the market or fair, There are flowers in my path as I wander along, And the birds as I pass seem to welcome my song;

Oh, surely this yields me a purer delight Than would sleeping all day after dancing all night,

There is health on my brow, and my heart still is free,

Tho' the lads of the village come courting to me.

The rustics all applaud the strain, And fain would have it o'er again, Tho' many a joke on Rose they pass, And jeer her for a fickle lass. Why lingers Robin by her side—That tell-tale blush she cannot hide, The song is false as false can be, 'Tis plain her heart is not so free.

#### GLEE.

Come, push about the can, boys,
Push about the can;
A merry life's the plan, boys,
To make a merry man.
There is a time for labour,
There is a time for play;
Let each, then, with his neighbour
Be happy while he may.
Then push about, &c.

It is not for the drinking
That we meet here to-night;
To keep our hearts from sinking,
In friendship we delight.
A song to cheer each other,
It gaily shall go round,
Till every friend a brother
Is in this circle found.

Then push about, &c.

But hush—'tis Lily's turn to sing, The nightingale would soon take wing, 'Tis vain—in sport the latch made fast, She sings the promised song at last.

#### LILY.

By the wood side—by the wood side Sweet 'tis to wander at close of the day, By the wood side—by the wood side
Somebody, somehow, by chance comes that
way;
Culling the flowerets that spring at my feet,
Hearing the nightingale singing so sweet,
But 'tis not the nightingale I go to meet,
Though blithely he carols his lay.

By the wood side.

By the wood side—by the wood side
Oft in the eventide thither I go,
By the wood side—by the wood side
Down by the banks where the primroses
grow;
When the tell trees cost their shadows behind

When the tall trees cast their shadows behind, When the fair lily-bells wave in the wind, 'Tis the Forget-me-nots I go to find, My faith in the floweret to show.

By the wood side.

The shades of eve now steal around, The gipsies for their camp are bound, The village chime the hour declares, And busy packmen hide their wares, The merry clown, once more a man, Proceeds to pack the caravan, Counts o'er the takings of the day, And puts his motley garb away. Soon from the alehouse fades the light, While many a lingering, last good-night 'Twixt lads and lasses ere they part Proclaims that many an honest heart Has found some kindred heart to share, E'en at a homely country fair.

But hold! my muse must prate no more, The village festival is o'er; If not like those of olden days, That rural bards so loved to praise; Still it may be that these poor rhymes May suit the fashion of the times; The maypole and the Village Queen No more may grace the sylvan scene, But English hearts can still be gay Upon an English holiday, And man and master still remain Firm links in Britain's social chain.

Thus ends our village holiday, Yet linger still—for on the way, While trudging homeward down the lane, We hear the rustic's farewell strain.

#### FINALE.

The stars are peeping one by one
From out the azure bright,
The harvest moon has just begun
To shed her mellow light,
And we must up at rise of sun;
Good night!—good night!—good night!

The golden grain, now in the ear,
Is waving in the light,
The moonbeams make the fields appear
Like seas in summer bright,
That flow the Land of Promise near:
Good night!—good night!—good night!

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## THE GIPSY'S WEDDING.

## A CHARACTERISTIC CANTATA.

### CHARACTERS.

Moonlight Mat. Sandy Jem. Jack of all Trades.

The Gipsy Queen. Starlight Nell (the Bride).
Gipsy men and women.

## GIPSY TERMS .- GLOSSARY.

Romany.	٠		•				Gipsy born.
Lanterns							Eyes.
Planets							Candles.
Pigeons							Dupes.
Togs .							Clothes.
Dell .				Yo	un	g u	nmarried girl.
Doxy .							Wife.
Oliver							The Moon.

[In presenting the following sketch of gipsy life and character, the author deems it necessary to observe that while the rude ceremony of marriage, as observed among the gipsies, may be repugnant to English feeling, as it would be void by English law, it is, in fact, precisely similar to the Scotch marriage as frequently practised to the present day, the circumstance of the contracting parties acknowledging before witnesses that they are man and wife, being a legal and binding marriage in that portion of her Majesty's dominions.]

### OPENING CHORUS.

A gipsy's life is ever gay;
Sing hey, ho, trol lolly!
We're there to-morrow, and here to-day,
Pitching our tents where no rent we pay,
Good luck to the farmer who let's us stay.
Sing hey, ho, trol lolly.

A gipsy man is never in debt;
Sing hey, ho, trol lolly!
If he has money good cheer he'll get,
If he has none he will have it yet,
For never was there such a jovial set.

Sing hey, ho, trol lolly!

### MOONLIGHT MAT.

Come, my dells and dainty doxies,
Gather, gather 'neath the tree,
Let your princes wed their proxies,
No such weddings here have we;
For the parson good the church is,
But, though outcasts we may be,
If the gipsy heart he searches,
Ne'er a truer will he see.
Rough our laws, and rude our rules,

Rough our laws, and rude our rules, Nature still the gipsy schools.

Here our maids are nut-brown wenches,
Small the fortunes we supply;
We've the green banks for our benches,
For our altar-piece the sky!
'Neath no high cathedral rafter
Gipsy rites are said or sung,
But no law can break hereafter
Ties that bind our true and young.
Rough our laws, and rude our rules,
Nature still the gipsy schools.

[Nell is heard without, singing.

## RECITATIVE.

Hark! 'tis little Gipsy Nell
Singing in the sunny dell;
Like a lark—as blithe and gay,—
She, the gipsy bride to-day!

Enter NELL.

#### NELL.

I'm a merry gipsy maid,
I gaily roam o'er hill and glade;
In summer's heat or winter's snow,
No harm I fear—no care I know.
The heath ofttimes my only bed,
The turf the pillow for my head,
On softer couch I ne'er have laid,
Yet none e'er wrongs the gipsy maid,
The merry, merry gipsy maid!

I am a merry gipsy maid,
And fortune-telling is my trade;
They cross my palm with silver, then
I think of all the smart young men,
The fair, the dark, the false, the true,
To plague the hearts of Nance or Sue,
Then leave them—laughing, but well paid,
Thus lives the merry gipsy maid,
The merry, merry gipsy maid!

## RECITATIVE.

The gipsy band now take their way,
Across the fields of new-mown hay—
They seek the Gipsy Queen,
For Starlight Nell has lovers twain,
Who seek her gipsy hand to gain,
And she has fickle been.
The Gipsy Queen must now decide
Which best may claim her as his bride.

[Enter The Queen.

### CHORUS.

Hail to our Gipsy Queen!
The Queen of all our band!
Here in the forest green
We meet at her command.
Her rights we all maintain,
Her laws we all obey,
Then long may be her reign,
The gipsy tribe to sway,
Hail! to our Gipsy Queen!

## THE GIPSY QUEEN.

## RECITATIVE.

I am your Queen, ye jovial crew, And claim your homage as my due, By ancient right, and handed down From years untold, my gipsy crown.

#### AIR.

My throne is the foot of this holly,
Its leaves are my canopy green,
And here, in this tinker so jolly,
Is my best of prime ministers seen.
My laws on the stars are engraven,
And like them have change never seen,
In my realm there is no coward nor craven,
They'll all of them fight for their Queen.

I hold not my court 'neath a tower,
But under the merry green tree,
My subjects dispute not my power,
What Queen, then, so happy and free?
In my train I've no fine lords in waiting,
No pale maids of honour to scold,
In my council I have no debating,
And my commons do—just as they're told:
Yes! I'm Queen of the gipsy band.

#### RECITATIVE.

I see by your panniers well laden
A gipsy carouse you intend;
I guess by the smiles of you maiden
What share in the sports she will lend.

Come—sing we the song that together we sung Ere they crowned me the Queen—in the days I was young.

## DUET .- THE QUEEN AND NELL.

In our merry greenwood home
There are sweetly-scented alleys,
Where at eve we love to roam,
Far beyond the sunny valleys;
There the pretty birds all day
Sing their songs of joy and gladness,
There we troll our gipsy lay,
In our song no trace of sadness;
Happy we, where'er we roam,
In our merry gipsy home.

Stately dwellings grace the town,
We the dwellers bear no malice,
What tho' theirs are beds of down,
Slumber comes to tent or palace;
In our couch beneath the sky
None can rob us of our treasures;
Whispering winds sing lullaby
Sweeter far than minstrel measures.
Calm we sleep 'neath Heaven's bright
dome
In our peaceful gipsy home.

## CHORUS.-MEN.

Oh! happy's the life of the gipsy
Whose home is a tent on the green,
He may drink when he likes and get tipsy,
Provided—he drinks to the Queen.

# Concerted Piece.

## THE QUEEN.

Let the bride and bridegroom stand Here before me—hand in hand.

## MAT.

Two rivals claim the gipsy bride, Let the Gipsy Queen decide!

## ALL.

Let the Gipsy Queen decide!

## THE QUEEN.

He the gipsy maid loves most Best has right his claim to boast.

## ALL.

Both by turns her care divide, Let the Gipsy Queen decide.

## THE QUEEN.

Yes! 'tis just—let both declare In our tribe what part they bear.

#### SONG. - JACK.

I am a true-born Romany, a roaring gipsy lad, My mother she told fortunes, and a tinker was my dad,

Their tipple never duty paid, they fasted not in Lent,

But all the year they had good cheer, for then I poaching went.

#### CHORUS.

We gipsies laugh—we gipsies quaff, No matter how it's got, So there's whisky in the wallet, And a capon in the pot.

#### JACK.

Then the farmers grew uneasy, and the keepers came about,

But their lanterns could not spy us when the planets we put out;

So we stole away ere break of day—the darkness did befriend,

And to keep the pot a-boiling then I cried "old chairs to mend."

But, somehow, next the tailor one morning missed his goose—

He came and found—the feathers, but, good luck, it was no use;

I thought it best not there to rest, so moved the country round,

And the pigeons thought me honest, for I "knives and scissors ground."

Next I took to shoeing horses, and one morning shoed a colt,

But the vixen ran away with me, young things are apt to bolt,

I sold her at a country fair—of that there was an end.

So to gain an honest living now, cry "pots and pans to mend."

Thus as a Jack-of-all-trades I have led an easy life,

And do maintain it's very plain that I deserve a wife,

And Starlight Nell she is the Dell exactly made for me.

For I've kissed her in the meadows, and have danced her on my knee.

#### WOMEN.

Oh! shame—oh! shame to kiss and tell, He is not worthy Starlight Nell.

## QUEEN.

Silence! your Queen controls his fate, Let Sandy Jem his deeds relate.

#### SONG .- SANDY JEM.

A gipsy, my home is the glade,
And "Lily white sand O!" I cry,
Mother earth set me first up in trade,
So gay as a sand-boy am I!
No coin do I pay for my stock,
Tho' I sell it for what it will bring,
It will brighten your cans or your crock,
So "Lily white sand O!" I sing.

The lasses, wherever I go,
All smiling and happy I see,
But, somehow, I'm puzzled to know
If they like most my jackass or me;
My Neddy they'll pat with a smile,
As they all gather round in a ring,
So I pocket the rowdy the while
My "Lily white sand O!" I sing.

Thus I empty my bags in a crack,
And away I return to my tent,
My Neddy he carries me back,
With pockets well lined and content;
A thistle he'll eat by the way,
I drink—but it's not at the spring,
For why? for the best I can pay
While "Lily white sand O!" I sing.

#### WOMEN.

Oh! Jemmy's the lad for the maid, He is young, and he's honest and true; He lives by a good honest trade, Nor thieves as do some of the crew.

## THE QUEEN.

Speak, Starlight Nell, ere I decide, Which now you fain should call you bride.

### ROMANCE .- NELL.

I have no mam, I have no dad, A gipsy orphan maid I roam, My heart the only guide I've had To warn me in my gipsy home; Yet by the tent fire's fitful gleam Oft have I sat to watch the skies, And gazing on the stars' pale beam, They taught me early to be wise They one unerring pathway take, I would their teachings ne'er forsake; I do not deem the gipsy band The lawless, reckless tribe some think; We have no home—we have no land, But why to outcasts need we sink? The same bright sun our hearts can cheer, And nature, in her purest guise, The gipsy maiden holds as dear As all that rank and wealth can prize; And, as the stars are true above, Her heart is tuned to truth and love.

## THE QUEEN.

The gipsy maiden teaches well, She's worthy in our tents to dwell; Now need I tell my gipsy band Which the most worthy of her hand?

#### CHORUS.

He the honest—he the good That the tempter has withstood; Worthiest of the gipsy band, He shall claim the maiden's hand.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

## THE QUEEN.

Agreed! I ratify your choice, Join their hands—let all rejoice; Let the gipsy oath be spoken— Let the fragile bowl be broken.

[Moonlight Mat brings a bowl, and places it in the hands of Nell and Jem. They let it fall, and it breaks to pieces.

### MAT.

You must kiss no gipsy wenches, Marriage false desires quenches; Hold to her and to no other, Be to us a faithful brother; Now take hands, and by the sign Prove your hearts too do entwine. Swear—ere yet our rites are done, That you now love one or none.

### JEM.

I swear—I swear I love but one By the moon and by the sun, By the stars that rule our fate, I take Nelly for my mate.

#### NELL.

I my hand as freely give True to him through life to live.

## THE QUEEN.

It is accomplished well—and done, Witness—henceforth they are one; Naught but death can now divide them, May but happiness betide them.

#### CHORUS.

Blessings on the gipsy bride And send her lots of blisses, Sandy Jem—no more denied, May smother her with kisses.

#### MAT.

Take her hand—lead her out— Now we'll broach the whisky, Gay shall be the gipsy rout, Jolly boys and frisky.

#### CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! No intruders dreading, Happy be the youthful pair, Jolly be their wedding. Ha! ha! ha! &c.

### JACK.

Another trade my daddy made me learn to earn my living,

And since my hopes are cut like ropes a proof I will be giving;

Then form a ring, your doxies bring, and place me in the middle,

I've lost my chance—you'll have your dance, and I will play the fiddle.

## FINALE.

#### JEM.

Thus happy, we'll banish all sorrow
And join in the dance in a ring,
To-night we'll be merry—to-morrow
My "Lily white sand O!" I'll sing.

#### ALL.

Oh! happy's the bride of the gipsy,
Now wed to her choice and content;
But see—the Prime Minister's tipsy,
And the Queen signals home to the tent.

## MAT.

This whisky I own's of the strongest,
I in it but honour the feast,
But he who drinks deep can dance longest,
So I drink for myself and the priest.

#### TRIO.

Then push round the can all the quicker, Ere Oliver warns us to part, The best way to carry good liquor Is when it feels warm round the heart.

## THE QUEEN AND NELL.

Come, gipsies our revels are ending,
The last beam has sunk in the west,
The stars soon their light will be lending,
And all must seek shelter and rest.

#### CHORUS.

Away, then—pack up bag and budget,
Our home is beneath the green tree,
And he who'll that shelter begrudge it,
A churl, and no gipsy is he.
Away, then, no danger now dreading,
Our home is beneath the green tree,
May joy crown the gipsy girl's wedding,
And happy and merry live we.

## THE SAVING OF THE COLOURS.

BATTLE OF ISANDULA, JAN. 22, 1879.

'Twas the time of misty mornings at the opening of the year,

We crossed into the Zulu land, and gave a British cheer:

We deemed the savage hordes could not our discipline withstand,

As we boldly went to meet them in their own barbaric land:

We talked of what we'd done before—and what again we'd do.

Although they were so many, and although we were so few;

For the glory of our colours filled each gallant soldier's breast,

And the one thought that we all thought was to dare and do our best.

We marched into the Zulu land, it might be miles a score.

We pitched our tents, and ready stood to fight one battle more;

One battle more! to most of us the last we were to fight,

For they came down in their thousands, each a giant in his might;

In thousands, too, we moved them down—but still they came again—

Brave Melville and poor Coghill were the last among the slain—

But they bore away our colours, as they pressed them to their breast,

Then died—as should a soldier, having dared and done their best.

We did not turn, but there we stood till every round was spent,

And every ball had told its tale, until the last was sent,

And then to right, to left of us they closed—still ten to one,

As bravest 'mid the brave our gallant Colonel spiked the gun.

At eve, at wild Isandula, upon that fatal day,

Nine hundred British heroes stark beneath the moonlight lay,

And the one deed of the battle that will shine beyond the rest.

Was the saving of the colours, found upon a hero's breast.

## THE CHARGE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

KASSASSIN, AUG. 28, 1882.

All day 'neath the hottest of tropical suns,
The desert behind us, before us the guns,
A dozen at least, and yet we had but two,
But then they were served by our gunners so true,
From morn until sundown we kept them at bay,
And not for a moment an inch we gave way;
For we knew, though outnumbered ten times,
we could die.

That our duty was only to fight-not to fly.

We listened behind us, the sun in the west Set crimson—they knew that we sorely were pressed.

Still we heard not the tramping of horse for the sand,

Till the clang of their sabres told help was at hand:

They came with a rush, and they spread like a cloud,

"Ah! we have them at last!" cried their leader aloud,

"Charge! charge!" and away like an arrow they sped,

And in one mighty mass mingled living and dead.

The moon in her splendour now lit up the scene, Around us what havoc—above how serene, But she lighted the way for the brave and the true As they charged through the foemen and then again through:

They yelled in their panic—they flew in despair, And the battle was won and we proudly stood there:

And that charge in the moonlight, so gallant, so bold,
Was worthy the deeds of the heroes of old.

## LET IN THE LIGHT.

IN MEMORY OF MY DAUGHTER KATE. DIED SEPT. 13, 1880.

Why do we shroud the house in gloom, And to a cavern turn each room She made so bright? All this is but an empty show, It cannot speak our inward woe: Let in the light!

Why should we grieve she did not stay,
She has but pointed out the way
When in the night
She passed the golden gates ajar,—
The earth is now to her the star:
Let in the light!

We know that she is happier there,
That all will soon be called to share
Her heavenward flight.
God did not darken those dear eyes,
But opened them—they in the skies
Let in the light!

## WILLIAM KINGSTON SAWYER.

BORN 1828-DIED 1882.

The circle narrows—one by one
Our old friends fall and pass away;
Now he is gone, his work half done,
O! Time! you might have let him stay
To charm us with his fancy's play
And wear the wreath that he had won.
'Twas not to be. His pleasant smile
No more will cheer our festive board,
The ready pen, devoid of guile,
That erst did smiles or tears afford,
No other hand will now obey
Its guiding spirit passed away.
Ah! in those pages that he made so bright,
His "true intent was all for our delight."\*

## CALMLY THEY REST.

## MONODY FOR THE FALLEN IN BATTLE.

Calmly they rest, the blest
Who sleep in honour's grave;
What though 'neath alien skies,
There their own banners wave:
Back from their father-land
They forced the pressing foe:—
'Twas not in vain they died
Who calmly sleep below.

Deeply they grieve, the free, Beyond the flowing Rhine; Closer than ever now There will all hearts entwine:

<sup>\*</sup> Motto of Funny Folks, of which periodical he was the editor.

Proudly they say, to-day, E'en while their sad tears flow:-'Twas not in vain they died Who calmly sleep below.

All they have bravely won, Now, by their heroes slain, Sacred they yow to keep, Never to lose again: 'Twas but for Peace they fought, Then if but this they know, 'Twas not in vain they died Who calmly sleep below.

## SINGLE-HANDED.

Can we do it single-handed with the world in arms against us?

With our brave but little handful do we dare

the world defy?

We have done great things before, boys, and it may be that once more, boys, We shall still come out victorious—can we do

it?—we can try.

Though Austria, late the Braggart, now falls from us and turns laggart.

Deeming, madly as it may be, on the Bear she can rely;

We have trusted, trusted vainly, so we'll say to

Bruin plainly There's a storm a-brewing, Bruin,—can we brave it?—we can try.

Yes! let Austria wear the calf-skin still, the Bear perhaps will half skin

Her ancient friend, as oft before she has an

old ally;

But the Bear may still be treated with Sebastopol repeated,

And our Fleet is manned and ready—so if need be—we can try.

There's a Sphinx—they call him Bismarck—but he may perhaps miss his mark,

For lest France should have her chance on her he still must keep his eye,

On Alsace and on Lorraine too, he must still keep on the strain too.

Looking on—meanwhile to face the Russian legions we can try.

What of Servia and Roumania? looking there to count your gains you are,

And Egypt's little tribute you would pocket on the sly,

But beware false Christian Hero how you play the part of Nero,

For 'tis England plays the fiddle and to make you dance will try!

Yes! we left the sick man dying—o'er his death throes meanly sighing,

But we know who threw the hatchet—yes, we know who told that lie;

And the millions who believed him—turning round, have all deceived him—

And e'en he shouts "British Interests! yes, protect them"—we must try.

And so he on whom we reckoned, our bold Beaconsfield, has beacon'd

To his Admirals and Generals to let their colours fly,

And we'll rally round the standard, and be true to those who've planned hard—

To do it single-handed—should the need be—we will try.

#### SANTA CLAUS.

#### PART I .-- CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Oh! for the days when Santa Claus
At Christmas-tide came round,
And brought me gifts from fairy land,
And earth seemed fairy ground.
Sometimes I found them on my bed
(What wakings then I knew),
And sometimes in my stockings placed,
And sometimes in my shoe.

When Christmas winds blew bleak and loud, And rattled at the pane,
They bade me hush—'twas Santa Claus,
They said, had come again.
And he did come. I calmly slept
And dreamed, devoid of care—
Oh! they were childhood's happy dreams,
For Santa Claus was there!

His hair was scant, his beard was long,
And white as snow itself—
One night I woke, and there I found
Him perched upon the shelf;
A roguish yet a merry smile
Played lightly on his face,
And yet, though he seemed very old,
Care there had left no trace.

There was a kind and holy light
That glistened in his eyes—
A forehead broad, and wide, and high,
That told me he was wise;
And how I wondered how it was
He got into the house—
It was down the chimney, I supposed,
That way came Santa Claus.

Had I but dreamed? It could not be,
For when the morning came
I found the fairy gifts he'd left—
The toys, the childish game.
Well I remember with what joy
Those offerings I received—
How very, very firmly I
In Santa Claus believed.

Long years have passed away since when He sat upon that shelf,
And now I am (a secret this)
A Santa Claus myself;
And though those fairy dreams of youth Were all too bright to last,
I love them still, and feel that I
Am better for the past.

#### PART II .- BROKEN TOYS.

Three children sat in their play-room,
A girl and two weary boys,
Silent and sad and listless,
For they played with but broken toys;
Hushed was the sound of laughter,
That erst filled with joy the house
When the toys were new, and they owed them
To that dear old Santa Claus.

On to the green-baized table
They turned their Noah's Ark,
But they found that the dove was missing,
And the dog that didn't bark;
They had been to the seaside lately,
And the cat there stole the mouse,
And they'd left their Ham at Sandwich,
That gift of old Santa Claus.

The doll that the girl so cherished
Had been spirited quite away,
And she weeps o'er its empty cradle—
She may think about that some day,
When she has a doll to part with,
Some dear one that glads her house,
When the earth is all white, snow-shrouded,
At the time of old Santa Claus.

But the holidays now are over,
They are hurried to school away,
And the toys are awhile forgotten,
For there it is work, not play;
The boys to their Latin lessons,
The girl to the airs of Strauss:
Heaven send they are not outgrowing
Belief in old Santa Claus.

Ah! well it is for the children
That their sorrows seldom last,
That the Christmas-tide comes nearer
As the bright-winged hours fly past;
That there come anticipations
Of the Christmas-day's carouse,
And the thoughts again of hearing
From that dear old Santa Claus.

And well it is for the elders

To watch them again at play,
And to call back the bygone seasons

When they were as young and gay;
Else life would be scarce worth living,
And home a deserted house—
In our youth we have fairy visions,
But in age we've no Santa Claus.

## SACRED SONGS.

#### THE SABBATH EVE.

I wandered forth one Sabbath eve
When twilight shrouded hill and stream,
The hour that angels seem to weave
For weary hearts some blissful dream;
The sunset bathed the distant hill,
No sound disturb'd the tranquil air,
The voice of bee and bird was still,
The very flowers seemed bow'd in prayer
That Sabbath eve!

It may be that I slept awhile,
For when again I marked the skies,
The moon beamed with a placid smile,
The stars had oped their golden eyes;
And when once more I turned to roam,
My weary heart again grew light,
With chastened soul I sought my home,
And blessed my God that gave the night!
The Sabbath night!

## THE SABBATH MORN.

Silence without, and calm within the dwelling,
The lazy flowers slumber in the sun,
The half-mown hay stands in the meadow telling
The busy labour of the week is done;

Faintly, yet clear, the village bells are ringing From distant cots the peasant band to warn, Their anthems in the grove the birds are singing, And all proclaims it is the Sabbath morn.

Through the green lane the village groups are bending,

By primrose banks the children take their way,
Where the tall spire, above the trees ascending,
Proclaims to all it is the hallowed day:

Sweet to the senses breathe the leaves and flowers, The heart leaps up to see the growing corn, We thank Thee, Father, for these peaceful hours,

The crowning glory of Thy Sabbath morn.

## STRONG FAITH AND PERFECT LOVE.

Why should we bring a broken heart
To offer at the shrine
Of Him who holds our meanest part
As if it were his own?
If all is sorrow here below,
Does Hope not point above?
Then let us through life's journeyings shew
Strong faith and perfect love.

It is a glorious thing, you say,
To suffer and to bear;
But did not One we all obey
More than His burden share?
For us He died, that we might know
Those boundless realms above;
Then let us through life's journeying shew
Strong faith and perfect love.

#### SONG OF PRAISE.

"All Thy works praise Thee." PSA. CXIV. 10.

Come let's sing in tuneful numbers
Songs of triumph, songs of praise;
All creation hymns His glory,
Let us, then, our voices raise!
Every hill and vale rejoices,
Every flower that decks the sward,
All that live and move around us
Sing the praises of the Lord!

Hallelujah! let us sing Praise unto our Heavenly King!

Heaven is now the earth arraying
In its robe of summer sheen,
Flowers their brightness are displaying
On its mantle rich and green:
Up to heaven the lark ascending
Sings his carols to the sky,
Winds and waves in music blending
All His greatness glorify!

Hallelujah! let us sing Praise unto our Heavenly King.

## THOU ART WITH ME.

PSA. XXIII. 4.

Thou art with me, ever with me,
Lord of mercy, King of might,
In the sunshine of the morning,
In the darkness of the night;
In sickness, when the shadow
Of the grave was on my brow,
Thy word the staff I leant on,
And in health, my comfort now.

Thou art with me, ever with me,
And no evil will I fear;
In the hour of my affliction
Thou art by my soul to cheer;
Through Thee, my Lord and Saviour,
I am victor in the strife,
For Thy cross the portals opened,
And made Death the Gate of Life!

#### BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."
REV. XIV. 13.

Strew his early grave with flowers,
They the fragile emblems are,
He has gained those blissful bowers,
In the cloudless realms afar;
There the blooms that never wither
Shall their incense round him shed—
Grieve not Heaven hath called him thither,
Weep not—blessed are the dead.

Father—think he is but sleeping,
Though 'tis darkness there to thee;
Mother—stand not idly weeping,
He'll his heavenly Father see;
Though your hearts with grief are breaking,
Joys celestial round him spread;
Death is but to Life awaking,—
Weep not—blessed are the dead.

## A FRIEND AT ALL TIMES LOVETH.

PROV. XVII. 17.

A friend at all times loveth,
His heart is never cold,
He does not hide his friendship
As a miser hides his gold;

He is first when there is danger To stretch forth his right hand, And rescue from the falling The friend by whom he'll stand.

A friend at all times loveth; By such I'd stand or fall; Then doth it not behove us To be the friend of all?

A friend at all times loveth,
But there is One above,
Protects all earth's frail creatures,
So boundless is His love.
He makes the sun and shower
To love the budding tree,
His wond'rous works and power
In everything we see!
But most he lowes His creatures,
Who on His word will call,
And, walking in His pathways,
Become the friend of all!

## THE MARRIAGE PORTION.

NUMB. VI. 24-26.

Lord and Father of creation,
From Thy heavenly throne above,
Make Thy face to shine upon them,
Deign to bless their plighted love;
Through the world to bless and keep them,
Though the evil may be wide,
Give them strength as on they journey,
With Thy light their footsteps guide.

To the bride, beyond her beauty Give her still Thy grace to know, To the bridegroom, for her portion, On her heavenly gifts bestow; So their bridal gifts shall never Fade as earthly things decay, But the bride and bridegroom ever Walk together in Thy way.

#### THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

риц. г. 23.

I have a desire to depart, obeying
The heavenly call that bids me fly to rest,
Tired and weary—through the darkness straying,
Fain would I be with angels ever bless'd;
Worn is my pilgrim's staff—my days expended,
The home I lived for distant cannot be;
Why should I cling to earth? its ties are ended—
It is the grave that sets the Christian free.

What is the earth to me, with all its errors?
Long have I struggled with its empty show;
But to the sinful heart the grave has terrors,
Not to the righteous ones, prepared to go:
Farewell, ye friends whose tears so fast are falling,
Weep not that I so soon must take my flight;
Oh! may ye hear, like me, the angels calling,
And long to join them in the realms of light.

## BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN SPIRIT.

Blessed are the pure in spirit,
Who all earthly joys despise,
Seeking only to inherit
Surer mansions in the skies;
They whose hope in heaven is centred
Trusting to His word alone,
Who the righteous path have enter'd
That shall lead them to His throne.

Blessed are the poor whose treasure
Is the worth that passeth show,
Whom our heavenly Lord shall measure
By their good deeds here below;
Though no earthly princes heed them,
They shall see their Maker's face,
When the last great day shall lead them
To His heavenly throne of grace!

### NEVER-FOR EVER.

Never—for ever!

Tis the future and the past:
Never—for ever!

Spirit-voices round us cast.

Winter kills the autumn flower;

Spring revives it in the bower;

Never any bright thing dies
But the voice of Nature sighs:
Never—for ever!

Never—for ever!
We our Saviour's word receive,
Never—for ever!—
As we doubt or we believe:
"Never" in the realms above
Saved through faith and truth and love;
Or "for ever" there to sing
Praises to our heavenly King!
Never—for ever!

# HE BROUGHT ME THROUGH MANY WATERS.

He brought me through many waters:
Tempest-tossed, and sore of limb,
Though the storm waged wild around me,
Steadfast still, I called on Him:

Strength to climb the rock He gave me, Till I stood the cross beside— Rock of ages, our salvation, Cross on which for me He died!

He brought me through many waters:
Call, and He will save you too;
Struggling sister, faint not, fear not,
Grasp the hand He holds to you:
Higher yet, and nearer, nearer,
Till unto the cross you cling;
Then, the troubled waves receding,
You will hear the angels sing.

#### CONSOLATION.

When grief hangs heavy on the heart
We vainly seek relief in tears,
And sadly sigh, "'tis hard to part
From all we loved in earlier years!"
We dread to linger in the light,
Yet fear to meet the evening shade,
Forgetting that the day and night
The Lord alike in mercy made.

Then, 'neath the weight of sorrow's chain,
Be this our consolation still,—
It is the Lord that doth ordain,
And bow, obedient to His will.

When time moves on with leaden wings,
And only shadows hang above,
And thought, unbidden, fondly clings
To those we've lost, yet dearly love;
We think but what they were and are,
Their buried worth their wasted powers,
Forgetting they are happier far
Than we in this frail world of ours.

Then, 'neath the weight of sorrow's chain, Be this our consolation still,— It is the Lord that doth ordain, And bow, obedient to His will.

## LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

While I on earth abide,
Light of the world,
Be Thou my only guide,
Light of the world;
Danger alone I see,
No hand outstretched to me,
Save when I turn to thee,
Light of the world.

I have been lured away,
Light of the world,
Far from Thy path to stray,
Light of the world;
Like a bark tempest-tossed,
Rudder and compass lost,
Till Thy beam o'er me crossed,
Light of the world.

There is an angel band,
Light of the world;
They by Thy throne now stand,
Light of the world;
They sing the song of praise,
Join in the heavenly lays,
There I my voice would raise,
Light of the world.

## PART II.

## PIECES,

## HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL,

PICKED UP FROM

#### MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

# THE SCHOOL BOARD FERSUS THE VULGAR LITTLE BOY.

MR. SIMPKINSON'S MISADVENTURE IN LONDON.

(On a Familiar Model.)

You may remember, long ago, when I lived near the Fov

At Margate, how one night I met a vulgar little boy,

And how the rascal cheated me when I went for the beer,

And stole my spoons and mackintosh, and how he got off clear.

Well, when I heard that vulgar boys would soon no more be seen,

But sent to school and taught to read, and turned out neat and clean,

My heart leaped up within me that such goodness could abound,

And all by Act of Parliament—but this is what I found.

I was in London last July; I walked into the Strand;

I saw a vulgar little boy—a broom was in his hand;

The dirt upon his youthful face was quite against all rule.

I said, "You vulgar little boy, why don't you go to school?"

He laughed, that vulgar little boy—a roguish laugh had he—

He said, "The School Board schools are not for vulgar boys like me."

He put his finger to his nose his impudence to crown,

And asked me "if I couldn't give a little kid a brown?"

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man, it's really striking three?—

An hour when boys should be at school to learn their A B C.

The School Board man will take you up, but only for your good,

And make you go to school." Says he, "I only wish he would.

"If there's a school for such as me, will teach me how to write,

And read, and spell, and do a sum, I should be then all right.

I should be jolly glad, for then I might find some employ:

But Walker as to that!" said he—he was a vulgar boy.

"My father he has gone to quod, my mother she is dead,

And I am here to sweep this blessed crossing for my bread; But Charitable Organs (\*) says 'Don't give poor boys relief,'

And Beaks won't send a kid to school until he is a thief."

I gave that boy a sixpence. Passing on I heard him cry,

"Ain't that old buffer werry kind!—oh, ain't he? Oh, my eye!"

And then he turned a somersault, which boys a "coachwheel" call:

He was not so ungrateful, though so vulgar, after all.

And then I turned me to the right, the river side to see,

The new Embankment, for it was a novelty to me.

I spied a fine new building close by the Temple stair,

I saw another vulgar boy, and asked him who lived there ?

He said "he didn't know, but rather thought it was a school,

But never seed no boys come out;" he was a little fool.

"He'd blacked the boots of gemmen oft as came there by the train,

But never seed no birch go in, and never seed no cane."

I went up to that building, and I there saw, carved in stone.

"THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD"—'twas a place a Duke might proudly own,

<sup>\*</sup> The V. L. B. evidently alludes to the Charity Organization Society.

The noble river gliding by quite shut out all the noise;

No wonder they heard not the cry of vulgar little boys.

Revolving this within my mind, next morn I thought it fit

To seek that river Palace—where the School Board people sit.

I thought 1'd go and tell them, as they hadn't found it out,

That loit'ring in the streets they might find several boys about;

That I had heard the School Board schools were meant for such as these,

And not for little undergrads to go and take degrees;

But schools where London's little lads might go and learn to write

And read, and vulgar little boys be taught to be polite.

I gave my card, was ushered in, and told to take a chair;

I saw a portly gentleman—it might be the Lord Mayor;

I told him of these vulgar boys, and plainly put my case.

He laughed, that portly gentleman—he laughed right in my face.

"We do not care for vulgar boys," he said. "We use our powers

To shut up private schools, and get their pupils into ours.

We go in for 'accomplishments,' for music, and
—who knows?—

Some day a School Board pupil may an opera compose!" I said, "I thought it might be so (for rules true Genius spurns),

And from the gutters there might spring another Robert Burns."

But still he shook his portly head, and said, "Don't make a fuss.

If such there be, depend on it they'll get no help from us.

"'Tis not on vulgar little boys that we spend every year

Four hundred thousand pounds. You see that education's dear.

And is not to be wasted upon every boy you meet Sweeping crossings, selling matches, loafing, begging in the street."

At this I could not choose but cast my eyes upon the ground,—

The very carpet on the floor had cost three hundred pound,—

I thought if thus it is the Board the public cash employs,

They might spend less upon themselves and more on vulgar boys.

I said, "I thought the Act was passed that vulgar boys might share

Some little education, that they couldn't get elsewhere,

That schools might fill, and gaols, in time, might really empty be."

He said, "Well, now we've got the Act, that's what we cannot see."

Oh! ratepayers of London, when "The Taxes" next comes round,

And tells you that the school rate's raised to tenpence in the pound, Be kind to him, pay cheerfully, and do not make a noise,

The Board will rid you of your cash, but not your vulgar boys.

But when the next election comes, remember to a man

Who caused all this extravagance—return them if you can;

And so, 'twixt Board and ratepayer, to end this bitter strife,

Again I say return them all—but into private

### THE EXCURSION TRAIN.

(With an Apology to Mr. Tennyson.)

"We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour mouth;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we floated to the South."
The Voyage.

We left behind the painted boy
Who tumbles at the gutter's mouth,
And madly leaped our hearts for joy
In taking tickets for the south;
To get away from smell and sound,
And crowded street and city roar,
Two used-up clerks on pleasure bound,
Ere yet our holidays were o'er.

"Slow broke the light, sweet breathed the morn,"

Bang went the buffers and the chain, The stoker's cap, of nap long shorn, Impervious to the drizzling rain; The metals creaked beneath the wheel
And smoked behind, so quick our pace;
We felt the whole train quake and reel:
Ah! that was something like a race.

Then soon we saw the town retire,
And next the country came in sight;
Forth from the funnel flared the fire,
But they of this of course make light;
And then, thought we, some stack of hay
To which a wind-borne spark is drawn,
Might soon a heap of ashes lay,
And Giles, suspected, gaze forlorn.

New scenes all day above the brim
Of both our "tiles" came into view,
And lanky James to "Little Jim,"
Changed every moment as we flew.
Ran the half-naked boys across
The houseless district's stubble field;
The British farmer on his "'oss"
At frequent intervals revealed.

The little stations seemed but shapes,
The porters were but dimly seen—
We passed them in their northern capes,
Their livery we thought was green.
We came next to a stop, and then
Across towards "Refreshment" drove,
Where those long swells, the "first-class"
men,
Order their "goes" of rum-and-clove.

Stale was the sandwich that the maid
Charged sixpence for, and salt as brine;
The beer was staler, yet we paid—
It was our crossing of the line.
They took us all for steaming flats,
Of mighty mouth—we scudded fast,
Our brows with anger, 'neath our hats,
Glowed for a moment as we passed.

The wire-crowned posts to count we tried,
We tried, but couldn't do it—mark!
All calculation they defied:
A tunnel—we were in the dark.
At times some orchard past we shoot,
At times some well-stocked garden bowers;
But neither of us cared for fruit,
And could not stop to gather flowers.

And one fair vision never fled,
All down the line till daylight's close,
Whene'er we sideways turned our head:
Some woman—hanging out the clothes.
Her face it evermore was seen
On ours still fixed, we thought it queer;
We shouted to her "All serene,"
And chaffed her—but she didn't hear.

And only one amongst us—he
We pleased not, for he didn't smoke—
Said that ashamed we ought to be,
And that he didn't see the joke.
"A pack of fools!" he shrieked, in spite—
"A pack of fools!"—we didn't mind;
We were let loose since yesternight,
And left our sober selves behind.

And never tongue of ours was furled,
As on we went with spirits free;
The railway was our little world,
Though not a little whirled were we.
The winds and rain might blow and cease—
What cared we for the wind or rain?
We'd paid our one pound ten apiece,
And this was our Excursion Train!

#### ANOTHER SPITEFUL LETTER.

Here we are at the end of the year!
(Ah! would that I could forget her,)
And what do you think now? Fanny, dear,
Has sent me a spiteful letter.
She says that we both love—you know who,
And vows that her love's the truer;
She says that she knows my eyes are blue,
But she's sure that her own are bluer.

She asks—it is envy, so I don't care—
(But to think of that girl's deception!)
Would I send her a line to tell her where
I purchased my last complexion.
I know, when at Brighton we met last year,
That her face was wan and sallow;
The light of her eye I will grant you, dear,
But then lights burn best in tallow.

She says—and you know her Italian hand,
With its points as sharp as daggers—
How I dare by his side when she's near to
stand.

Her comprehension staggers;
That the look he gave when we parted last,
Which I thought so soft and tender,
Meant nothing at all, for that look was cast
At her foot, which was on the fender.

And she says that "he laughs at my girlish ways,"

And in mockery calls me "gushing;"
But he doesn't know yet what a part she plays,
And can play, too, without blushing.
She is fast enough when he's out of sight,
I have heard her his "softness" mocking;
And she lectures us upon woman's right,
And the songs she sings are shocking.

She says I may try my best, and I will,
For I'll not believe it—never!
Though she writes, with a dash, my hopes to
kill.

That "he doesn't think me clever."

If I were a man, with a head and heart,
I would rather live in a hovel,

With love and a crust, than a life apart With a wife who could write a novel.

She says, too, and somehow I own she's right—

That I've lost too many chances, And she even boasts that she danced last

night
With him ever so many dances.
And now to write on the new year's eve,
And to send me that spiteful letter—
Oh! I'll never again in a friend believe;
But I ought to have known her better.

## THE PULL-BACK DRESS.

(The original was a Lover's Lay—this is a Husband's.)

When first I met sweet Peggy,
'Twas down at Pegwell Bay,
A crinoline she wore, and looked
Just like a stack of hay.
Unlike that stack my blooming lass
Appears now thin and lean—
New fashions they have come to pass,
She wears no crinoline.
As she walks in her pull-back dress,
Her skirts getting less and less,
No fulness I find,
Serve twit that behind

Save a train that, behind, Sweeps the street with her pull-back dress. In Fashion's wild commotion,
The haughty proud mammas,
With hostile sighs demand those tithes
That ruin most papas;
While Peggy—dressed-up goddess—
If she sits down cannot rise,
But knocks men down in the market-town
If fast to walk she tries.
If she stirs in her pull-back dress,
She gets in so sorry a mess,
For it's really so tight
To the left or the right,
She can't turn in her pull-back dress.

When Peggy she was single,
The duck had strings of geese,
Till I proposed and proved to be
The greatest goose of these.
Now she to rink and party flits,
And will in costume move,
Well worth the cage I did engage
To house my darling love,
Where she sits in her pull-back dress,
And my friends from the City confess
They don't envy this chicken
Whom Peggy is pickin',
Now he pays for her pull-back dress.

## OF A' THE AIRTS.

(Altered from Burns to Chills.)

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I sairly fear the East,
For that's the wind that blaws nae good
For either man or beast;
The sharp pains grow from head to toe,
And mony an ill between,
And day and night I don't feel right,
Nor am what I have been.

I feel it in my elbow joints,
My shoulders and my knees;
My nose would seem for nothing made,
Unless it be to sneeze;
There's not a coat can keep it out—
No Ulster serves the least—
There's not a thing I do or say,
But minds me o' the East.

#### INTEREST IN EXCELSIS.

The stocks and shares were falling fast,
When one who through the City passed,
His wits' end at their very last,
Exclaimed, "I shall be rich at last—
Eighteen per cent.!

"Eighteen per cent.—how will they stare! How they will rush that boon to share! I'll promise it—'tis only fair
My broken fortune to repair—
Eighteen per cent.!

"No foreign loan to make a line—
A railway somewhere shall be mine,
A bank, where I alone shall shine,
In which no 'bulls' and 'bears' combine—
Eighteen per cent.!

"If Fortune favours still the bold
They'll buy, although they may be told
That having bought they may be sold,
If that quotation does not hold—
Eighteen per cent.!

"No premium they shall pay at first!
I'll promise at the very worst,
They cannot lose, if me they'll trust;
I'll blow this bubble, though it burst—
Eighteen per cent.!

"' Eighteen per cent.!' Yes, this reads nice— Depositors shall have a slice, And I will hang out to entice A Banner, with the strange device— 'Eighteen per cent.'"

Alas, that Banner would not float,
'Spite what "financial papers" wrote,
Though they persistently did quote,
To those who were not "in the boat"—
"Eighteen per cent.!"

Eighteen per cent. one year was paid, But out of capital 'twas made; Then all to ruin were betrayed, All through the Banner that displayed— Eighteen per cent.!

#### THE DOCTOR'S "KEY:"

# A TALE TOLD OUT OF SCHOOL.

(By an Old Boy.)

Tales out of school, they say, should not be told;
But as there is no rule without exception,
I'll just a little anecdote unfold
Of one I went to, if you've no objection.

Tommy and Harry I will call the boys
Who are the heroes of my little story;
'Twas they who did least work and made most
noise.

And of their playmates were the pride and glory.

I loved that school—I quite adored the master; "Tis very true we might have got on faster Had he been fair and square,

But, as it happened, all his learning—
As we big lads were quick enough discerning—
Was neither here nor there;

Though he could talk about each case and gender,
He was at bottom but a mere pretender.

He was at bottom but a mere pretender.

Tommy and Harry, they were dunces too—
One nothing learnt, the other nothing knew;
Yet somehow Tommy—how, you'd not expect—
Contrived to get his papers marked "Correct;"
While Harry, who to study always spurned,
Was always in disgrace and always "turned."

One day it chanced that this precocious pair Grew confidential, and did notes compare. "Tell me," said Harry, "how it is that you Contrive that awful Latin to construe? I never try; to you it seems to come By instinct." "If you'll promise to be mum, I'll tell you how I dodge it," Tommy said. "Well, when at night the Doctor's gone to bed, I slip down stairs—he sleeps just under me—And crib my lessons from the Doctor's Key; Then in the dark—I often hear him snore—Back to his study I the book restore."

Harry said nothing, but some few days after (He tells the story now with roars of laughter), His lessons, too, were marked as free from errors; While Tommy felt more than a schoolboy's terrors—

The book was gone that long his friend had stood! Guess his surprise, his lessons still were "Good." Twas now Tom's turn of Harry to inquire How he'd escaped the learned Doctor's ire. "Why, thus," he said: "'tis just as I expected—You see our lessons couldn't be corrected; You cribbed your work, and, to the very letter, You made your lessons with his book agree; I didn't take the trouble—I did better—

I burnt the Doctor's Key!"

## BARNEY O'BRIEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

A COMIC RIGMAROLE (AFTER THE MANNER OF INGOLDSBY.)

(Air—" The Groves of Blarney.)

Och! the Exhibition! sure it is this on,
With your permission, I will now dilate,
The International, where those who'd cash and
all.

Thought 'twas but rational to go in state;
'Twas there you'd see the "X" division
Ax-ing their duties of Sir Richard Mayne,
Or any other man that could show them the plan
At six in the morning, in a shower of rain.

There was Allsop's bitter beer, could there be fitter beer

For ev'ry critter, dear, who'd want it by-an'-bye? With soda-water, lemonade and porter,

And a wagon load of Watling's pork pie:
There were hills of beef there, to come to grief

Provision for a hundred thousand souls,
There were "oceans" of "spread" there, and
mountains of bread there,

All sent in by the Master of the Rolls.

The clouds then bright'ning, away like lightning, All pipeclay and whit'ning went the Horse Guards—blues;

Likewise the 5th Lancers on their rearing prancers,

All did advance, sirs, from their Royal Mews; 'Twas then each carriage I'd not disparage, They did escort, the company to mind, While the *Times*' reporter went in a sort o' (Which he hadn't oughter) donkey-cart behind.

Outside the building, it was quite bewildering, The women and the children who came there to see,

In mighty force there the shoeblocks of course were.

All out of compliment to the Japanee;

There were handsome cabs there and ugly broughams.

Sure you might know 'em—hired for the day— In which gentility aped the nobility,

'Cause for a season-ticket they'd contrived to pay.

At last the crowd there—all the meek and proud there—

They were allowed there for to get inside;

Then och! the races to get good places, And the lengthened faces when these were

denied;
The procession, wonderful, with many a blunder

full,
To the music, thunder-full, began to move,
Sure, Jullien's masquerade, by any task arrayed.

Ne'er looked so illigant as it did prove.

There was the Prince of Prussia, guarded by "a crusher,"

And a gentleman usher that they called "a stick,"

And the building committee—and from the city,

The Right Hon. William Cubitt, that civic "brick:"

But the under sheriff they did walk over, Tho' that was gammon, as the papers told,

And Lord Mayor Cubitt could easily prove it,
If he hadn't been smother'd in his robe of
gold.

There was many a minister, tho' Pam looked sinister,

If he saw a ninny stir—among the French; But the volunteers there in rows and tiers were, Which did the ardour of the Mounseers quench; There was Alfred Tennyson—he has my benison, Likewise a pen-ishon, and a butt of beer;

And the poet Close, too, he was one of those, too, That Palmerston chose to bring up the rear.

Then there was Dis-ral-lie, not looking gaily, Sure, he seemed rea-ly quite out of place; There was Milner Gibson and Bob Lowe, that glib son.

And the Speaker with his "sergeant" and his "mace,"

There was Dilke there staring as he went past Baring.

And Gladstone seeming to enjoy the fun, With little Earl Russell in a great big bustle, And Sheriff Twentymen rolled into one.

There was Michael Costa, whom Bennett wouldn't foster,

And a hand would not stir, music to conduct, That an English composer had made, you know, sir,

Which he called "no go," sir—in tones abrupt; So that complaint on, they sent for Sainton, Another furriner, to wave his stick; But English talent, them boys so gallant,

Balfe, Wallace, Mellon—they pitched to Ould Nick.

At last the chorus, it rolled before us,
And o'er and o'er us in "God save the Queen,"
And it can't be doubted that the people shouted,
And wished she'd been there to have seen the
scene;

Then her royal cousin, while many a dozen Stood round him buzzin', in the royal name, While the cannons rumbled and the outsiders grumbled.

The Exhibition "open" did proclaim.

Then to see the pictures, and to make their strictures.

Or to grease their whiskers, all did take their

But what they thought of it, or what they ought

Perhaps I'll tell you—but some other day; There were clocks you know there that "wouldn't go" there,

Though striking objects they should have been; With great breech-loaders — Armstrong explo-

And specimens of English bumbazin.

There were heaps of toys there for girls and boys there

(They made some noise there when they saw them same),

Tho' what appliance they'd to art or science. It really puzzles me just now to name;

There's the great fur trophy and many a Sophy, And couches where you mustn't take your ease,

And statues tinted with the flesh just hinted, Which makes you wish they'd had on their chemise.

But to end my story of this scene of glory (Before I bore ye I will hold my tongue), 'Tis a poor narration of a celebration

That Thomas Ingoldsby had much better sung; But since he inherits the world of spirits

It's my poor merits I've brought into play— If I've not been droll, you let this console you, It's nothing extry that you've got to pay.

#### THE ORIGIN OF WHISKY PUNCH,

Long life to the Saint—that's a bull by-the-bye, If St. Patrick was buried, of course he could die;

Long life to his memory 'tis that I mean, For he was the Saint that invented Poteen! He found out the way sure the cruiskin to fill, But the process was slow, ca'se it came from the

But och! the result, and to that I will stick The boys of ould Ireland it all made too quick. This puzzled them all, for you needn't be told To mix it with water would make it too cold,

But listen to me, for myself 'tis I mean To sing of the Saint who invented Poteen.

The Saint went to Bath, I suppose that you know

The people all bathed there a long time ago, St. David from Wales he was one of the lot, And he changed the Bath waters from cold wells to hot.

Well—this the folks drank—I'd as lave have drunk swipes

And found to their sorrow it gave them the gripes,

Small doubt there can be that they all would have died,

But St. Patrick a taste of the creature supplied!
They drank it and lived! and some people do
sav

The ould ladies they still take Bath waters that

way, St. David they banished away from the scene, But they stuck to the Saint who invented Poteen.

When St. Patrick got back to ould Ireland again,
He called all the women, he called all the men;

The secret he told of this wonderful cure,
And they still take the physic—of that we are
sure:

Then lemon he put in to spite the old churls, But sugar he added to please the young girls, To please them the boys whisky neat took no

But the Saint nothing said about water galore. Twas thus Whisky Punch in ould Ireland arose, But how right to mix it, there's nobody knows, And so to the side of the whisky they lean, For the sake of the Saint who invented Poteen!

Note.—St. David is said to have made the Bath waters salubrious, while St. Patrick, it is asserted, taught the Irish the art of distillation.

## THE GÖTTINGEN BARBER.

A long while ago—you the date must suppose—A barber there lived; he was not one of those Who shave for a penny, when other shops close, All the Göttengen students he took by the nose.

One day when the college was closed for the night, A little fat stranger, a horrible fright, Walked in and demanded—by no means polite— That the Göttingen barber would shave him outright.

The hair on his chin did like bristles appear, As if he had never been shaved for a year: Says the Göttingen barber, "My friend, it's quite clear,

I shave students alone, so you don't get shaved here."

- "Not shave me!" the stranger roared out with a curse—
- "Not shave me!!" again, and his anger grew worse;—
- "Not shave me!!!"—he then seemed to feel for his purse,

But a pistol pulled out, looking black as a hearse.

Then the pistol he cocked, put it down on a chair—

"You either shave me, or I you, I declare!" Then seizing the barber, ere he was aware, He set to and lathered him in his own chair.

The barber got up, with the lather half choked; The stranger sat down, which the barber provoked;

He consented to shave him, for somehow he hoped
To get rid of him; then for his razor he groped.

The stranger he grinned him a horrible grin; If he left but one stubble, he vowed, on his chin, Or cut but a pimple, or scratched but his skin, The pistol's contents through the barber should spin.

The barber got nervous, he shook like a leaf, So he lathered away, just to get some relief; And the longer he lathered, the more his belief That his customer looked very much like a thief:

"Brush away! for I like it," the little man cried; To get at his razor the barber he tried; But shave him the barber could not, had he died— So he lathered away his emotion to hide.

The clock it struck nine, the clock it struck ten, Still the barber kept brushing away in his den; "Brush away!" cried the queerest of queer little men—

Eleven it struck, he was soaping him then.

The lamp it went out, and the fire it grew dim; Thought the barber, "At last I shall get rid of him,"

When a couple of lamps, that no mortal could trim,

Became both the eyes of the stranger so grim.

The barber, exhausted, no more could be civil, He shook, for he dreaded the worst of all evil; He rushed to the door, o'er the court-yard so

level—
"Oh deer!" he evoleimed "T've been shaving

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, "I've been shaving the Devil!"

He ran thro' each street, and he flew thro' each square.

"Brush away!" cried his foe, as he followed him there;

He gained the Cathedral, ascended each stair— "Brush away! brush away!!"—still it followed him there.

He rushed up the steeple, the stranger gave chase,

He was close at his heels, with the soap on his face:

The city below him the barber could trace,

"Brush away!" and the stranger got up in the race.

The barber he sank, quite exhausted and dumb.
The stranger came up—with his finger and thumb,

Held him out by the nose (he was forced to succumb),

Then dropped him, not caring to what he might come.

The barber spun round, and his danger was rife, As he felt himself fall at the end of the strife—When just as he thought he was settled for life, He found he was only in bed with his wife!

A moral, perhaps, you may think only right, From the Göttingen barber and his awkward plight;

'Tis this: that, like him, it will serve you all right.

If you dream, when hot suppers you take late at night.

#### THE DREAM OF ST. AGNES' EVE.

"According to the legend, a maiden passing into a different part of the country from her ordinary residence, and taking her right leg stocking, she might knit the left garter round it—repeating the lines:—

"'I knit this knot—this knot I knit
To know the thing I know not yet.
That I may see
The man who shall my husband be;
Not in his best or worst array,
But what he weareth every day;
That I to-morrow may him ken,
From among all other men.'

"Lying down on a bank that night, with her hands under her head, the anxious maiden was led to expect that her future husband would come and salute her with a kiss."—From the Author's Musical Entertainment, "Highdays and Holidays."

A maiden bright loved a gay young knight, Whose form was fair, though his heart was light; He'd laugh, he'd dance, and he'd gaily sing, But he never spoke of a wedding ring; So the maid resolved that the spell she'd weave, And dream the dream of St. Agnes' Eve!

St. Agnes she, for a saint, was bold, In a roundabout way she fortunes told; For dreams she'd give, as the legend tells, And those who rightly could weave her spells, If their loves were true, would a kiss receive Whilst they dreamt the dream of St. Agnes' Eve.

The maiden went to a grassy spot,
The words she said, and she knit the knot;
Then lay her down, as the legend told,
(She brought her cloak, for the night was cold)
But never did maid a kiss receive
So sweet before on St. Agnes' Eve.

The maiden woke in a perfect fright!
When lo! at her feet knelt the gay young knight!
He'd watched her leave at the close of day,
And followed her steps o'er the fields away,
The ring he'd bought, and you'll well believe
They married soon after St. Agnes' Eve.

## PAT AND THE PIG.

'Twas near Limerick town lived bould Paddy O'Linn,

No boy a shillelah so nately could spin; But och! down his throat, when the whisky he'd tossed,

Sly Paddy oft found things before they were lost:

From the cabin of Widdy O'Connor one day, A fat little pig, as pigs will, got astray,

Says Pat, "You're blind drunk, it's my feelin's you shock,"

Then he fell o'er the pig, as he gave him a knock: "Och, piggy," says he, "'tis good manners you need.

It's myself you've near kilt, you disgrace to your breed,

But my bacon I've saved, so to give you your due, It's cured you shall be—I'll make bacon of you."

The grunter Pat cured, and soon put out of sight,

But the ghost of that pig haunted Pat day and night;

So at last to his Riv'rence he went and confessed, Having that on his mind that he couldn't digest. "Och, Pat," said the priest, "only think of the

When the Widdy shall charge you with stealing away

The pig that she looked to for paying her rint."
"Och, murder!" says Pat, "it's of that I repint;
And so, if you place absolution to say,

It's a blessed thirteen that I'm willing to pay, Or I'll marry the Widdy to make her atone, Since 'twas her flesh I took, I'll be bone of her bone."

"You know that can't be—you would cheat me, O'Linn,

To compound with a felony's surely a sin, And as to repintance, sure what will you say, When the Widdy accuses you at the last day?" Says Pat, "Will your Riv'rence answer me true, When that time it shall come will the pig be there too?"

"He will," said the priest, "all your guilt to make plain,

Cheek by jowl with the pig you will stand once again."

Then, says Pat, "it's all right—absolution or not, For when that time comes I an answer have got, As the pig will be there, I have only to say, Take your dirty ould pig—so, your Riv'rence, good day."

## THE PIPER, OR TERRY O'ROON.

Och! there ne'er was a piper like Terry O'Roon, Sure he bother'd them all with his wonderful tune;

And the like of that same, when it came in his head,

It never was equalled by living or dead. And this is the reason—a long time ago,

As Terry's own family histories show,

A fairy once brought to his grandfather's cot

The very same pipes that now Terry has got;
"And sure," said his father, who took up the
trade,

"St. Patrick himself on the same may have play'd;"

But none of the pipe-playing house of O'Roon, Like Terry could strike up the wonderful tune,

Och bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roon, He charm'd every heart with his wonderful tune.

'Tis said when he struck up his pipes by the shore

That the fishes danced jigs, and the sea ceased to roar,

That the rocks split with laughing, that herring and sprats

Should foot it with shell-fish, and round fish, and flats.

Be that as it may, Terry swears that it's true, But he might have been dreaming, betwixt me and you; On a taste of the creature—that caused him to think,

(For pipers have ever been jewels to drink,) And Terry himself, when the whisky was strong, He ne'er play'd so well, nor so loud, nor so long, Till he set them all dancing—sly Terry O'Roon, And whatever he play'd 'twas a wonderful tune,

Och bothering, wheedling, &c., &c.

There was never a wake, nor a fight, nor a fair, But Terry O'Roon he was sure to be there; And many's the match that was made, I'll be bound,

When his wonderful pipes drew the lasses around:

But Terry himself was a rogue, and it's true It was all one to him whether black eyes or blue, For when his flirtations some beauty would vex, "Arrah, Honey!" he'd say, "aint I true to the sex."

And so he went on with his wheedling ways
And his pipe-playing tricks to the end of his
days;

But there ne'er was a piper like Terry O'Roon, That was gifted, like him, with a wonderful tune!

Och bothering, wheedling Terry O'Roon, Sure he won ev'ry heart with his wonderful tune!

## PART III.

## SONGS AND BALLADS

(NOT INCLUDED IN FORMER COLLECTIONS).\*

## WHEN I LOVED SWEET ANNE PAGE.

The sun he never rose too soon
To greet the opening day,
The sultry hours of smiling June
Still found me light and gay;
At eve, when met the village throng
In pastime to engage,
The twilight never seemed too long,
When I loved sweet Anne Page.

In winter, when the drifted snow
Lay bleak upon the ground,
I felt my cheek still all aglow,
No chill my heart e'er found;
Though bleak and cold across the moor
The cruel wind might rage,
I sooner reached that welcome door,
When I loved sweet Anne Page.

<sup>\*</sup> Songs and Ballads (Third Edition, Routledge and Co., 1853) contains 347 Songs.— LATER LYRICS (C. Hawksley, 1878) contains 290 Songs.

Now summer days are sad to me,
The winter nights too long,
No more her smiling face I see,
No more I hear her song;
My love lies 'neath the daisied track,
But still, to cheer my age,
The memory of the time comes back
When I loved sweet Anne Page.

#### THE OLD LOVE SONGS.

In the old green lanes together,
When the winds breathed soft and low,
In the sunny summer weather;—
Can it be so long ago?
From the grass we plucked the flowers,
That to summer time belongs,
And we scarcely marked the hours
As we sung the old love songs.

Then, by stealth we roved together,
Till we saw the crescent moon;
But the cruel winter weather
And the parting came too soon;
Now we share the household ingle,
That to you and me belongs,
And though storm and tempest mingle,
Still we sing the old love songs.

Down the hill of life together,
We, for weal or woe, must stray,
And, whatever be the weather,
Cheer each other on the way;
Passing thus to life's December,
If kind Heaven your life prolong,
Will you still its spring remember,
Will you sing the old love song?

#### FIRST LOVE.

E'en as the flowers we cherish
Fade in an April day,
So do our fond hopes perish,
Fade in the heart away;
When did the roses ever
Blossom the whole year through?
When did the first love never
Prove to its trust untrue?

Sweet was each first fond meeting,
Bright were the early flowers,
Joys that were all too fleeting;
Soon came the wintry hours:
Eyes that have spent their weeping
Smile in the world at will,
Deep in the bosom sleeping
Lingers the first-love still.

Vainly I strive to banish
Thoughts of departed years,
Ne'er will the one form vanish
Seen through my silent tears;
Time may assuage my anguish,
Give to my voice its tone,
Still will my sad heart languish
Over the bright days flown.

#### THY VOICE.

There is a voice whose melody Falls sweetly on the ear, Its music is a memory, In absence ever dear; Its lightest tone, remember'd long,
My drooping spirit cheers,
And haunts me like some tranquil song
I heard in early years.

Its gentle tones enchant me still,
Then why should I repine?
The voice that bids my heart to thrill
Is thine, sweet love, is thine.

Thy voice it murmurs soft and low
Like music heard in dreams,
And when it soothes some tale of woe
An angel's voice it seems;
So soft, so sweet—its magic spell
My heart shall still obey,
For if within it care should dwell
"Twould chase it soon away.

'Twill be my charm 'gainst ev'ry ill, Then why should I repine? The voice that bids my heart to thrill Is thine, sweet love, is thine.

## THY TEAR.

I've seen the diamonds' costly blaze
The brow of beauty wear,
The sapphire pale, the ruby's rays,
On forms both young and fair;
But there's a gem, of worth untold,
To me that's far more dear;
I ask no brighter to behold,
Thy tear, thy pearly tear.

I've seen the pearly tears of morn
On many an op'ning flower,
I've marked the dew-drops that adorn,
The rosebuds in the bower;

But one more sweetly still I prize, A flower as gentle, dear, When I behold in those dark eyes Thy tear, thy pearly tear.

#### THY SMILE.

When hope's bright beam had passed away,
And all its rainbow hues had fled,
For me there beamed one cheering ray,
That o'er my path its radiance shed;
In sorrow's hour to cheer and bless,
My darkest moments to beguile;
The sunshine of life's wilderness
Was in thy smile, thy cheering smile.

Now fortune smiles, and light and gay
The rosy hours fly quickly past,
Thy smile is still the brightest ray,
Where all is bright, around me cast;
Still by my side where'er I roam,
No other shall my heart beguile;
The brightest sunshine of my home,
Shall be thy smile—thy cheering smile.

## THE BUTLER'S SONG.

(From "Coming of Age"—A Cantata.,\*

Come, drink of this stingo, I've broached the old tun That has ripen'd and mellowed for years twentyone,

<sup>\*</sup> Produced at the Charing Cross Theatre, June 19, 1869.

'Tis bright as a ruby, it has not a fault,
It was brew'd at his birth, and his sire grew the
malt;

Oh! many's the frolic and many's the tale I could tell about him since I brew'd this old ale, But like this good liquor he never went wrong, And now he turns out just as proper and strong:

Then come, the first can of the liquor we'll share,
In happy returns of the day to the heir.

This ale that so long in the cellar has stood,
Took twenty-one years ere to drink it was good,
But all who now quaff it, will own, I'll engage,
We like it the better for coming of age;
For many a year we will tell the blithe tale
How we drank to the heir in his own humming
ale,

The creamy, the sparkling, the strong and the good,

That was tested by time, and the trial withstood!

Then come, the first can of the liquor

Then come, the first can of the liquor we'll share, &c.

## THE HEIR'S SONG.

(From the Same.)

My heart is with my native place,
I do not sigh to roam,
I love each old familiar face
That speaks to me of home;
Its verdant hills, its murmuring rills,
Wherever I may be,
Where honour calls, or duty wills,
Will still be home to me!

My heart is with my early friends,
Who shared my infant joy;
With manhood's sterner duty blends
The feelings of the boy;
A soldier's lot, mine may be cast
Away from all I see,
But while life's latest moments last
'Twill still be home to me!

## SONG OF THE BETROTHED.

(From the Same.)

In childhood we wandered through many a glade,
But playmates, still tender and true,
We grew up together in sun and in shade,
Nor thought about time as it flew;
But childhood passed by ere we woke from our
dream,

Can we stay of time's torrent the flow?

Ah! no—we must glide with the tide and the stream,

Yet—I gave him my heart long ago.

When childhood was over, we parted and met,
But where was the freedom of yore?
The sports of our infancy could we forget,
Though the days of our roving were o'er?
He fondly recalled all those days of delight,
He asked me my hand to bestow,
We breathed the fond vows that our fates we'd
unite,
But—I gave him my heart long ago.

## DON'T BELIEVE ALL THAT YOU HEAR.

(From the Same.)

The girls they all call me the village coquette, 'Tis nothing but envy I know,
They're jealous of all the attentions I get,
While some of them can't get a beau;
They say, after all, I shall die an old maid,
But I know a heart's that sincere;
'Twill good-bye to liberty be, I'm afraid,
But—don't believe all that you hear.

The men they all flatter and tell me I'm fair,
Then try with soft nonsense to please,
'Tis little that I for such compliments care,
They never can win me with these;
And yet there is one who's to woo not afraid,
Who'll find I've a heart that's sincere,
They may say, if they like, I shall die an old
maid;—
But—don't believe all that you hear.

## THE HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

(From the Same.)

I taught the young squire no danger to fear, The joys of the chase and the sports of the field;

He takes all his fences as straight as a deer,
And in riding to hounds to no vet'ran will
yield;

The best education that college can give

Can't make a man brave when he faces the foe, And when was a squadron e'er formed that could live

'Gainst a charge whose young heroes have sung "Tally Ho!"?

Sing Tally Ho! boys-give another to follow,

Your fox-hunting soldiers beat others all hollow.

O'er the snow-covered fields, when the scent wouldn't lay,

With his dog and his gun, the young squire and I

O'er the stubbles would toil through a long winter's day,

And full many a brace to the larder supply; They may talk about drill, forming squares, and what not.

They are all very well, but the fellows to fight Are those who've been proved in the field a dead shot.

And ne'er missed a bird that e'er gave them a sight!

Sing Tally Ho! boys—give another to follow,

Your true British sportsmen beat others all hollow.

## THE SICILIAN EXILE.

"It is a strange and touching fact that every peasant's song in Sicily is in the minor key, one never hears an exception; and their voices are so sonorous, subdued, and patient, that the sound comes forth like that of a soul complaining to itself of something it is determined to bear."-Elfie in Sicily.

Oh! Sicily, dear Sicily!
Bright isle of sunshine, song, and flowers,
My fond heart turns again to thee,
Recalling bygone hours;
Thy myrtle groves, thy vine-clad hills
The Exile's feet again shall press,
The music of thy gushing rills
The wand'rer's ear shall bless.

Oh! Sicily, dear Sicily!
Thou brightest isle beneath the skies,
My heart leaps up again to see
Thy star in splendour rise;
Thy sons thy native songs no more
Shall murmur in that plaintive tone,
The darkness of thy past is o'er,
And sunshine now thine own.

Oh! Sicily, dear Sicily!

My home is on thy bright green land;
I long thy dark blue waves to see,
To join thy vintage band;
To mark at eve each white-sailed boat
Sail gaily round thy happy shore;
Oh! wake, ye gentle gales, and float
The Exile home once more.

## THE FOUNTAIN.

Laughing in the sunshine, Leaping in the light, Plays the merry fountain, Happy day and night; Singing, never weary,
All the summer long,
Radiant in its beauty,
Ceaseless in its song!

Oh! the happy fountain
Would my heart could be,
Joyous as its sparkle
Like its music, free.

Smiling in the moonlight, Silvered by its ray, To its mystic music Fairies dance and play; Giving and receiving Pleasure and delight; What has earth as lovely Beautiful and bright?

Oh! the happy fountain, &c.

## OH! FALSE VOICE!

What though vows were never spoken,
Still his voice was sweet and low,
Love has many a tender token,
Lips ne'er tell when young hearts glow;
If she loved him, who can blame her?
Others, too, those tones believed;
Now in sorrow 'tis they name her—
Oh! false voice that thus deceived!

Hush'd her song once fraught with feeling
That our hearts so oft beguiled;
Down her cheek the tear is stealing,
Dim the eye that brightly smiled;
Thus they met and thus they parted,
He ne'er knew for him she grieved,
She deserted—broken-hearted;—
Oh! false voice that thus deceived!

#### SOMETHING MORE.

Oh! tempt me not with jewels rare,
Nor strive my love to gain
With pearly gems, however fair,
However bright the chain;
The heart it is a priceless thing,
And mine would break before
It prized the glittering gems you bring—
It sighs for something more.

Then take the proffered gifts away,
And if we must not part,
A few brief words will serve to say
The meaning of the heart;
But—oh! beware—not words alone
Can faith and trust restore,
The heart that mine would freely own
Must yield me something more.

I do not now reject your love,
Nor cast all hope away,
I only ask that time should prove
The vows you breathe to-day;
And if the links of friendship's chain
Break not, the trial o'er,
The doubt will pass—the love remain
To bless and something more.

# HOW MANY HEARTS HAST THOU BEGUILED?

How many hearts hast thou beguiled With those bright looks of thine? How many forms on which thou'st smiled In silence now repine? And yet thou deem'st with magic spell My heart thou canst ensnare; Away—away—it must not dwell On one so false—so fair.

How many sighs—what bitter tears
But owe their source to thee?
And yet thou'dst blight my future years,
Would'st cast thy spell on me.
Too late—too late—the chain thou'dst bring
It may be thine to wear;
I cannot trust my heart to cling
To one so false—so fair.

#### GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

Gleams of sunshine—gleams of sunshine,
With our darkest moments blend,
Shedding light on shady places,
Still to life a charm they lend;
When in sorrow's darkest hour
Some kind friend has stood the test,
Is it not a gleam of sunshine
Worthy heaven's own brightest—best?

Gleams of sunshine—gleams of sunshine,
Like the rays from heaven above,
Is the happy face of childhood,
Are the smiles of those we love;
When the wrong at last is righted,
When the doubted still proves true,
Is it not a gleam of sunshine
Through life's darkness peeping through?

Gleams of sunshine—gleams of sunshine,
They can never quite depart,
From the heavens that beam above us,
From the home or from the heart:

Every deed of truth and duty, Every thought devoid of guile, Is it not a gleam of sunshine, Making glad the heart awhile?

#### TELL HER I REMEMBER.

Oh! tell her I remember,
Though she may now forget,
The meetings and the partings,
And the hours when first we met;
Though worldly ones have told her
To pass me coldly by;
Yet tell her I remember,
Her heart will teach her—why.

Oh! tell her I remember
Those happy autumn eves,
When first her bosom trembled
At the rustling of the leaves;
When they had not the power
To mock her frequent sigh,
Yet tell her I remember,
And mem'ry 'll tell her—why.

Oh! tell her I remember,
Though she forgets them now,
Or deems them idly spoken,
Each fond and fervent vow;
And if a tear, unbidden,
Should dim her soft blue eye,
Then say—I wish her happy;
Her heart will teach her—why.

#### SING ME THE MELODY.

Sing me the melody, softly and slow,
That my dear mother sung, long time ago;
Tho' I may list to it only with tears,
Still 'twill remind me of happier years;
What though your newer songs joy may impart,
'Tis but the olden one touches my heart;
Bringing me back all the scenes of my youth,
Giving me visions of beauty and truth.

Sing me the melody, softly and slow, That my dear mother sung long time ago; Though I may list to it even with tears, Sing, and remind me of earlier years.

Sing me the melody, tender and true,
Sung in the first happy hours that I knew,
Breathed by the lips that may breathe it no more,
Sing me the song that the past can restore;
Deem not that pain to my heart you can give,
Nothing that's sad, long in mem'ry can live;
May not a joy exist even in tears
And a bliss that is past be a blessing for years?
Sing me the melody, &c.

#### THINE.

A thousand pleasant voices
In Nature sweetly sing,
Each stream in song rejoices,
The woods with music ring;
But one sweet voice, one only
Can charm this heart of mine,
Without it I am lonely,
'Tis thine, my love, 'tis thine.

What countless gems of beauty
Fair Nature scatters round,
Each flower some loving duty
To live and die for bound;
But vain for me each treasure
That Nature doth combine,
Did I not beauty measure
By thine, my love, by thine.

How full of love and gladness
This sunny world must be,
And yet a realm of sadness
It might be still to me;
For love that lives undying
Makes but one heart its shrine,
And mine would perish sighing
For thine, my love, for thine.

## OH! YE MOUNTAIN STREAMS.

Oh! ye mountain streams
Of my own dear land,
Only now in dreams
By your brinks I stand;
Yet my spirit longs
Once again to glide
Where your low sweet songs
Whispered from the tide.

Music faint and low
Murmurs of the streams,
Sounds of long ago,
Come to me in dreams.

Oh! ye mountain streams, Leaping forth in glee, Sparkling in the beams Joyously and free; To some distant shore Still thy tide must roam, Thine, like mine, no more Fondly turn to home!

Music sweet and low,—
Murmurs of the streams,
Still for me you flow,
Come to me in dreams!

#### THE ROSE AND HER LOVERS.\*

The Butterfly Beau is in love with the Rose,
Around her, he'll flutter and sigh,
Then slyly he creeps, at the summer day's close,
Upon her soft bosom to lie;
But whom can it be that the rose loves the best?
The star in the heav'n shining bright?
Ah! no, 'tis the last lingering beam from the
west,
That kisses her, saying—Good Night!

I would not my love should be like the gay flower,

That sports in the sunshine all day,

That flirts with each Butterfly Beau of the hour, Yet owns to a love far away;

Ah! no, the pure lily that blooms in the shade Would yield me a calmer delight,

To leave her I'd sigh, but should ne'er be afraid To kiss her and whisper—Good Night!

<sup>\*</sup> The first verse is from a German song by HEINE.

## THOSE WHO LOVE US.

'Tis sweet to see the meadows gleam,
When flowers are brightly blowing,
'Tis sweet to hear the rippling stream
In music gently flowing;
'Tis sweet to mark each radiant star
That shines in heaven above us,
But earth has something sweeter far—
The smiles of those who love us.

'Tis sweet to see the laughing brooks
The radiant sunbeam reaches,
'Tis sweet, each thought in pleasant books,
The poet-minstrel teaches;
Sweet is the note, so loud and clear,
The lark pours forth above us,
But oh! 'tis sweeter far to hear
The voice of those who love us.

## THE ROSE OF THE BATTLE FIELD.

"In one of the recent fights a Prussian Jäger found a moment to pluck a rose; and after coming with his regiment out of the toil and peril of the day, he sent the flower to the Central Committee in Berlin, asking that it might be given to that lady who had done most to help the wounded. The rose and the letter have been received and very elegantly framed for preservation by Queen Augusta."—" Daily Telegraph" Correspondent, 1870.

Upon the battle-field,
Amid the din of war,
The soldier thought of home
And little ones afar;

He stooped to pluck a rose, The flower he loved so well, It nerved him for the fight, For Home was in the spell.

His toil and peril o'er,
When closed the dreadful day,
The rose he plucked at morn
He safely bore away:
"Rose of the Battle Field,
A token thee I send
To her, whoe'er she be,
Who's most the soldier's friend."

The letter and the rose
Since then have treasur'd been;
Who most her soldiers loved
Proved Germany's fair Queen;
Amid the trophies vast
There gathered from her foes,
None worthier owns she than
The Soldier's Battle Rose."

## WINNING THE GLOVES.

Little Fan was a flirt, and young Harry in vain Had striven for courage his heart to explain, He thought that she loved him, yet day after day,

When it came to the point he had nothing to say: He sighed when she smiled, when she flirted he frowned.

As out of his sight, with a laugh and a bound, Little Fanny would trip with a heart light and gay, Singing, "Fetters to-morrow—but freedom today!"

Little Fanny would trip with a heart light and gay,

Singing, "Fetters to-morrow—but free-dom to-day!"

It happened that Fanny, that sweetest of loves,
One day was in want of a new pair of cloves.

One day was in want of a new pair of gloves, And going where Harry had fallen asleep

She thought it no harm if she just took a peep; "Yes, there sleeps my bashful young gentleman now.

I want some new gloves, and I'll have them, I

She then on the impulse proceeded to act,

When Harry awoke—she was caught in the fact.

"Dear Fanny," he cried, "now you can't get away,

Crying fetters to-morrow — I've caught you to-day."

The words to his lips came at Cupid's command, "1'll give you the gloves, in exchange for the hand,

You know 'hand and glove' is a saying as old As the forfeit you claim!" say, was Harry too bold?

Besides, if a maiden has courage to kiss,

Should her beau such a good opportunity miss, She blushed her consent, said, "perhaps you are right,

Mind the size—six three-quarters—and let them be white."

Thus easily caged are the wildest of doves, So, maidens, be careful in winning the gloves!

#### THE FIREMAN.

What means that wild and piercing cry?
That bright and lurid glare?
The Fireman reads it in the sky,
He knows the danger there;
"Quick—quick—to horse!" with unchecked rein
The engine hurries past,
"Tis life and death but time to gain,
Fly on, good steeds, fly fast!

Oh! brave is he, the Fireman bold
That succour doth afford,
He earns his pay a thousandfold,
Whate'er be his reward!

They reach the spot—how seethes and roars
The ever-rising flame!
The well-poised hose a deluge pours,
Not all too soon they came!
The rafters crack—the red roof sinks—
The flame-cloud soars on high;
The Fireman ne'er of danger thinks
As round the embers fly.
Oh! brave is he, &c.

Back for your lives! "not yet, not yet!
Our duty is to save."
All sense of danger they forget,
On work the true and brave;
A crash! the warning is too late,
Down comes the tottering wall,
The Fireman, yielding to his fate,
Is buried in its fall!

Oh! brave was he—that Fireman bold, Worth all the wealth there stored, His life was, aye, a thousandfold, Then fame be his reward!

#### THE SLEEPER.

A group of sculpture bathed in light;—
An infant tired with play,
While o'er it bent two angels bright
As there it sleeping lay:
They told me they were DEATH and SLEEP,
But which they could not name,
Nor why that both should vigil keep,
Why pictured both the same.
But I, who'd seen life's last light fade,
And pass its latest breath,
Knew why that cunning hand had made
Sleep so akin to Death.

Between the sculptured angels stood
A form, 'twas Time they said;
The sculptor, in a happy mood,
Thus hope and comfort shed;
For sleep knows two awakings, one
Where sweet bells gaily chime,
And one—life's pilgrimage begun,
That's only known to Time.
And well it is for our repose,
We have less cause to weep,
Since Time alone which angel knows
Awaits us—Death or Sleep.

#### THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

"Oh! lady, ask me not to share
That holy tie with thee,
I'll strive thy presence here to bear,
Thy child I cannot be;
You say that in the realms above
Her spirit is at rest;
Oh! do not chide me if I love
My own dear mother best.

"And, father, call me still your child,
And do not quite forget,
And think those eyes that on you smiled
Look down upon us yet;
I do not ask that her you prize
No part of love should share,
But look into your Nelly's eyes,
And see her mother there."

The father took his weeping child
And pressed her to his heart,
And she who now his heart beguiled
Played well a mother's part;
But often when the father slept,
And dreams his spirit cross'd,
He fancied that together wept
The living and the lost.

## YOU MAY WIN HIM BACK BY KINDNESS.

You may win him back by kindness,
Though his heart has gone astray,
For his passion is a blindness
That may last but for a day;
"Tis her beauty that has bound him,
But he'll shun the fatal snare
When he sees that all around him
Of her smiles may claim a share,
Be thy words, then, kind as ever,
If his heart thou would'st retain;
Part in anger—you may never
Hope his truant heart to gain.

Light of heart, if to thy seeming
He perchance at times may be,
Proves it not those eyes so beaming
Have not wholly rivalled thee?

There are moments fraught with sadness,
When his own from hers will stray,
He may yet return with gladness
When his heart points out the way.
Be thy words, then, &c.

#### THE DREAM OF FAIRY LAND.

I dreamt I roved in fairy bowers,
That I was still a child,
That round me never-fading flowers
Grew fair and sweet and wild;
Again the forms of all I'd loved
Stood round, a bright-eyed band,
I woke—too soon the vision proved
A dream of fairy-land.

Perchance the memories of my youth Called up that spirit band, But oh, how full of love and truth That dream of fairy-land.

I heard sweet voices loved of yore
In strains forgotten long,
From fairy harps soft echoes bore
Each plaintive bygone song;
How sweetly o'er my senses fell
That music heard in sleep;
Ah! why did morning break the spell,
And wake me but to weep?

In memory I may still restore
That bright-eyed spirit band;
Yes! sweet 'twould be to dream once
more
That dream of fairy-land'.

#### THE ONE FOND HEART.

You asked me once, in sportive glee,
What gift I could on thee bestow,
Of all things bright of earth, and sea
None worthy thee I seemed to know;
I sought, in vain, some token rare
That more than words my truth could tell,
I found it not, thou wert so fair,
That all things bright thou didst excel!

And yet I'd lay before thy shrine,
Thy solace still thro' lie to be,
A gift that's wholly, only thine,
The one fond heart that beats for thee!

I might have brought a floweret fair,
But that too soon would fade away,
A priceless gem, of splendour rare,
Thine eyes would pale its brightest ray;
A golden chain—'twould love not bind,
A portrait—youth must fade at last,
And bid the future bring to mind
But sad remembrance of the past,

And so, the only gift I'd bring
Thy solace still thro' life to be,
Is that to which thine own may'st cling,
'The one fond heart that clings to thee!

## LADY MOON.

Lady moon—lady moon—silently sailing,
Lovely and pale in the regions above,
Why, when my heart is the absent bewailing,
Turning to thee, come fond thoughts of my
love?

Is it because that, like thee, I am lonely, Weary with watching for each coming day; Or that thou shinest—but not for me only, Lighting the pathway of one far away?

Lady moon—lady moon—pale as with sorrow,
Nightly thy crescent more distant must be,
But to shine nearer and brighter each morrow,
Where sails a bark on a far-distant sea;
Lovingly o'er me thy beam sheds its splendour,
Shed ever thus o'er the absent thy ray;
Hope to the heart of the weary 'twill render
To think that thou smilest on one far away.

### ROCKED UPON THE BILLOW.

Rocked upon the billow,
Rolling on the tide,
Ocean for our pillow,
Sweet it is to glide;
When the waters glisten
In the moon's bright ray,
Sweet it is to listen
To the dashing spray!
Lulled by every motion
Of the bounding sea,
On the merry ocean
Ever would I be!

Rocked upon, &c.

Waves around us swelling, Still no danger near, Fragile though our dwelling, Nothing need we fear; 'Mid the breezes sounding,
List! the sailors' song,
While, o'er ocean bounding,
Speeds our bark along;
O'er the waste of water,
Like a bird she springs,
As though Heaven taught her
How to spread her wings.

Rocked upon, &c.

#### THE BILLOWS AND THE BREEZE.

The landsman loves his native shore,
He dreads the raging seas;
But we, boys, love to greet once more
The billows and the breeze:
Before the gale our good ship flies—
The land is out of sight,
The distant port before us lies,
The mid-watch set—good night!

The landsman on his native shore
May slumber at his ease,
But we, boys, love to greet once more
The billows and the breeze.

The landsman from his green highways
He never sighs to roam,
But we, boys, love the wind that plays
And battles with the foam;
Our home it is our gallant craft,
Our empire is the sea,
The stars above—the wind abaft,
How happy, then, are we!
The landsman, &c.

#### SAILING ON THE SUMMER SEA.

Oh! how sweet it is to glide,
Sailing on the summer tide,
Like a bird upon the wind,
Leaving every care behind;
Listening to the rippling sound
As the glad waves dance and bound,
Blending with the distant roar
Of the breakers on the shore;
From morn till night I'd wander free,
Sailing on the summer sea!

The land has not a sound for me Like the music of the sea,
Singing out its own sweet song
To the breezes all day long;
Softly now, now loud and deep
As the winds the surges sweep;
Like a rich thanksgiving psalm
To Him who rules the storm and calm:
Oh! how sweet it is to be
Sailing on the summer sea!

## THE SAILOR'S WELCOME HOME.

When all on shore are fast asleep
Save those who watch and those who pray,
The sailor, on the boundless deep,
Pursues secure his trackless way;
His trust is in the wind and wave
And Him who rules the ocean's foam,
Content the raging storm to brave:
Then sing the sailor's welcome home.

Day after day, no land in sight,
Perchance no friendly sail appears;
Through the long watches of the night,
By the pale star his course he steers;
For us he braves the stormy deep,
For us afar will gaily roam,
Then, while the waves around him sweep,
Let's sing the sailor's welcome home.

## YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND A WELCOME HERE.

You'll always find a welcome here, Though humble be the fare; 'Tis not alone my frugal board I ask my friend to share— I would not in my household mirth That he should take a part. Unless I felt he held as well A place within my heart. Oh! better far than all that wealth Or pamper'd pride can boast— The friendly roof, the chimney-nook, Where we are welcome most: Such mine, whatever chance or change The coming years may see, While faithful friendship links our hearts, Shall ever be to thee.

Thy hand I'd clasp in mine no more, Were not my words sincere; Then never pass my friendly door, But find a welcome here.

You'll always find a welcome here, In anger or in grief, The solace of a faithful friend, Oft gives the soul relief; And though by darkest care oppress'd,
Think he may point the way
To light beyond, unseen by thee,
Where shines Hope's brightest ray.
In joy thou'lt doubly welcome be,
For then our mirth we'll blend;
But in misfortune's darkest hour
I still will be thy friend.
And by the lasting ties that time
Has bound around each heart,
We will not yield our friendship up
Till life itself depart.

Thy hand I'll warmly press once more, And thou wilt be sincere, And never pass my friendly door, But find a welcome here.

## THE FALSE GONDOLIER.

A lover one day—'twas in Venice they say—
(In beautiful Venice I mean)
Half suspected his love to be less of a dove
Than for his sake she ought to have been;
So he thought he would go one fine night for a row,
And he forth to her dwelling did steer,
O'er the waters so far, with his Spanish guitar,
Disguised as a gay Gondolier.

When he got to the spot his fair lady knew not
Her beau in his boatman's disguise;
But she hired the boat, and they soon were afloat,
Gliding on 'neath the bluest of skies.

"Oh! where shall I row?" said this indiscreet
beau,
"To the chapel that stands very near!"
So he put her ashore, and for two hours more
Waited there like a sad Gondolier.

Then he took his guitar and sang songs to the star;

Had he sung to his lady instead,

He'd not seen on the land, coming forth hand in hand.

That couple who'd been to get wed.

"That's cool!" he exclaim'd, "'tis myself must be blamed,

Oh! I see I've no business here,

For one ought to beware how one parts with the fare,

When a gentleman turns Gondolier.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE MILL.

As Jeannie came from market,
The rain fell from the sky,
She sought the mill upon the hill
Until the storm passed by;
And there sat Jeannie smiling
As the miller his sacks did fill,
While both they sang in chorus
To the music of the mill.

The storm it soon passed over,
The sun began to shine,
Said he, "The way that you must stray,
It happens to be mine."
Her cheeks they glowed like roses,
Her eyes began to fill,
When he vow'd his love should changeless
prove,
As the music of the mill.

She goes no more a-gleaning,
For he has acres fair,
And Jeannie is the brightest flower
Of all that blossom there;
But she bids the village maidens
Their aprons full to fill
As the year comes round, and they bless
the sound
Of the music of the mill.

#### ONLY FOR ONCE IN A WAY.

How often I've vowed and protested
That single I'd ever remain,
And true to my word I had rested,
Had some one not teased me again.
Some folks never will be contented,
Nor yet believe half what you say,
Though when to a stroll I consented,
"Twas only for once in a way.

Heigho! sing heigho! Young maidens, take heed what I say,

For you never can tell what mischief may dwell

In those little words, "once in a way."

The shadows grew darker and longer,
I felt my heart beat pit-a-pat,
The wind o'er the moorland grew stronger,
Till somehow it blew off my hat.
Well, somebody found it and tied it,
I fear, "Fie, for shame," you will say.
He kissed me—I hav'n't denied it,
But 'twas only for "once in a way."

Heighel sing heighel for

Heigho! sing heigho! &c.

I don't know if it was that I trembled,
As homeward our steps we retraced;
I told him he only dissembled,
But he would put his arm round my waist.
It was not till then I relented,
And said what I cannot unsay,
The words I have never repented,
Though spoke but for "once in a way."
Heigho! sing heigho! &c.

#### COME O'ER THE TIDE.

Come o'er the tide, come o'er the tide,
Somebody's waiting and would be your bride;
What though she said you for ever must roam,
Somebody's weary of waiting at home;
If maidens are bashful, and lovers are proud,
There are faults on both sides, as it must be
allow'd;
But maidens don't always their lovers forego,

But maidens don't always their lovers forego,
If the first time they're asked they by chance
should say "No!"

Then come o'er the tide, &c.

Come o'er the tide, come o'er the tide, Somebody's foolish, it can't be denied; But somebody's willing the past to atone, For somebody's weary of waiting alone. Though scarcely worth having is he, she's afraid, Who takes a refusal at once from a maid: 'Tis not always certain she loves him the less— So ask her again—and perhaps she'll say "Yes."

Then come o'er the tide, &c.

## THE HEART IT IS A TREASURE.

The heart it is a treasure
That should not be lightly won,
To be cast aside at pleasure
When the festive hour is done;
'Tis a jewel that to cherish
Should be still your pride and boast,
For, when all beside you perish,
Will its worth be known the most.

If that heart for you is beating,
Use it gently, lest it break;
Warm and tender be your greeting,
"Twill grow fonder for your sake;
In sickness and in sorrow
Let your care its solace be,
For 'twill all its gladness borrow
From the faith it puts in thee.

The heart it is a blessing,
In its freshness and its youth,
Be it thine, 'mid thy caressing,
To preserve it in its truth;
'Tis no worldly gem, at pleasure
To be worn and cast aside,
But a firm and priceless treasure,
And more valued when it's tried.

## THE HUM OF THE BEE.

Give me for my neighbour The bird upon the tree; To cheer me at my labour The wild hum of the bee; I loved it in my childhood
For its sweetness and its truth,
I hear it in the wild wood,
And it gives me back my youth.

Then give me for my neighbour
The bird upon the tree,
And to cheer me at my labour
The wild hum of the bee.

Give me bright wild flowers,
They still my friends shall be,
All the summer hours
Blooming still for me;
The streamlet for my pleasure
Shall murmur all day long,
And I will catch its measure
And weave it into song.

Sing it, like my neighbour
The bird upon the tree,
While to cheer my labour
Sounds the wild hum of the bee.

# WHEN THOU ART NEAR ME.

When, love, thou art near me,
Sorrow seems to fly;
Absent, then to cheer me
For thy voice I sigh;
Bright though all around me
Still my heart is drear,
Happy, whoe'er found me,
Save when thou art near.

Absent—then to cheer me
For thy voice I sigh,
But when thou art near me
Sorrow seems to fly.

Friends, around me thronging,
Bid me happy be,
Still my heart is longing
For one smile from thee;
They but leave me lonely
Waiting, watching here,
I am happy only,
Love, when thou art near.

Absent-still to cheer me, &c.

#### THE OLD VILLAGE.

I love it, I love it, that village so old With its murmuring streamlet, its meadows of gold;

Its church, crown'd with ivy, its cottages small, And its green where the oak stands, spot dearest of all:

My play-place in childhood, what joy then I knew,

My friends then how many, tho' left now how few;—

The happiest days of my life there were spent, For in the old village was peace and content.

I love it, I love it, in fancy I see
The spot where the elders sat under the tree,
The smooth shaven lawn where the maypole
then stood,

And the shady green lane winding round to the

The house of the squire—'twas the only one nigh, His wealth no one envied as pleased he rode by; For he gave to the poor, to the trusty he lent, And in the old village was peace and content. I love it, I love it, though long since the day
To the pomp of the city they bore me away;
My heart never feels in the halls where we meet
The calm that it knew in that rural retreat;
My cottage, my garden, my flowers give me,
With just enough wealth to be happy and free,
To scatter the gifts that kind Heaven has sent,
And in the old village spread peace and content.

#### THE SPEAKING ROSE.

If the roses could but whisper,
I know what they'd surely speak,
They would claim you for their sister,
By the rose-blush on your cheek;
Secrets you might tell together,
More than you'll to me disclose;
If I promise not to listen,
Won't you, sweetheart, tell the Rose?

If the roses could but murmur,
I know what they'd surely say,
Words the woodland poets teach them,
In the nightingale's soft lay;
Songs of love and truth that never
In the daylight they disclose;
Thus my vows I'd fondly murmur,
Tell in secret—like the Rose!

# WHAT TO REMEMBER AND WHAT TO FORGET.

There is much that we ought to remember, But more that we ought to forget; Should we make ev'ry month a December And know there's a spring to come yet? Then remember the voice that speaks kindly,
And cherish the words of a friend,
But if passion sometimes urge him blindly,
Forget—he'll not always offend!
In strife, who would yield up life's ember?
The dying should know no regret;
The heart that tells what to remember
Should teach us too—what to forget!

Remember each vow you have spoken,
Though impulse has lured you away;
A promise that's made to be broken
Will only lead others astray;
But if, and your conscience will blame you,
You have done what you've learnt to regret,
Repentance was meant not to shame you,
Oh! then teach the wronged to forget;
In strife, &c., &c.

Remember a friend's kindly action,
Forget if he's done you a wrong,
For there can be no proud satisfaction
In cherishing evil too long!
Remember we've truth, love, and beauty,
That the earth, besides thorns, has its flowers,
And that every man has a duty
To perform in this wide world of ours.
In strife, &c., &c.

# CRADLE SONG.

A mother sat watching her only child, That, cradled beside her, slept and smiled, And she sang a sweet song that the hours beguiled,

Lullaby—sweet lullaby!

"My gentle child, still smile and sleep,
And thou shalt ne'er have cause to weep,
While o'er thee the fairies bright watch keep,
Lullaby—sweet lullaby!"

Ah! blame her not for each mystic thought
That the fairy lore of her own land taught,
With visions of brightness and beauty fraught,
Lullaby—sweet lullaby!

"'Tis sweet to think and feel," she said,
My child—when in thy tiny bed
Some watchful spirit guards thy head;
Lullaby—sweet lullaby!"

#### WHAT IS ECHOP

What is echo? 'tis a sound
In a cavern sleeping,
Till some kindred tones resound,
Forth it then comes leaping,
Like a spirit that, set free,
Soars and sings in liberty!
And, rejoicing on its way,
Makes everything around seem gay.
Echo! echo! but for thee
Where would earth's responses be?

What is echo? ask the flower
From the green earth springing,
Ask the ivy-mantled tower,
All the past time bringing;
Every day that hurries past
Is the echo of the last,
Every joyous sound we hear
Will echo in some future year!

Echo! echo, &c.

What is echo? Ask the heart,
To thyself appealing,
'Tis memory's sweetest, dearest part,
All we owe to feeling;
Cold. indeed, the heart would be
That had no sweet memory,
Had no thought that woke in tears
Some echo of departed years.

Echo! echo, &c.

#### FRIENDS ONCE MORE.

For thy gentle voice to cheer me
I have wept and waited long,
But thy step came never near me,
And still silent was thy song;
All your last sad words at leaving
I've repeated o'er and o'er,—
Was it well to leave me grieving?
Say, oh! say we're friends once more.

When my heart was bowed with sorrow,
It was you who near me came,
I my joy from thee could borrow,
Was our friendship but a name?
It would grieve my heart to hear thee
Say that holy spell was o'er,—
And I know now thou art near me
That we shall be friends once more.

#### PEEP O' DAY.

When the silvery moonlight plays
On the bright and dewy green,
Then I'll meet you, sister Fays,
In some lone sequestered scene;
There we'll form our fairy ring,
Underneath the glittering ray,
There we'll dance and there we'll sing
Merrily till the peep o' day!

Round the ring
Dance and sing,
Elfin sprites and goblins gay;
Round about,
A rebel rout,
Merrily till the peep o' day.

When the golden stars shine out,
When the dew hangs on the rose,
When the bat wheels round about,
Wake we then from our repose;
Bird and bee they love the light,
Made for mortal ken are they,
We, the fairy birds of night,
Vanish with the peep o' day!
Round the ring, &c.

## THE SILVERY AGE.

They tell us of the golden time,
They but remind us of the past,
They speak of childhood's happy prime,
Forgetting childhood may not last;
But when the hair is changed to grey,
And holier thoughts the mind engage,
How few there are would wish to stay
The hours that mark the silvery age.

We know that childhood had its joys,
That what has been no more may be,
We envy not the girls and boys
That, bless them! frolic round our knee;
We would not if we could restore
That fairy leaf on life's bright page,
For, nearer to the blissful shore
Are those who mark the silvery age.

## WE MEET AS STRANGERS NOW.

'Tis vain to say what might have been,
We meet as strangers now,
And time has changed thy youthful form,
While care has dimmed my brow;
A look—a tone—but one kind word,
Unspoken still by thee,
Had bound me trembling to your side,
But no! 'twas not to be.

A look-a tone, &c.

And now that years have passed away,
And gone the flush of youth,
I feel how blindly I have loved,
Relying on thy truth;
Yet would I give the world to know
If once you deemed me thine,
If truth once centred in the heart,
That never may be mine.

Vain wish—I am forgotten still, No cloud is on my brow, Thou art not lonely 'mid the crowd, We meet as strangers now.

## SEPARATION.

Still my spirit yearns for thee,
Still my fond heart turns to thee,
And my bosom burns for thee,
Distant though thou art!
I may not behold thee now.

I may not behold thee now,
To my heart enfold thee now,
Cruel lips have told me now
We must dwell apart.

Still my spirit, &c.

I could bring no wealth to thee,
Others came by stealth to thee,
Still my prayer is health to thee,
Heedless of my own;
Idle 'tis to weep for thee,
Yet my tears I'll keep for thee,
Even in my sleep of thee
Are my dreams alone.
Still my spirit, &c.

# TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE.

"Sure, Katty, you'd much better tarry,"
One day said my mother to me,

"For you still over young are to marry, My darling, to that you'll agree."

"Oh! mother, your frown sorely tries me,
Why should I not do as you've done?"
"Sure" said she "I had none to advise me

"Sure," said she, "I had none to advise me, And two heads are better than one."

Then whom should I meet but dear Larry, I told him the worst of my fears;

"It's my mother that won't let me marry," Said I, nearly choked by my tears: "Och! your mother's advice don't be dreading, Sure it's just the right thing to be done, For the best of all reasons for wedding Is—that two heads are better than one."

To my mother I went the next morning,
I blushed as I showed her the ring,
"So it's all my advice you've been scorning!"
"Sure, mother, it's no such a thing."
"Larry said that you never could scold me,
For but doing what others have done,
And besides we've but proved what you told me,
That two heads are better than one!"

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Hark! again the Christmas bells
Of the solemn birthday tells;
Sweet the silvery chime that swells,
As the light is dawning!
Still, while wanes the gloom of night,
In the East a star shines bright,
The same the shepherds watched by night.
Arise! 'tis Christmas morning.

As the kindling orb of day
Soon will chase the clouds away,
So rose He to shew the way.
Heed ye well the warning.
Care and sorrow cast aside,
Love to all He ne'er denied,
That we might live the Saviour died!
Arise! 'tis Christmas morning.

Herald angels anthems sing,
Let us too our carols bring
To the throne of Christ our King!
Bright gem, the heavens adorning!

Let us hymn the Saviour's birth, He who preached good-will to earth, On it, never chided mirth.

Arise! 'tis Christmas morning.

Wake, ye sluggard maids, awake, Trim the fire, the yule log slake, Have ye not to boil and bake? Slumber then be scorning. Christian feast needs bounteous fare, Naught the master now will spare. Well bestowed will be your care.

Arise! 'tis Christmas morning.

Hang the holly in the hall, From the rafters now let fall Mistletoe—the sweet bells call Like music heaven born in. This no time for slothful dreams, Hark! the hills, the woods, the streams, Sing rejoicing in the beams That welcome Christmas morning!

# WHILE THOU ART BY MY SIDE.

I meant to say a thousand things, Dear Harry, when you came, But now not one to memory clings, That I would care to name; I know that some I meant to praise, And some I meant to chide. My thoughts they fly so many ways While thou art by my side.

Oh! Harry, dear, I really fear, The truth I cannot hide, We waste our moments sadly here, While thou art by my side.

I hope you always think of me,
That is—I mean to say,
You do not flirt with all you see,
When I am far away:
You ask me—do I think of you?
The truth can't be denied,
Now—don't you really think I do,
Since thou art by my side?

Oh! Harry, &c.

You ask me but to name the day—
Suppose I say—I won't?
Don't put your arm thus round my waist,—
I'll tell my mother—Don't;
Well—if I really must, I must,
I think your heart I've tried,
But will you, if that heart I trust,
Still linger by my side?

Oh! Harry, dear, it's very clear
If I must be your bride,
We waste our moments sadly here,
While thou art by my side.

## THE TWO DREAMS.

FIRST VOICE.

Sister, I'd a happy dream,
All the fields were decked with flowers,
Sunbeams fell on fount and stream,
Sweet birds sung in all the bowers;
Hand in hand with you I roved,
All the sunny summer day,
Twilight fell, but still I loved
By your side entranced to lay.

#### BOTH.

Yes! it was a happy dream—
Seldom such to us is given,
Coming thus our griefs between,
Making earth seem nearer heaven.

#### SECOND VOICE.

Sister—I'd a brighter far,
One that bore me to the skies;
Far beneath me many a star,
Near me many loving eyes;
All the friends who early died
Round and round me seemed to roam,
Spread their wings and sweetly cried,
"Sister-angel! welcome—come!

#### BOTH.

Yes! that was a brighter dream, They had erred and been forgiven; Still their scraph voices seem Calling us from earth to heaven.

# COME WHERE THE BOUGHS ARE WAVING.

Come where the boughs are waving
Down by the forest glade,
Come where the stream is laving
Under the branches' shade;
Come at the dewy twilight hour,
Come when the sunset gilds the flower,
Come when the bird in his lonely bower
Sings his sweet serenade.
Come when the boughs, &c.

Come when the flowers are sleeping,
Lulled by the evening breeze,
Come when the stars are keeping
Watch o'er the silent seas;
Come, but alone, my own, my dear,
True are the vows that thou then shalt hear,
Fear not—for I shall be waiting near
Down by the trysting trees.
Come when the boughs, &c.

## I COULD NEVER BE HAPPY ALONE.

I never was one of those prudish young things,
And I hope that I never shall be,
Who think because Cupid is said to have wings
'Tis best that the heart remain free;
I'd rather submit to his chain and his dart,
At risk of his flying, I own,
For oh! such a kind loving thing is my heart,
I could never be happy alone.

I know there are some keep themselves to themselves,
But have they a heart? Who can tell?
A bit of old crockery kept on their shelves,
Would answer their purpose as well:
Let me hear the voice, when we meet and we part,
That cheers me and calls me "mine own"—
For oh! such a kind loving thing is my heart,
I could never be happy alone.

#### THE HOPE AND THE ROSE.

He gave me a rose, and they said 'twas a token That love had a voice in its bosom concealed, The blossom soon wither'd, proved scentless and broken.

And what is the truth that the floweret revealed?

It told me that roses, though fragile and fleeting, Are prized for the moment while fragrant and gay.

I trusted awhile to that flower's tender greeting, But the hope and the rose have both faded away.

I cherish'd the rose, e'en when beauty departed, Nor deemed there were others as fragrant and fair.

That many around me, the young and lighthearted,

The bright rival blossoms would joyfully wear:

I flung the false rose to the dark-flowing river, The tide bore it on, but would not bear away The memory as well of the false-hearted giver, The hope that the rose had thus left to decay.

## CHILDHOOD'S SIMPLE FLOWERS.

Shining, spotless, sinless creatures,
Children of the wood and dell,
Much I prize your varied features,
I have loved ye long and well;
Every leaflet bright and golden,
Calls to mind those happy hours
When my heart, to thee beholden,
First held converse with the flowers.

Oft with daisy wreaths they bound me,
Only chain that childhood knew;
Oft my little playmates crown'd me
With the flowers of roseate hue;
Would each tress that now is braided
With these glittering threads of gold
Found my heart as light as they did:—
Childhood's simple flowers of old!

## THE VALLEY OF DREAMS.

I wandered alone and the last lingering ray
Made more lovely the balm-breathing flowers,
'Twas the close of a beautiful midsummer day,
And the perfume still hung o'er the bowers;
I heard the sweet songs of the birds in the grove,
Love and Hope seemed the soul of their themes,
Oh! when did they ever but phantasies prove?
I but roved in the valley of dreams.

I wandered at morn to the same lovely spot,
That had seemed in my vision so fair,
But the flowers had all faded, the birds caroll'd
not.

And the rude winds of winter blew there;
Ah! thus 'tis in life, we in fancy renew
Our youth with its bright sunny beams,
But each scene we so loved fades away from our
view,

Till the past's but a valley of dreams.

#### THE LOWLAND BRIDE.

You say of old the lowly maid
Might hope a monarch's crown to share,
That kings by noble chiefs obeyed,
To beauty bowed, and worshipped there;
You tell me of your lordly halls,
Yet say you scorn their pomp and pride,
But oh! not there the sunshine falls
That e'er could cheer your lowland bride.

I cannot say your suit is vain,
For gentle words will touch the heart,
But bid me rather love restrain,
And play thyself life's better part;
Breathe not the vow some future day
Perchance may teach thee to deride,
But leave me on my lowly way,
Nor woo me for your lowland bride.

Again you say, it cannot be,

That fate, stern fate, will have it so;

Remember 'tis for love of thee,

And not for love of gold, I go;

Yet better far, if change should come,

Upon my bridal morn I died,

Than lose your heart, yet share the home

To which you'd bear your lowland bride.

## LOVE ALL MEN AS THY BROTHER.

Love all men as thy brother, For why should discord reign? We all can help each other, Some wished-for end to gain; 'Tis not the rules of college
The workman knows by heart,
The head may boast the knowledge,
But the hand can play its part!
Then let us help each other

Then let us help each other
The right or wrong to see;—
Love all men as thy brother,
Whoever thou may'st be.

Love all men as thy brother,
The weak may help the strong,
And differing from another
Not always proves him wrong;
Tis good the right should master
The wrong—but who can say
Truth triumphs not the faster
By waiting for its day!
Then let us, &c.

Love all men as thy brother,
There must be rich and poor;
He's stronger than another
Who'll silently endure;
Then be no light word spoken
To wound another's heart,
But leave love's chain unbroken,
And bravely play life's part.
Still helping one another, &c.

#### ECHOES.

There's an echo! Hark! hark! how it tranquilly floats
Far away on the calm summer breeze,
Some fairy has heard and is bearing our notes
Where her sisters sing under the trees! How sweet 'tis to blend
Thus our voices, and send
A song soaring sweetly above,
Like the balm from the flower,
Like a bird to its bower,
And to find that its echo is — Love!

There's an echo—it is not a voice on the wind,
Tho' it still doth a rapture impart,
That sweeter than fairy-like music we find,
And the source whence it springs is the heart;

How sweet 'tis to dwell
On its magical spell
As it rests in the heart like a dove,
To breathe one fond word
By ourselves scarcely heard,
And to find still its echo is—Love!

## BEAUTIFUL SHELLS.

Beautiful, beautiful shells of the ocean,
Gathered on some sunny isle of the west,
Who can behold ye devoid of emotion,
Stars that have gleamed on the billows' white
crest;
Oh! could we read but your mystical story,

Mermaids perchance may have sported with thee;

Earth hath its flowers, thou'rt of ocean the glory, Beautiful, beautiful shells of the sea.

Beautiful shells that are singing for ever, Songs sweet as those that the sirens once sung, Mystical murmurs that linger, but never Varied their tone since the ocean was young; Echoes ye breathe, of the past, sweetly telling Where first the home was, the spirit must be, Sighing ye seem for your old ocean dwelling, Beautiful, beautiful shells of the sea!

#### WILT THOU SAIL WITH ME?

Wilt thou sail with me, wilt thou sail with me,
To that purple western shore?
My bark goes forth to an unknown sea
That keel ne'er ploughed before;
There are harbours fair where the breezy air
Is filled with the breath of flowers,
Where the sun ne'er sets—shall our home be
there?
"Tis a home for love like ours.

My bark is swift as the mountain deer,
And my mariners bold and free,
And mine is the hand that the helm
shall steer,

If thou'lt sail, sweet love, with me.

Wilt thou sail with me—wilt thou sail with me, To those sunny western isles,

Where the green turf slopes to the foamless sea,
And the hills are wreathed in smiles?

There are waving woods with their emerald dyes, Where the bright flowers never fade,

For a cloud ne'er comes o'er those soft blue skies.

'Tis the home for true love made.

My bark is swift, &c.

#### LAUGH! LAUGH!

Laugh! laugh! in youth why should sorrow
Dare to intrude on the realms of the free;
Joy for to-day, let old Care come to-morrow:
He never shall be companion to me!
Why should we grieve when all nature is glowing,
And earth's lovely verdure is smiling and gay?
"Tis but awhile that the roses are blowing,
Laugh, ere their brightness has wither'd away.

Laugh! laugh! for all nature is laughing:
There's laughter abroad when the waves kiss
the wind;
There's joy in the breeze that the flowerets are

quaffing,

And mirth in the voice of the song-bird we find. Then laugh while ye may, for the hours are but fleeting.

Of sunshine and flowers, of youth and delight; We cannot have always so happy a meeting, We cannot be always so bless'd and so bright.

## OH! NATIVE SCENES.

Oh! native scenes, where'er I roam, No place is like my own dear home; No fairer spot beneath the sky, To glad the heart—to charm the eye. Give me my cot, where woodbine clings, And jessamine flower sweet incense flings; There is no spot where'er I've been Can charm me like that native scene.

Oh! native scenes, where'er I stray, Though all around be fair and gay, I love my own dear land the more Whene'er I rove on foreign shore. Its skies may be less blue and fair, But all I love on earth is there; There is no spot where'er I've been Can charm me like that native scene.

#### WHEN FAIRY BELLS BEGIN TO CHIME.

When fairy bells begin to chime,
And glow-worms gleam in shady bowers,
Be sure it is the sweetest time
To whisper vows as sweet as ours;
No prying ear then lingers near,
Save elves that sip the pearly dew,
But they our secrets will revere,
For they are lovers ever true!
Then meet me at the trysting time
When fairy bells begin to chime.

When folds the bird his weary wing,
When lily bells their petals close,
When nightingales begin to sing
Their love-songs to the sleeping rose;
Be sure it is the sweetest hour
To whisper vows—unseen to rove.
For fairy elves have then the power
To cherish those who truly love!
Then meet me at the trysting time, &c.

# THOSE SWEET WALKS IN SUMMER TIME.

Oh! Mary, could we but recall
Again the calm and sunny past,
Before a shade fell over all
The brightness that we thought would last,

How sweet to us the world would be,
A realm of bliss—a fairy clime,
For oh! how dear to you and me
Were those sweet walks in summer time.

My Mary, those were happy times,
For then our hearts were in their spring,
We deemed that life was strewed with flowers,
Nor knew what after-years might bring;
Our spring has passed, and summer too,
But, in our autumn's golden prime,
Fond memory will again renew
All those sweet walks in summer time.

## THE SISTERS.—PEACE AND LOVE.

#### DUET .- BOTH VOICES.

We are sisters, fairy sisters,
From our dwelling we have strayed,
Would you seek us, you must follow,
In the twilight, through the shade;
Where the glow-worm's light is gleaming,
When the first pale stars appear,
And the streamlet faintly murmurs,
Then be sure that we are near.
We have scatter'd golden blossoms
In the valleys, o'er the mead,
We are sisters, fairy sisters,
And a merry life we lead.

#### FIRST VOICE.

We are called by names so many, What we are we scarce can tell, We're the spirits of the flowers, We're the fairies of the dell; We're the fays who dance by moonlight Of the poet's early dream, And our voices are the echoes Of the fountain and the stream.

#### BOTH VOICES.

All the young and fair they seek us,
And we serve them at their need,
We are sisters, fairy sisters,
And a merry life we lead.

#### SECOND VOICE.

When the rosy morning blushes,
And at evening's dewy hour,
Many seek, but never find us,
Though we hide in ev'ry flower;
To a world that's full of sorrow,
On the white wings of the dove,
We have come, and would you name us,
You must call us Peace and Love!

#### BOTH VOICES.

We can make the world you dwell in Seem a fairy land indeed, We are sisters, fairy sisters, And a merry life we lead.

## WELCOME AND FAREWELL.

Welcome! sing the laughing flowers,
When the skies are bright and blue,
Birds in all the leafy bowers
Carol songs of welcome too;
Soon the winds their dirges sighing,
Of the coming winter tell,
One by one the flowers then dying
Seem to breathe a sad farewell.

Thus our every joy and sorrow—All too near each other dwell; Smiles to-day and tears to-morrow, Welcome changes to Farewell.

Welcome! word too seldom spoken,
Yet it is a household spell;
Oft a promise rudely broken,
Ending in a sad farewell;
All the loved and all the loving,
Twine they e'er so close at heart,
Are they not for ever proving
Here we only meet to part.

Yet 'tis sweet as mem'ry traces
Forms on which we loved to dwell,
To recall the absent faces—
Welcome ere we said—Farewell.

## I'VE NO SWEETHEART.

(From an Operetta.)

I've no sweetheart—no, not I,
Though I might have had a score,
Who came wooing on the sly,
But I scorned them all the more;
Why should I if Love be blind,
Let him lead me—who knows where?
No, I can't make up my mind
But a doubtful fate to share.

Like the birds I'd freely rove,
Plume my wings beneath the sky,
Gaily sing—but not of love;—
I've no sweetheart—no, not I.

I've no sweetheart—while I see
Love-lorn maids weep silent tears,
Send no sighing swain to me,
Making bitter youth's bright years;
But should any brave and bold
Woo me in a manly way,
Tho' I would my freedom hold,
I perhaps should not say "nay."

He must let me wander free,
Like the birds beneath the sky,
But his slave I'd never be;—
I've no sweetheart—no, not I.

#### BEYOND THE SEA.

Beyond the sea! Ah! who can tell
How sad those few brief words may be,—
What hopes, what fears, what sorrows dwell
For many hearts—beyond the sea?
The mother, from whose happy home
Her gallant boy went forth in glee,
Ah! who can tell her he will come
In safety from—beyond the sea?

Beyond the sea! Ah! who can track
The waves that now perchance divide
The lover from his love, keep back
The husband from his weeping bride?
Oh, would we like the swallows were!
To wander forth unfettered—free!
On magic wings our hearts to bear
To those we love—beyond the sea!

## I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

Twilight is falling o'er valley and hill, Night mists are rising from streamlet and rill, Silence is reigning, no whisper is heard, Save in the woods the sweet song of the bird; Flowerets are closing, the winds are at rest, Calm as a mirror the river's clear breast; 'Tis the lone hour that you promised to be Here in the pathway.—I'm waiting for thee.

Trembling the stars come again in the sky, The pale crescent moon thro' the cloud peeps on

high;
Dewdrops are hanging on ev'ry sweet flower,
Nightingales sing to their loves in the bower;
The bird and the bee with the daylight have flown,
I still am waiting and watching alone;
Here in the spot where you promised to be
Long ere the twilight.—I'm waiting for thee.

## THE DEEP HAS MANY CHANGES.

The deep has many changes,
It smoothly, calmly flows,
Then, lover-like, it ranges
With the first light wind that blows;
Then trust not wave nor lover,
Oh! maiden, but beware,
For you never may discover
If they mean you foul or fair.

The deep has many a sounding,
Yet none its depth may tell,
And the heart with love abounding
May at last prove false as well;

Thy faith, then, put not lightly
In the heart, nor on the deep,
For the waves that now flow brightly
May too soon around thee sleep.

The deep is constant never,
And the heart is like the tide,
But a skilful hand may ever
Thro' life's storm its vessel guide;
Then be watchful and be wary
As your onward course ye keep,
For the winds may blow contrary
'Mid the changes of the deep.

## CHEERFUL WORDS.

Cheerful words, the past recalling,
Breathed by lips that ne'er upbraid,
O'er the heart klie dewdrops falling
Over flowers that else would fade,
Words of peace, thus kindly spoken,
Breathed by voices that we love,
Prove the chain is still unbroken
That in youth our friendship wove.

Sweeter far than music's measure, Or the song of summer birds, When the heart beats high with pleasure, Is the sound of cheerful words.

Cheerful words! when grief comes o'er us, Clouding o'er hope's sunny ray, Sweet it is when they restore us To the sunshine of to-day; Fow without some banished sorrow, Could recall life's vanished years, So, for all upon the morrow, Smiles may come as well as tears.

As the ripple of the ocean
By the lightest breath is stirred,
So the heart to sweet emotion
Kindles at a cheerful word.

#### DENIS.

'Twas under the shade of the old chestnut-tree,
He said he would make me his bride,
He spoke of his home, and he said I should be
Of that home both the joy and the pride;
Oh! sad was the day when they bore him away
To fight o'er the far distant sea,
They waft o'er the wave now the fame of the
brave,
But they cannot send Denis to me.

Then blame me not now if my brow it should be
By the weight of my sorrow oppressed,
I have no one to love me, dear mother, but thee,
Then clasp me again to thy breast;
And, mother, once more should thy bright smile
restore
This heart that now clings but to thine,

Thy kind looks shall be still a blessing to me, Though Denis may never be mine.

#### THE SWEETEST HOUR TO ROAM.

The sweetest hour to roam
Is when the birds are singing,
When the mavis leaves his home,
And the lark is heavenward springing;
When flowers are steeped in dew,
And the East with gold is glowing,
Ere the sky hath donned its blue,
And the stream in shade is flowing.
Come away—oh! come away!

Roam with me at break of day.

The sweetest spot to roam
Is where the flowers are hidden,
Where the straggling sunbeams come
Like welcome friends, unbidden;
In some deep tangled glade,
Where the song of bird is swelling,
Where the violets never fade,
And the wild bees make their dwelling.
Come away—oh! come away!
Roam with me at break of day.

## SOMEBODY WAITING FOR ME.

The moon's shining bright, and the stars give their light,

And the evening invites me to stray,
But in vain do I talk of a bright moonlight walk,
I am here, and I can't get away;
They're as dull as a flint, and they won't take a
hint.

And their wonder is, what I can see
In a walk in the cold—though the truth can't be
told

That there's somebody waiting for me.

They ask me to sing, and my music they bring, 'Tis "Meet me by Moonlight!"—That strain! And it's getting quite late, and I know he won't wait, And he'll go if it comes on to rain; And now they propose all the shutters to close, As a form in the twilight I see, But before they're aware I'll slip down the back stair,

For—there's somebody waiting for me.

#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Oh! ask me not why I am sad,
When all around are gay,
My heart is buried in the grave
Of one long passed away;
I know that he was mine, tho' bound
By no fond nuptial vow,
I only think—what might have been;
And shall I doubt him now?
Ah! no! the love that lasts till death,
Outlives the lost one's sigh,
And leaves a stronger faith behind,
That, like it, cannot die.

I wear his portrait near my heart,
Oft wetted by my tears,
And yet I feel 'tis sweet to live,
Again through other years;
For memory brings me back that form,
So dearly loved by me,
And then I think—what might have been,
But never now may be.

Ah! yes! the love that lasts till death Outlives the lost one's sigh, And leaves a stronger faith behind, That, like it, cannot die.

## YOU TOLD ME SO BEFORE.

Oh! could I those fond words believe,
I then would check my sigh,
Men are so given to deceive
Such simple maids as I;
You say my voice enchants you yet,
My face you still adore;
Say something new, sir, you forget
You told me so before.

You say you love me, or you'd be
By this in other climes,
That fact you've stated now to me
At least a hundred times;
Why don't you go, if going would
Your peace of mind restore?
Because you fondly love me still!
You told me so before.

What can a simple maid do, pray,
Who owns a bashful beau?
Well, have you nothing more to say
To me before you go?
You wish me to be yours for life!
That's better, sir—encore,
You say you'll have me for your wife!
You didn't tell me so before.

## FLOWERS AMID THE CORN.

Prize not alone the rarest things
That beautify the earth,
The world has many lovely forms,
Though humble in their birth;

The wild flowers were the first to grow, Yet they were lowly born, And where are brighter flowers than those That grow amid the corn?

Despise not, then, earth's common things, Nor trifles idly scorn, The simplest oft the fairest prove, Like flowers amid the corn.

Too oft the tulip's gaudy glare
Attracts the careless eye,
While all unseen the violets blow,
So near the ground they lie;
For all the lovely flowerets bloom,
The rich, the peasant-born,
The rose that decks the garden gay,
The flowers amid the corn.

And yet how oft earth's common things We pass, or idly scorn, Forgetting modest worth lies hid, Like flowers amid the corn.

## THE WOODLAND FAIRIES.

Dancing in the moonlight,
Sporting 'mid the flowers,
There we love to linger
Through the summer hours;
All the daytime hidden
'Neath the lily bells,
Till the moon comes beaming,
Then we weave our spells;
Thus we woodland fairies
Pass the summer hours,
Dancing in the moonlight,
Sporting 'mid the flowers!

Who'd not be a fairy,
Hiding in the dells,
Over helpless mortals
Weaving mystic spells?
Listening to the zephyrs,
Singing all night long,
With their plaintive murmurs
Mingling song for song;
Thus we woodland fairies
Pass the summer hours,
Dancing in the moonlight,
Sporting 'mid the flowers!

## HAVE WE MET TO MEET NO MORE?

The smile has left your cheek,
And your voice has lost its tone,
You tremble when you speak,
And your words seem not your own;
You coldly take the hand
That you warmly pressed before,
In your eye the tear-drops stand,
Have we met to meet no more?

'Twere better far to tell,
Than this cruel doubt to leave,
If my love has lost the spell
That it sought round thee to weave;
Had I wronged you I would strive
Every feeling to restore,
If you trust me not, believe
We have met to meet no more.

# SING ME THE SONGS YOU USED TO SING.

Sing me the songs you used to sing,
The songs of other days,
When first you woke each trembling string
To love's enchanting lays;
Ere science taught each brilliant theme,
And woke the soul from passion's dream;
Then touch once more the trembling string,
And sing the songs you used to sing.

Sing me the songs you used to sing,
By inspiration taught,
When melodies came hovering
Amid the realm of thought;
They were the strains that touched the heart,
That memory will not let depart;
Then strike again the trembling string,
And sing the songs you used to sing.

### BOATING ON THE LAKE.

Do you not remember
When we used to wake
Early in the morning,
Boating on the lake?
Smoothly then life's current
Seemed along to flow,
Like the tide that bore us
Where we chose to go.

Now, where fortune wafts us, We our course must take; Life is not all summer, Boating on the lake.

Friends are still around us, But alas! how few Of our old companions,
That light-hearted crew;
Those who vowed each other
Never to forsake,
When they rowed together,
Boating on the lake.

None their vacant places
Ever now may take;
Youth alone finds pleasure,
Boating on the lake.

Still upon the water
Glides a youthful band,
We but mark their frolic,
Watching from the strand;
Still for them life's current
Smoothly seems to flow,
As when we went boating,
Many years ago.

From that dream of rapture,
They too soon must wake;
Would that we could join them,
Boating on the lake.

# CROSSING THE BROOK.

When lengthened grew the shadows
I took my lonely way
Across the flowery meadows
And through the new-mown hay;
The day was at the gloaming,
The pathway I mistook,
And came while I was roaming
To the crossing at the brook.

A stile may be got over
If none are by to look,

If none are by to look, But who'd meet friend or lover At the crossing of a brook? I did not dream of danger,
The brook it was not wide,
When I beheld a stranger,
But—on the other side;
He asked me to cross over,
My courage me forsook,
I knew not 'twas my lover,
And tumbled in the brook.

I was not there a minute, He did not stop to look, But, jumping quickly in it, He bore me from the brook.

When homeward through the meadows
Again I took my way,
As darker grew the shadows,
I knew not what to say;
He told me he had never
His own true love forsook,
"Be mine," he said, "for ever,
And never mind the brook."
I did not mind the wetting,

I did not mind the wetting, Nor yet the cold I took, But gave consent, forgetting The crossing of the brook.

# THE WIND AND THE HARP.

#### DUET .- BOTH.

What would the harp with its wild chords be, Did not the wind set its music free? Silent and sad, for its strings would own, But for the breezes, no answering tone; Hush'd till the wind, with its rushing wings, Swept o'er its bosom and woke the strings.

#### FIRST VOICE.

Is it not thus with the human heart? Thus that its music will all depart? When the loved voices are heard no more, That woke it to gladness in days of yore?

#### SECOND VOICE.

The wind to the harp gives its gentle tone, The heart has no echo that dwells alone; It pines for some kindred voice to swell The music that sleeps in its silent cell.

#### BOTH.

Silent the harp and the heart must be Set not some spirit their music free! The breeze to the harp gives its thrilling tone, But love is the music the heart must own.

# DO NOT FORGET THE VANISHED HOURS.

Do not forget those vanished hours,
When all seemed beautiful and fair,
That now appear like faded flowers,
Or music melted in the air;
For memory will the strain renew,
And spring bring back the flowerets too;
Then, like remembered songs and flowers,
Let us recall the vanished hours.

Do not forget those early days,
When naught but happiness was found,
Though now they seem like minstrel lays,
Or childhood's mystic fairy ground;

For memory still can weave its spell, And bid bright forms around us dwell;— Then with the minstrel's fairy powers Let us recall the vanished hours.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

A wanderer, for many years,
In other lands I've been,
My restless spirit led me on
Through life's still changing scene;
I've joined the red-skin in the chase,
I've sought the farthest west;
The desert sand has been my bed,
I never pined for rest;
My thoughts went wandering far from home
To lands I longed to roam;
I felt no tie to bind me here,
I never turned to home.

To foreign cities, vast and grand,
I've wandered—still alone;
I've drunk the cup of pleasure dry,
And felt each joy my own;
But, when the hour of sickness came,
And laid me pale and low,
Without a friendly voice to cheer,
A hand to ward the blow,
My thoughts went wandering back again,
I did not sigh to roam,
I only thought 'twas hard to die
Far—far away from home.

And now once more I stand upon
My native village green,
And view, as ne'er I viewed before,
Each old familiar scene;

I feel the grasp of friendship's hand,
And greet each welcome smile,
And proudly own there's not a spot
Like this dear native isle,
And, when my thoughts go wand'ring back
To lands I used to roam,
They teach me there's not one so blessed
As this—my native home.

## STARLIGHT ON THE RIVER.

DUET.

Starlight on the quiet river!

Oh! how sweet it is to glide,
When the flickering moonbeams quiver,
Broken by the rippling tide;
Listening as the plaintive water
Sings against the vessel's prow,
Songs as if some fairy daughter,
Sung unseen beneath us now.

When the flickering moonbeams quiver, Broken by the rippling tide, When 'tis starlight on the river, Oh! how sweet it is to glide.

Starlight on the quiet river,
Looking down in light and love,
Sweet 'twould be to glide for ever,
Heaven below, and heaven above;
Sweet to ever fondly listen,
To the songs the ripples sing,
Thus, while stars above us glisten,
Sailing on with fairy wing.

When the flickering, &c.

## LITTLE SUNBEAM.

We called her "Little Sunbeam,"
She seemed so fresh and fair,
Her smile it was the one beam
For all to know and share;
But when she from the wild wood
Brought simple flowers to me,
She gave me back my childhood,
With all its mirth and glee;
It seemed that with the flowers
The music of the glen,
And all youth's happy hours
Came back to me again.

My Sunbeam, had you seen her,
With eyes so soft and mild,
No angel e'er serener,
And yet in grace a child,—
You then had known that beauty
Springs not from pride of birth,
And felt you owned a new tie
To bind you to the earth,
To call back brighter hours
Where darkness else would be,
As she with those bright flowers
That told so much to me.

When wintry winds bereft us
Of flowers the summer shed,
My little Sunbeam left us,
I knew not where she fled;
But still fond memory lingers
Upon those happy hours,
When first with fairy fingers
She culled those woodland flowers;
Her smile is still the one beam
That speaks of heaven to me;—
God bless my Little Sunbeam
Wherever she may be!

## EDITH MAY.\*

How peerless in her beauty
Proud Edith looks to-day,
And well she may be happy,
I hear her bridesmaids say.
But I, that knew another
Had won that faithless heart,
Knew she could ne'er forget him,
Though they were doomed to part.

They led her to the altar,
They gave her hand away;
I knew that peace for ever
Had fled from Edith May.

Oh! where was now the beauty,
The joy he hoped to wed?
Its light was quenched, and sorrow
O'er that pale brow was spread!
They loved not—and they parted;
And what was now her doom?
A home where hope ne'er entered,
A life within a tomb!

Her thoughts went wandering ever To one still far away, We knew that peace could never Return to Edith May.

At length when home returning
The loved one came once more,
They told him she was married,
That all his hopes were o'er;

<sup>\*</sup> The idea of this and the preceding song will be found in the charming series of prose sketches entitled "Fern Leaves" by FANNY FERN.

A light word spoke at parting, Forgotten soon as told, For this she had forsaken A heart that ne'er grew cold.

And now, though many a summer
Has come and passed away,
A lonely man still watches
The grave of Edith May.

## THE BEST DEFENCE.

Why this note of preparation—
Ironsides and volunteers?
What's the meaning of this war-cry?
What has caused the nation's fears?
Have not all the earth, like brothers,
Through our marts, our commerce shared?
Wait awhile, it may mean nothing,
The best defence is—be prepared.

Is there danger in the future?
War, with all its rueful train?
We dictate not to the nations,
What have we from war to gain?
When the watchman leaves the tower.
Then the thief has often dared;
Double guards, and place the sentries;
The best defence is—be prepared.

From the broad Atlantic billows,
Hark! a cry across the flood!
Why do they, that band of brothers,
Cain-like, spill each other's blood?
Earth's great commonwealth! Oh, freedom!
Could not even this be spared?
Who shall rule man's evil passions?
The best defence is—be prepared.

Can we really, then, not trust her,
She—our near ally—old France?
Why her band of countless warriors,
Waiting for the word "Advance!"
Surely not for mere dominion,
Will her battle blade be bared;
Champion she of struggling nations:
Well, who knows?—let's be prepared.

When, how, whence, then, is it coming?
From the East or from the West?
This we know, that never tamely
Here we'll let a foeman rest;
If they mean it, warned in season,
For their coming well we've cared,
But if not, why, all the better,
The best defence is—be prepared.

# WHEN MY SOLDIER IS MARRIED TO ME.

Ah! did our good Queen but know how
Like a hero my soldier can be;
For his country he'd die, but I vow
I'd rather he lived—to wed me:
His breast is bedecked with no star,
Like some who scarce know how to fight,
For such are the chances of war
That the honours don't fall to the right.
But while there are stars in the sky
My love says he faithful will be,
And crosses will come, by-and-by,
When my soldier is married to me.

He says at the sound of the drum

He must leave me and hurry away,
But I wish that the time it were come

He could live upon love and half-pay;

Promotion is certain, he vows,
But the thought must the bravest alarm,
To think when she does get a spouse,
He'll be minus a leg or an arm.
Still while there are stars in the sky
My love says he faithful will be,
And crosses will come—by-and-by,
When my soldier is married to me.

# YES! WE CRY "TO ARMS."

Though naught remain, we'll wear no chain,
A sword will still be ours;
From hill and plain to drive again
Oppression's boastful powers:
The iron might of battle right
Befits the truly brave,
Who seek for freedom in the fight,
Or find a hero's grave!

Cheer up! cheer up! a faithful band,
Our trust is in the Lord;
He giveth might to those who fight
When free men wield the sword.
The foreign yoke must now be broke,
We dread not war's alarms—
A nation's voice ne'er vainly spoke
Whose people cry "To arms!"

The trumpet calls, its echo falls
Amid our ancient hills;
And now on height and castle walls,
The breeze our banner fills:
A faithful band we'll bravely stand,
Or yield our latest breath.
Then on, for home and fatherland,
To victory, or death!

### OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

Our national defences!
But traitors all are they,
Who dare assert that Britain's power
Has waned and passed away;
While Peace may shed her blessings,
And Commerce claim her right,
Old England still has manly hearts
To guard her in the fight!

Then rally round the standard
That ne'er has conquered been—
St. George for merry England,
Our altars and the Queen!

Our national defences
Are stout old British hearts,
And come what will, they'll prove it still,—
True valour ne'er departs;
We seek no idle quarrel,
But proudly still we claim
Our right to hurl that tyrant down
Who'd sully England's fame:
Then rally round; &c.

# THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR.

There is a land of other lands
The envy and the fear,
Where free alike unfettered stand
The peasant and the peer;
The flag, unsullied, still can wave
Where none beside may dare,
That land it boasts the bravest brave
And owns the fairest fair.
That land to others ne'er we'll yield,
Invade it should they dare,
The bravest of the brave will shield
The fairest of the fair.

There is a land—no other spot
Such freedom dare display;
Not hers to mourn a hopeless lot
Beneath a tyrant's sway;
There woman rules, and wisdom guides,
But men, brave men, are there,
Resolved to guard, whate'er betide,
The fairest of the fair.
That land to others ne'er we'll yield,
Invade it should they dare,
The bravest of the brave will shield
The fairest of the fair.

There is a land, its name has been
The watchword of the free,
And still where'er its flag is seen,
It ever so shall be!
That land's our own, our home, our pride,—
The land that none shall share:
Old England once the world defied,
And will, if need be, dare!
That land, &c.

## VIVE LE TRICOLOR!

Time was when France and Britain vied,
The mastery each to gain;
To rule the land the Frenchman tried,
And we to rule the main;
Now, side by side, in martial pride,
The nations go to war,
And, in a righteous cause allied,
Shout "Vive le Tricolor!"

May France and Britain long remain Like brothers brave and true; May discords never come again Like those our fathers knew; We'll lend them ships their troops to bear, And join them in the war, And, while the victory we share, Shout "Vive le Tricolor!"

Then honour to the gallant host
That with our troops advance;
May Britain long have cause to boast
Her brave allies of France!
Would despots e'er in future dare
With us to go to war,
United we'll the glory share—
Then "Vive le Tricolor!"

## BRITAIN AND FRANCE.

The Lion of Britain, the Eagle of France,
Have fought all their old quarrels out,
And, having shook hands, now they'll bravely
advance

To put all their foes to the rout;
The past all forgotten, save this, that they know,
Each owned that the other was brave,
And though once as a foe, now as brothers

they'd go,

Every land from oppression to save.

May Britain and France long united remain.

With Liberty's banner unfurled;
To teach foreign despots they never again
May threaten the peace of the world!

The power of Old England—the prowess of Gaul— Oh, why should they not still unite? Not seeking for conquest, but sheltering all Who strive 'gainst oppression and might: May God save their armies, if e'er they're sent forth

To drive back a despot again,

May their power be felt from the south to the north,

And peace and prosperity reign!

May Britain and France long united remain, With Liberty's banner unfurled;

To teach foreign despots they never again May threaten the peace of the world!

## JESSIE OF LUCKNOW.

In whispers they spoke, though the din of the battle

Had long ceased to startle each weary one's ear,

As there 'mid the sound of the cannon's loud rattle,

We strove in our anguish each other to cheer; "Oh! wake me, kind friends," moaned a Highlander's daughter,

"When Donald at gloamin' returns from the plough."

Her thoughts were afar from that red field of slaughter—

"Sleep on, and this bosom shall pillow thy brow."

Again round those lips that the smile had forsaken,

So thin and so wasted, a light seemed to beam, And we prayed that kind Heaven might never awaken

That poor Highland wife from so blissful a dream.

But see o'er that brow what a strange light now glistens,

She starts with a shriek from that sweet dream of home—

One moment, entranced, bending forward, she listens.

"Ah! dinna ye hear it! the Highlanders come. Hark! hark! 'tis the sound of the slogan, low wailing,

The clans they have gathered and come to the

The claymore will soon be our foemen assailing, Yes! 'tis the Macgregor, the grandest of a'!"
Poor Jessie, we deemed that her hours were all number'd.

No music we heard o'er that war-crimsoned stream.

The wail of lament was our own while she slumbered—

That slogan but lived in the Highland wife's dream.

# EMPRESS AND QUEEN.\*

Empress of India, far o'er the wave, Queen of the British Isles, whom may God save, Here in our Island home, there o'er the main, All with one voice still their fealty proclaim; Not for the splendour surrounding her throne, But that she reigns for her people alone, Loyal we are, as we ever have been; True to the Crown, be it Empress or Queen!

<sup>\*</sup> Altered, for music, from a poem in LATER LYBICS.

Empress of India, won by the might Of the sword of the brave, who now rest from the fight;

Queen of Old England, but ruling alone
By the right, not the might, of her time-honoured
throne:

In our fair colonies far o'er the sea, In our dear Island home, happy and free, Loyal we are, as we ever have been! True to the Crown, be it Empress or Queen!

### CHORUS.

All through her wide domain, sing we with one acclaim,

"Long may she happy reign, calm and serene;"
Be our songs evermore echoed from shore to shore,
"God bless the Empress!" and "God save the
Queen!"

# THE BATTLES OF SEBASTOPOL.

'Twas twice three hundred noble ships
Bore down upon the main,
Swift as the greyhound from the slips,
They strove the shore to gain;
One pulse in every proud breast beat
That gallant sight to see,
One thought alone ran through the fleet,
And that was—Victory!
Secure the dastard foeman lay
Behind his granite wall,
But courage yet shall win the day—
Sebastopol must fall!

Then well each gallant seaman plied
The swift but steady oar,
And soon our troops in martial pride
Stood on the Crimean shore—

Near sixty thousand valiant men—
But ne'er a foe they met,
The battle-cry was "Onward!" then,
"We'll find the Russian yet.
What though he couches in his lair,
We'll raze his granite wall;
There's honour for the brave to share—
Sebastopol must fall!"

Now side by side the hosts advance—
Two nations but as one;
Hurrah for England! Vive la France!
At last the work's begun.
From Alma's heights the desp'rate foe
Pour dreadful volleys down,
But on the breathless heroes go
To gather fresh renown.
Hurrah! their ranks begin to reel—
One gallant charge—they run—
They can't withstand the British steel—
The victory is won!

At Inkermann the Russian sought
The mastery there to gain,
In vain the brave allies he fought,
Still masters of the plain;
Outnumbered, still they would not yield—
They knew not how to fly,
Resolved on that dread battle-field
To conquer or to die!
Oh! not in vain may be their deeds,
So nobly dared and done—
Remember, Russ, tho' Poland bleeds,
Sebastopol was won!

# MOTHER, CAN THIS THE GLORY BE?

#### FIRST VOICE.

Mother, can this the glory be
Of which men proudly tell,
When speaking of the fearless ones
Who in the battle fell?
Where is the light that cheered our home,
Its sunshine and its joy;
Ours was, they say, the victory—
But, mother, where's thy boy?

#### SECOND VOICE.

My boy! I see him in my dreams—
I hear his battle-cry,
I know his brave and loyal heart—
He does not fear to die.
E'en now methinks I see him still
His country's banner wave!
On—on! and win a deathless fame,
My beautiful, my brave!

#### BOTH.

God of the battle, shield him still,
And yet Thy will be done,
A sister for a brother prays,
A mother for her son;
We seek to share no glory now—
We ask Thee but to save
The noble hearts of England,
Our beautiful and brave.

#### FIRST VOICE.

Mother! I know thy courage well,
Thine is an ancient race,
Yet while thy heart so proudly swells,
A tear steals down thy face;
E'en now you guess the fearful truth—
Still, still our banners wave,
But on that dreadful battle-field
Where sleeps thy young and brave?

#### SECOND VOICE.

Yes, yes, I knew it must be so—
I told not all my dream,
I saw my gallant boy ride forth
Where crimson flow'd the stream;
I hear the shouts of victory—
Cease, cease those sounds of joy,
They cannot glad a mother's heart,
Nor give me back my boy!

#### BOTH.

God of the battle, hear us now,
And yet Thy will be done,
A sister for a brother mourns,
A mother for her son;
We cannot share the glory now—
But ask Thee still to save
The noble hearts of England,
The beautiful and brave!

## THE BRITISH LIGHT BRIGADE.

'Twas when the fight was at the height,
Nor yet the battle won,
The Russian horde their volleys pour'd
And thunder'd every gun.
When day seem'd night, and might seem'd
right,
And past all human aid,
To Britain true that gallant few
Was then the Light Brigade.
We've read of old of herees held

We've read of old of heroes bold, But all their deeds must fade, As time records and fame rewards The British Light Brigade. But what were they to win the day?

They stood six hundred then,
While down below, a mile or so,
Were twenty thousand men;
And on their flank rode many a rank—
In front the cannon played—
But Raglan knew how brave and true
He'd find the Light Brigade.

We've read of old of heroes bold, But all their deeds must fade, As time records and fame rewards The British Light Brigade.

The order came—"The guns reclaim!"
Each leader held his breath:
What men could dare they'd brave and
share,
But there was certain death!
"Twas waste of life—unequal strife,—
"No matter," Nolan said;
"There stands your foe!"—away they go—
The gallant Light Brigade.

We've read of old, &c.

As lightning stroke brings down the oak,
So through their foes they pass:
They strew'd the ground with dead around,
They mow'd them down like grass.
Upon the plain they came again—
The order was obey'd,—
One laurel more then Britain wore,—
But where the Light Brigade?

We've read of old, &c.

When Cambridge scann'd his broken band,
The gallant soldier wept,
And more than man felt Cardigan,
As from his steed he leapt;

Then who dare say, that come what may,
Of numbers they're afraid,
When ten to one the Russians run
From the British Light Brigade?
We've read of old, &c.

# WHAT SHALL THE SOLDIER'S WATCH-WORD BE?

What shall the soldier's watchword be, Fighting afar o'er the distant sea? What are his thoughts when he's forced to roam—Are they not all of his own dear home! Yes, but his courage fails not there, Hard though the lot that he's forced to bear; "The grave of a hero or victory!" This shall the soldier's watchword be.

What shall the soldier's watchword be, Pacing the trenches with tired knee? Weary and footsore, while still he keeps Watch while each gallant comrade sleeps? Does he not think that those starry skies Shine o'er the cot where his loved one lies? Yes! but he told her how brave was he! Her name shall the soldier's watchword be!

What shall the soldier's watchword be? Worthy the land where all are free! When the shrill trumpet calls to arms, Duty! for doubt ne'er his breast alarms; Charging the foe o'er the rugged ground, With heart like a lion's that chain ne'er bound, "Onward! to death or to victory \" This shall the soldier's watchword be\

# THREE CHEERS FOR OUR SOLDIERS ABROAD.

Come fill, fill the goblet, and then let us give Three cheers for our soldiers abroad; The deeds they have done will in memory live While the arm of the brave wields a sword: Should they live to come back to their own native land—

We'll cheer them again and again,
For we know every one of that patriot band,
Will prove themselves true English men!
CHORUS.

Then fill high goblet, and toast them once more, May the brave meet a hero's reward; Here's "The Heroes of Britain now far from her shore—
Three cheers for our soldiers abroad!"

By danger surrounded, like true English men, Through the cold and the pitiless snow, They've fought and they've conquered again and again,

Three to one though the desperate foe:
For the bold and the brave who in death calmly
sleep

There's the tribute of many a tear,
While for those who untarnished our glory still
keep.

Every true English heart has a cheer! Then fill high, &c.

## THE BANNER OF BRITAIN.

Let our banner still float on the white-crested sea, 'Tis the emblem of justice, the pride of the free; It hurls no defiance, no insult will give, 'Tis for freedom it waves, 'tis for freedom we live. No base hand shall degrade it, we're ready to fight, In defence of our country, our Queen, and our right,

And if on the broad waters the foe should

appear,

We are ready to face him, undaunted by fear. Then hurrah for the flag that still waves o'er the

Unstain'd and unconquer'd, the flag of the free. No invaders we fear, let them come if they dare, There'll be one laurel more for us Britons to wear.

Let our standard still wave from the pole to the pole,

It never yet fell 'neath a tyrant's control; And shall it be said that its glory is o'er,— That it keeps not the fame that it gathered of yore? No! no! while the warm heart of Britain can beat, While there's wrong to be righted, or foemen to meet.

Shall the banner be never in idleness furl'd, That in liberty's cause has waved all o'er the world.

Then hurrah for the flag that still waves o'er the

Unstain'd and unconquer'd, the flag of the free. No invaders we fear, let them come if they dare, There'll be one laurel more for us Britons to wear.

# COURAGE, HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

Courage—courage, hearts of England,
And be not yet dismayed,
Your dearly purchased laurels
Are destined not to fade;
The same old martial spirit
Our brave forefathers knew
Has to our sons descended,
And they shall conquer too!

Courage—maids and wives of England,
Though fast your tears may flow,
Think they but sleep in glory
Who fell beneath the foe:
Weep on—but still remember
Brave hearts now proudly swell,
And nobly will avenge them
Who in the battle fell.

Courage—courage, men of England,
And pour your legions forth;
The star of glory lights them
To honour, in the North!
Send forth your best and bravest,
Nor furl the flag again,
Till, as of old, triumphantly,
It floats upon the main!

# ENGLAND'S VOLUNTEERS.

Oh, the Volunteers of England! they're valiant, stout, and bold,

With manly hearts to guard the rights their fathers won of old;

They've stalwart limbs to wield their arms as Britons did of yore;

They're ready, when the time shall come, to guard our native shore.

Though other lands be bright and fair, the one dear spot on earth

A Briton proudly loves to own is that which gave him birth;

Go 'mid this loyal, gallant band, and hail with hearty cheers

The pride and glory of our land—Old England's Volunteers!

Oh, the Volunteers of England are happy England's boast;

So let them come, if any dare invade our native coast.

A hundred thousand gallant hearts are ready to a man,

And he who'd humble England's pride must beat them—if he can!

We seek no conquest, wage no war beyond our native shore,

We only ask to hold our own, and keep it nothing more:

And so we will in spite of all, for where's the Briton fears

The courage and the gallantry of England's Volunteers!

## WHO'LL MAN THE FLEET.

Who'll man the fleet? Come, my lads, take the bounty,

We've hands, and to spare, for the loom and the plough;

From the factory town, from the corn-growing county,

Come forth, for Old England has need of you now;

The firmest allies may at times be suspected,

E'en despots make war in fair Liberty's name; 'Tis time that our commerce and trade were respected,

Your fathers preserved them, and you'll do the

Who'll man our ships? there is honour and glory
To win and to wear in the famed British fleet;
And to add to the names that are famous in story,
The hearts of our patriots nervously best;

'Tis to keep what we've won that for war we'd be ready,

Though peace is the blessing we all hope to share:

Yet come when it may, Britain's tars, firm and steady,

Will shout as their fathers did, "Come, if you dare!"

## OH! GIVE ME BACK THE FLOWER.

Oh! give me back the flower
I fondly culled for thee,
Before the blossom wither'd
'Twas dearly prized by me;
In fragrance, when 'twas blooming
My fancy saw alone
The beauty it resembled,
And that was all thine own.

That bloom, in languor drooping I cannot bear to see,
Then give me back the flower
No more a type of thee.

Oh! give me back the flower,
I would not you should see
In leaves that fade and wither
A memory of me;
'Twas false, the fragile token
That thus could pine away;—
The flowers may fade and perish,
But love knows no decay!

That bloom in languor drooping
I cannot bear to see,
Then give me back the flower,
That speaks no more of me!

### THE SHADY LANE.

Oh! 'tis many, many stories,
That the shady lane could tell
Of the meetings and the partings
That in summer-time befell;
For 'tis there—but that's a secret,
And, for me, will so remain;
But of all the trysting places
None are like the shady lane.

Over head are hanging branches,
By the side a mossy seat,
Let the sun shine e'er so brightly,
'Tis all day a cool retreat;
You may ask me why I love it,
But no more can I explain,
Save of all the trysting places,
None are like the shady lane.

# THE MOONLIT STREAM.

Beautiful stream, in the silver light flowing, How sweet 'tis to silently wander by thee, Where, mirror'd in beauty, the moonbeams are throwing

The fairy-like shadows of blossom and tree;
When still is the voice of the bird in the bowers,
And nature itself seems a mystical dream,
When zephyrs are hush'd ard when slumber the
flowers,—
Beautiful, beautiful, bright moonlit stream.

Beautiful stream in the valley reposing,
Oh! would that our lives might as tranquilly
flow,

That thus, when its shadows around us are closing.
The light from above may shine brightly below:

The ray, like the smile of the fond ones who love us,

May fade, or for others awhile it may beam, But we know by its light there's a heaven above us,

Reflected below in the bright moonlight stream.

## THE SUNNY MEADOWS.

I love the sunny meadows
When the grass is green and gay,
Ere the clouds have cast their shadows
On the flower-bespangled way;
When streams are flowing brightly,
And birds sing on the tree,
And the winds are blowing lightly,
Then the sunny fields for me!

When the streamlets, gently laving
Through primrose margins play
Where the lily-bells are waving,
At noon I love to stray;
I care not for the gloaming,
Nor morning mists to see,
The day's the time for roaming;
Then—the sunny fields for me

## THE STARLIT DELL.

It happened once I wander'd
Where the fairy creatures dwell
I found myself benighted,
And 'twas in a starlit dell;

It might be that I slumber'd,
But I thought that there I lay,
While the fairies danced around me
To sweet music far away.

Some hid beneath the cowslip.
Some rocked the lily-bell,
But they danced away till day-break,
All in a starlit dell.

The sweetest songs they caroll'd,
I heard their elfin call,
And the music that they danced to
Was the distant waterfall;
It might be I was dreaming,
For I thought myself a fay,
And I strove to join their singing,
When the fairies flew away.

I only saw the cowslip,
And the lovely lily-bell,
But from that day I love to stray
All in the starlit dell.

# OVER THE SILVERY LAKE.

Over the silvery lake
How sweet it is to glide,
With not a breath to break
The ripples of the tide;
When all is hushed and still,
To dip the noiseless oar,
And mark the distant hill
Receding from the shore.

Over the tranquil tide
Our fragile bark to take;
How sweet it is to glide
Upon the silvery lake.
Q. 2

Over the waters blue
How sweet it is to steer,
Beneath us Heaven's own hue
Reflected bright and clear;
The clouds that o'er us float
Beneath us brightly seen,
And ours the fairy boat
Thus floating on between.

Over the tranquil tide
Our fragile bark to take;
How sweet it is to glide
Upon the silvery lake.

## THE CORAL CAVE.

Come hither, fair daughter, and wander with me,
To my palace that's hid by the wave,
Its gates are of pearl, and it stands by the sea,
And they call it the water-nymph's cave;
Of bright golden sand is the floor we shall tread,
It has stood 'mid the wildest of storms,
There the fan-coral hangs on the rocks overhead
In its rare and its beautiful forms!
Then come to my palace far over the wave,
To my beautiful, bright coral cave.

The pearly shells spangle my bowers of stone,
The coral rock arches the side,
In my garden a thousand strange flowers I own,
In the sea-weeds that float on the tide;
And there, when the moon lights the waves as
they flow,

We sea-maidens love to behold
The dolphins that sport in the waters below
As they sparkle in purple and gold.
Then come to my palace far over the wave,
To my beautiful, bright coral cave.

## ABSENT DEAR ONES.

I've been dreaming of the places,
Where in youth the roses grew,
I've been dreaming of the faces
That in other days I knew;
I awake and find no roses
Round the spot where now I dwell,
And the stranger's form reposes
In the home I loved so well.

Other flowers around me languish, Other forms my chambers fill, But they do not soothe my anguish;— Of the past I'm dreaming still.

I've been dreaming of the dear ones
Who in all my joys took part,
I've been dreaming of the near ones
Who crept close into my heart;
I awake, and strangers, near me,
Place their lip upon my cheek,
But their kindness does not cheer me,
From the heart they never speak.

Other voices hover o'er me,
Other scenes my senses fill;
But the present flies before me,
And I'm dreaming, dreaming still!

# THE LOVER OF SEVENTY-TWO.

A lover of seventy-two
Who felt quite a boy, full of vigour,
And besides being rich as a Jew,
Could boast of an excellent figure;

Once thought that his riches could tempt The heart of a maid young and tender, For, thought he, there's no woman exempt From the homage to riches they render; But somehow, as 'twas in his case, His riches it was proved his ruin, A thing that's quite apt to take place When a silly old man goes a-wooing.

There lived in a cottage close by A lady with one lovely daughter,

A widow she was by-the-bye, Who of hearts in her time had made slaughter;

Their names were alike, the old beau To the maiden sent presents and letters, To mamma dear these Missy did show, (Young girls should be ruled by their betters.)

"I'll answer the note," said the dame, For widows know what they are doing, And a day or two after he came To the house of the widow a-wooing!

The maiden she thought it good fun, The old beau he soon found what hope meant.

The widow looked grave as a nun, So the gallant proposed an elopement: The licence procured, it took place,

'Twas so dark they could not see each other,

Till, removing the veil from her face, He found he had married the mother! So old men of widows beware, And be certain of what you are doing. Or you may have a daughter to spare

When you go to the widow's a-wooing.

## THE TIMID LITTLE MAID.

I am a timid little maid,
Of all the fairy folks afraid,—
I never roam at close of day
For fear they'd lead my steps astray;
For I have heard in many parts,
How maids who've strayed have lost their
hearts,

I don't know how it comes, I'm sure, They lose a thing that's so secure,— And yet it makes me quite afraid, I'm such a timid little maid.

On Sunday, when to church I go,
They tell me I should have a beau;
And then they laugh as I reply,
"A beau perhaps might prove a tie!"
No, no—I'm happy, gay and free,
And for awhile I mean to be;
Tho' mind, it is perhaps, I say—
There's some one, somewhere, who—some

But oh! to tell I'm quite afraid, I'm such a timid little maid.

# DOES SHE LOVE HIM?

Does she love him? who can say?
She so young and passing fair,
Round whose brow they've wreathed to-day
Blossoms as a bride to wear?
Glittering pomp and courtly pride,
Round her weave their dazzling spell;—
Did her heart indeed decide?
Does she love him? who can tell!

Rudely from the parent stem
Did they pluck the half-blown rose.
To an alien soil condemn,
Where no kindred floweret blows;
Was it joy or was it shame
Those blushes she could not repel?
In her heart dwelt praise or blame?
Does she love him? who can tell!

High-born maidens near her stood,
Free to love, and free to choose;
In their pride of womanhood,
Or to take or to refuse;
She, so young, condemned for years
In a foreign clime to dwell,—
Well may hopes then blend with fears,—
Does she love him? who can tell!

# THE DAUGHTER'S ADIEU.

Mother, from the home of childhood I must go, but do not weep, Every lesson you have taught me, Cherished in my heart I keep; He will guard me, he will shield me, You have trusted to his care, Bear I with me not your blessing? Heaven will hear a mother's prayer.

Yet 'tis hard to leave for ever Home, and more than home in thee; Though we part 'tis not in sorrow— This my last adieu must be. Brother, ever watchful o'er me,
Be another now thy care,
Sister, those I leave behind me,
Of thy love still claim a share;
Newer links may soon enchain me,
Other friends may with me roam,
But they never can estrange me
From the early ties of home,

Farewell—all that made my sunshine, Home where all were kind and true, Yet a smile beams through my sadness, While I breathe my last adieu.

## TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

The summer wind it slumbers
When the storm is o'er,
The flowers in countless numbers
The spring time will restore;
Fading and renewing
Is all beneath the skies,
But false love ends in ruin,—
True love never dies.

Vows are often broken,
Made in face of day;
Those in whispers spoken,
Those that hearts obey;
Say, then, why thou weepest?
Maiden, doubt despise;
Silent streams run deepest,—
True love never dies!

#### BROKEN LINKS.

I would not be the first to break
The links that bound thy heart to mine,
And yet thou would'st at last forsake
The heart that was so truly thine!
Of thee has been my first fond dream,
To thee I breathed my first fond vow,
I fluttered blindly in the beam
I wake to know thy falsehood now.

Thy joy to make—thy grief to bear,
I'd but a loyal heart to give,
Thy future lot I hoped to share,
Now, in the past alone I live;
Yet go—remembrance still may make
Thy fickle heart at last repine,
That thou wert first the links to break
That bound my faithful heart to thine.

# WE GIVE HER TO THY KEEPING.

We give her to thy keeping,
Our loved one and our pride,
On thy faith and truth relying,
In her beauty, for thy bride;
From our brightest, fairest flowers
Thou wilt bear the gem away,
May it blossom in its fulness
'Neath the splendour of thy ray.

Heart and hand to thee she renders,
And we bless her through our tears,
Though our home will lose the sunshine
That has beamed on it for years.

We give her to thy keeping,
Her destiny to sway,
But she'll take with her our blessing
To cheer her on her way;
We may shed some tears at parting
But we'll breathe no vain regret,
For we know she has been happy
Since the hour when first ye met.

That her heart to thee she renders—
And we bless her through our tears,
Though our home will lose the sunshine,
That has beamed on it for years.

#### THAT EARLY DREAM.

That early dream—that early dream—Those bright and blissful hours,
When life flowed like a sunlit stream
Amid a vale of flowers;
Ah! what is there we would not give
To dream that dream once more,
In fancy's realm again to live,
And all the past restore.

That early dream—that early dream—Of youth's enchanted days,
When round us hope's delusive beam
Shed bright, but fleeting, rays:
Since then we've felt 'tis vain to grieve
Lost hopes and fading flowers,—
But ah! how sweet 'twas to believe
That early dream of ours!

## COME TO ME, GENTLE DREAMS.

Come to me, gentle dreams
Of fondly cherished places,
Of far-off gushing streams
Of old familiar faces;
Of friends beloved in youth
I never more can see;
Come, dreams of love and truth,
And set my spirit free!

Come gentle dreams of love,
Once vainly deemed undying;—
Of each sweet household dove
Who soared and left me sighing!
Each face that sweetly smiled,
Each bright eye's sunny beam;
Oh! thus to be a child,
Though only in a dream!

## THE OLD CHURCH AT HOME.

It stood upon the village green,
Where, sheltered from the breeze,
Its lowly turret scarce was seen
'Mid old ancestral trees;
Around its porch the ivy clung,
And all summer long
'Twas there in peace the sweet birds sung:
Their never-ceasing song;
I've roved in other lands, and knelt
'Neath high cathedral dome,
And then thy worth the more I felt,
My own old church at home.

What though the sunshine fell not there Through richly tinted pane;
What grateful hearts in earnest pray'r Knelt 'neath that village fane;
The worship there was pure and free,
The anthem's solemn tone
Was breathed by lips once dear to me,
A wanderer now alone.
Now other forms their places fill,
And I am doomed to roam;
Yet blessings be upon thee still,
My own old church at home.

## THE BRIDE'S DREAM.

The young bride she is dreaming!

Ah! who that dream can tell?

It may be of some loved one

Ere falsehood broke the spell!

It may be of the bridegroom

Who watches by her side,

Who deems she must be happy

Because she is his bride.

Oh! if that be her dreaming, May time ne'er break the spell; But the tears flow in her slumber, And who that dream can tell?

The young bride she is dreaming!
Of the future or the past?
But she'll wake and smiles around her
Like a ray of sunshine cast:

Her pride will keep her silent, She may speak of other themes, But her lips will never whisper What she wept for in her dreams.

> Oh! if those dreams were happy, May time ne'er break the spell; But the tears fell in her slumber, And who those dreams can tell?

#### A SERENADE.

The sailor waits the favouring breeze Ere yet he puts to sea, The swallow for the spring-time waits To spread his wings and flee; The lark awaits the morning hour To soar in sunny skies, And I await the blissful time Mv sweet one will arise!

> Oh! come, my love—oh! come, my love! Arise, and come to me, The sun's bright rays the East displays;— Tis sweet to wait for thee!

The nightingale for evening's hour, The blossom for the bee. Await without complaint, and thus I wait, dear love, for thee; The silent stars await the night To ope their radiant eyes, And I await the blissful hour My day-star will arise!

Oh! come, my love, &c.

#### THE NEGLECTED.

They pass her in the throng
And her anguish never see,
Yet how short a time has passed
Since she mingled in their glee;
When they deem'd that she had wealth,
How they praised her peerless brow,
Now they seldom deign to speak;
Is she quite forgotten now?

Is she quite forgotten now?

No! a stranger takes her hand,
There's a triumph in her eyes
That too well they understand;
"Tis no homage paid to wealth,
But to beauty's smiling brow;
He will love her for herself;—
She is not forgotten now.

## THE LEAVING OF THE OLD HOME.

When in sorrow oft I parted
From the friends of other years,
Though I felt nigh broken-hearted
Still I strove to hide my tears;
There were some still left to love me
And their smiles upon me cast,
While around me and above me
Came sweet mem'ries of the past.

But the memory that was sweetest I with anguish now recall, For the leaving of the old home Was the greatest grief of all. It was there my kind friends brought me Fruits and flowers in childhood's days, It was there a mother taught me

First my voice in prayer to raise; There my sisters dear caress'd me, And in fancy still I see

Where my father sat, and bless'd me As I climbed upon his knee.

In the dwelling of the stranger
I those hours must now recall;
Yes! the leaving of the old home
Was the greatest grief of all.

#### BEAUTIFUL STREAMLET.

Beautiful streamlet, what music was thine!
How sweet 'twas to list to thy murmuring lay,
When the bright sunny morning of childhood
was mine.

And I loved 'mid the flowers by thy margin to stray:

When I scattered the leaves, and in fancy I deemed That each was a fairy-boat gliding along;

When life was all sunshine to me, and it seemed No sound was so sweet as thy murmuring song.

Beautiful streamlet, how sweet was thy note!
Ideemed not the flowers that I scattered to thee,
So calmly they seemed on thy bosom to float,

Were borne thus along to the infinite sea; Those leaves were but types of my own happy hours:

Life's stream gushes on Time's great ocean to fill;

Remembrance alone is now left of youth's flowers—

The song of the streamlet is haunting me still.

# YOU'LL NOT LEAVE YOUR KATHLEEN BEHIND.

Oh! say not you'll leave me in sorrow,
You know it's the same, love, to me,
Whatever your fate be to-morrow,
I'm willing to share it, you see;
You say you have struggled, and then, love,
That fortune to us was unkind,
I'm willing to brave it again, love,
So you'll not leave your Kathleen behind.

Oh! what would you do, love, without me?
You say that my tears give you pain,
'Twas to think we might part, but, ne'er doubt me,
From weeping I'll strive to refrain;
I'll be cheerful if sorrow comes o'er us,—
I know by that smile you'll be kind;
Who knows? fortune may lie before us,—
So you'll not leave your Kathleen behind.

## I CANNOT SING AS I HAVE SUNG.

I cannot sing as I have sung,
The time has passed away
When all the fair, the bright, the young,
Would listen to my lay;
I hear their absent voices still,
Then bid me not renew
The songs that still my senses fill,
They'd have no charm for you.

In youth's bright hours we wreathe
with flowers
The songs we sing and play;
The memory of those blissful hours
Makes sad each tuneful lay.

I cannot sing as I have sung,
My voice would melt in tears
Were I again to teach my tongue
The songs of other years;
They were not sad, but every strain
Some echo bears along;
The heart must all its grief retain,
When memory lives in song.
In youth's bright hours, &c.

#### MORN-MORN-MORN!

Morn—morn—morn!
Morn is the time for me!
When the dew is on the corn,
And the lark sings loud and free!
When the skies are clear and bright,
And the first faint odours spring,
And the spirit feels as light
As a bird upon the wing!

Morn—morn—morn!
Morn is the time to sing!
When the echoes, heaven-ward borne,
Amid the mountains ring:
When the birds in leafy bowers
First tune their matin lays,
And blend their songs with ours
To swell the hymn of praise!

Morn—morn—morn!

Morn is the time to love,
When the day begins to dawn,
And the star of Hope's above;
When the flowers have ceased to weep
And their starry eyes unclose,
And all—released from sleep,
Seem brighter for repose!

#### EARTH.

I sing of the smiling earth. For she is a maiden fair. With sheaves in her ivory hands, And flowers in her flowing hair: Her robe is a radiant vest Of emerald green and gold, And wherever she rests she flings Around her, her gifts untold! Others the praise may sing

Of nymphs by the moonlit sea; Throned on a thousand hills, The beautiful earth for me.

I sing of the joyous earth, And fancy a form divine, The queen of the sunny flowers, That down in the meadows shine: An angel of light and love That only the mind can see; But I gaze on the smiling flowers, And know they were made for me. Others the praise, &c.

#### AIR.

I dreamt I was queen of the air! That I soared upon gossamer wing, To the realms of the blue ether where The lark loves to soar and to sing; To my home in some magical star, I journeyed unfettered and free; Alas! that I could fly so far, And that only a dream it should be!

Yes! I dreamt, &c.

I would in the bright balmy air
To soar and to sing I had power,
Unseen, soaring upwards, to bear
The breath of each sweet summer flower;
To lie where the stars all have birth,
At will there to pass to and fro,
To bear all the sweets from the earth,
And scatter them still down below!
Yes! I dreamt I was queen of the air,
That I soared upon gossamer wing,
To the realms of the blue ether where
The lark loves to soar and to sing.

## FIRE.

I sing—I sing of a wondrous thing,
And though some of its deeds be dire,
The forge and the flame rank high in fame,
Then a song for the raging fire!
It tempers the sword that the hero wears,
And it booms from the mighty gun,
But it helps to fashion the strong ploughshares,
And has many a good deed done.
Then sing, come sing of this, &c.

The iron roads with their giant loads
Are proofs of its wondrous might,
As it hisses along in its chariot strong,
Like a conqueror armed with right!
Though fearful its frown when it rushes down
In wreaths from the mountain path,
A blessing it brings when it cracks and sings
At eve on the wintry hearth!

Then sing, come sing, &c.

#### WATER.

I'm a roamer o'er the mountain,
I've a palace 'neath the sea,
I'm a dweller by the fountain,
In the clouds I wander free;
For my loves I have the flowers,
And they pine when I'm away;
Every valley owns my powers
And the streams my will obey!
Giving health and strength and beauty
To each object as I roam,
Claiming love from all, and duty,
And in every land a home.

To the vine I give the treasures
That the crystal goblet fills,
To each sylvan spot its treasures,
All their verdure to the hills;
Every bough with fruit o'erladen,
Every flower and every tree,
Call me Nature's bounteous maiden,
And their fulness owe to me.
From the earth I soar, upspringing,
Then return from yon bright sky;—
'Tis the voice of Water singing,
And its Fairy Queen am I!

## I LOVE TO SING.

I love to sing, I love to sing, But why I cannot tell, I'm not a bird with agile wing, Nor sing I half so well; But yet whene'er I hear a bird Pour forth its cheerful lay, My bosom by its song is stirred, I long to be as gay.

I watch the merry sprite take wing,
I join with his my lay,
And so I sing, and so I sing,
That I may still be gay.

I love to sing, no matter where,
By stream, or grove, or tree,
Some mystic music fills the air,
And sets my spirits free;
I hear the voices of the waves,
And fancy then prolongs
The music of the hills and caves,
Their grand ancestral songs.

I hear the harps upon whose string
The wand'ring breezes play,
And so I sing, and so I sing,
That I may still be gay.

## FAIRY VOICES.

Fairy voices—fairy voices—
They are whispering far away,
Where the stream in song rejoices,
Where the woodland breezes play;
Through the dell and through the dingle,
When the billows kiss the shore,
There are seraph sounds that mingle
When the twilight hour is o'er.

Fairy voices—fairy voices
Fill the woods—the groves, the streams;
In their sound the heart rejoices,
And we hear them in our dreams;

When at eve alone we wander—
Is their spell around us cast,
And we hear them when we ponder
On the music of the past.

#### IVY LEAVES.

Ivy leaves! they tell of ruin,
Yet how tenderly they twine,
Now some withered elm-tree wooing,
Now some old neglected shrine:
When the autumn leaves fall round us,
To the branches still they lend
Brighter green than summer found us,
Clinging closer, like a friend!

Would that we, in life, had near us When neglect the bosom grieves, Friends as kind and true to cheer us As the blessed ivy leaves.

Ivy leaves, in beauty growing
Round some old cathedral aisle,
In the cold, pale moonlight glowing,
Making even ruin smile;
Why should they be types of sorrow
If they thus a blessing bring?
Say, may we not need to-morrow
Something that to us will cling?

Something to be ever near us
When neglect the bosom grieves,
Some one who will love and cheer us
As the tree the ivy leaves?

#### SING NOT OF LOVE.

Sing not of love—sing not of love— Sing of the dark blue sea, The silent stars that shine above, The birds that wander free; The past—the future—any theme To wile away the hours, But love is all too sweet a dream To wake 'mid festal flowers.

Sing! and let music charm the ear!
We lightly meet—and part;
Song at the festal hour should cheer,
Here 'twould not touch the heart;
If passion's sad but thrilling lay
Thy quivering lute would own,
Take thou its chords, unstruck, away,
And sing—but sing alone!

## I HEARD A SWEET SONG.

I heard a sweet song in my earlier youth,
When I roved through the blooming heather,
And the tale that it told was how love and truth
Hand in hand through the world roved together;

I loved, and the lay that I then held so dear, Long, long in my bosom I cherish'd, But the minstrel proved false, and I owned with a tear,

That the charm of that sweet song had perish'd.

I sung that sweet song to my love as we strayed,

Ere the vow that he made me was broken,

I heard with delight every promise he made,

For I deem'd them of truth then the token;

But ah! when the summer had faded away,
And the bloom was no more on the heather,
He left me alone through the wide world to stray,
Love and truth then no more roved together.

# EVER MY SPIRIT LINGERS WITH THEE.

Ever my spirit lingers with thee,
All that is lovely but brings thee to mind,
Thine is the form in each floweret I see,
Ihear but thy voice in the song-breathing wind;
When the night cometh, unfolding each star,
'Tis but to bring thy loved image to me,
I know thou art brighter, and lovelier far;—
Ever my spirit lingers with thee.

Ever my spirit lingers with thee,
Parted, yet lonely I never can stray,
Not for a moment thou'rt absent from me,
My dream in the night, and my shadow by day;
Fairest of all that is beauteous and bright,
Nothing that gladdens the earth, air, or sea,
Is there but brings thy loved image to sight;
Ever my spirit lingers with thee!

## SING IT YOURSELF.

Yes! he comes to our cottage, it can't be denied, And there he woos some one, to make her his bride; He tells her she's comely, and more too he'll dare, But to make her confess it, it would not be fair; I only know this, that he woos not for pelf;—
If you want any more you must sing it yourself.

She meets him at eve through the meadows to stray;

Well, if two walk together, they can't lose their

He sees her safe home to her own cottage door, He couldn't do less, though he sometimes does more.

For Cupid, you know, is a sly little elf;—
If you want any more you must sing it yourself.

There'll soon be a wedding! well, so people say, I'm sure I've not told you—I don't know the day; And did I, the secret I'd never let slip; There's a proverb, you know, of the cup and the lin:

You'd not have me left an old maid on the shelf? If you want any more you must sing it yourself.

# THE TIME HAS BEEN.

The time has been—the time has been
I stooped to gather flowers,
I sighed not then for change of scene,
So lightly passed the hours;
My step was bounding as the fawn's,

My heart knew not a care, And little reck'd I of the thorns That 'mid life's roses were!

> But time, with eagle's wing, swept by, Life's now a shifting scene; Its sweetest roses scatter'd lie,— The time, the time has been!

The time has been—the time has been
I loved to rove at noon,
Beneath the shade of forest green,
To hear the wood-bird's tune;

Each flower and leaf in nature's bower, Had then a charm for me, Nor deem'd I in those happy hours What coming days might see.

I never sought nor sighed to range,
My heart was so serene;
I deem'd not then, 'tis we who change;
Then sigh—the time has been.

The time has been—the time has been
Joy smiled upon my brow,
But life has many a tranquil scene,
To charm me, even now;
While friends I knew in other days
Have hearts still kind and true,
And lips I loved my songs still praise,
The past I'll still renew.

I'll still call back the happy hours Of childhood's fairy scene, For memory hath its fadeless flowers, Although—the time has been.

### NORINA.

Norina's eyes they shine and twinkle
More beautiful than any star,
Upon her brow there's not a wrinkle,
For clouds come not where planets are;
Norina's eyes. Och! sure they're murther,
They seem to look so many ways,
But the simile goes mighty further,—
Like stars on all alike they gaze.

Norina's eyes such darts are flinging, I'm sure they'll be the death of me, And then the Crowner's 'quest will bring in That shooting stars they both must be; But och! I'd rather die in gazing On eyes that shine so clear and bright, Than live to hear another praising Norina dear, and have the right.

#### INEZ.

Her hair was raven as the night,
But in Castilian skies,
The stars shine doubly clear and bright,
And so beamed her dark eyes;
I strove beneath those sunny rays,
In vain, my heart to steel,
I could not coldly, calmly gaze
On Inez of Castile.

I lingered near her night and day,
I knew I loved in vain;
My island home was far away,
And hers was sunny Spain;
I strove in vain that love to quell
My lips might not reveal;
Time will not, cannot, break the spell—
Dear Inez of Castile.

# THE SPANISH COQUETTE.

To my tuneful guitar, or my gay castanet,
I sing or I dance—and I happy remain,
They tell me I'm only a heartless coquette,
But oh! I'm the merricst maiden in Spain:

'Tis true by my glances their hearts I trepan, But why in those glances deceit should they see P

My eyes only peep o'er the folds of my fan. And whoe'er can boast of a promise from me?

Ah! yes, though they call me a heartless

coquette.

'I still am the merriest maiden in Spain, To my tuneful guitar, or my gay castanet, I sing or I dance, and I happy remain.

When soft-speaking lovers come sighing to me, I send them away with a smile or a frown. Love's wreath, though of flowers, still fetters would be.

I would not my liberty lose for a crown: I know there are maids who sit pining all day, Like roses that wither unseen in the shade; But I love the sunshine and, happy and gay, Believe not in vows that so oft have betrayed.

Ah! yes, tho' they call me, &c.

## EVER NEAR.

How can I be lonely When I think of thee; Though around me only Solitude I see? Every blooming flower That you held so dear, Brings to mind the hour Thou wert ever near.

> Soft the breeze sighs near me. Still thy voice I hear In my soul to cheer me, Thou loved one ever near.

Distant though I wander,
Onward day by day,
Grows my heart the fonder
Further as I stray;
Every star above me,
Distant though it be,
Tells me that you love me,
"Tis as near to thee!

So, though we are parted, Not more distant here, Art thou—oh true-hearted Thou loved one ever near.

## WAS THAT SO VERY WRONG?

I own when first he pressed my hand
I told him it was rude,
But then he made me understand
'Twas wrong to be a prude;
Ah! me! since then I never felt
My courage half so strong;
And if he whispered when he knelt,
Was that so very wrong?

I ask you all—was I to blame?
Would you have kept your beaux
If you had always cried "for shame,"
Did they a walk propose?
We wandered at the twilight hour,
I never stayed too long,
And if I felt its magic power,
Was that so very wrong?

He pointed to the church close by, So what was to be done? I was not born to mope and sigh, Nor meant to be a nun; He said he loved, and I believed,— Would make me his ere long; Well, since I have not been deceived, Was that so very wrong?

### JOHN HALIFAX'S DREAM.

(See the Novel, Vol. II., p. 59.)

Oh! smile not if I tell you
It was nothing but a dream,
A song I heard in cloud-land,
Tho' my own heart made the theme.
I heard the music of her voice,
So beautiful and low,
She told me that I loved her,
Though I never told her so;
She said, "Be up and doing,
You've a name and fame to make,
And a true man should live nobly,
In the world for love's sweet sake!"

I listened rapt in wonder,
As I saw her bright eyes beam,
I knew she might have said it,
Tho' 'twas nothing but a dream;
The weakness that was on me,
And the grief I'd suffered long,
Fled quickly with the vision,
And I rose up brave and strong.

I've wrestled with the wide world,
And my place now boldly take
With its proud ones, and its true ones
Who loved me for love's sweet sake.

## MURIEL'S SONG—IN THE FIELDS.

Oh! say not that the open fields
Have not a charm for me,
I love the perfume each one yields,
Their flowers I cannot see;
I love to feel around me play
The first warm breath of spring,
For Muriel then can sit all day
And hear the sweet birds sing.

I love the murmur of the stream,
The music of the brook,
I see them in my endless dream,
I know how they must look.
There's not a sound of earth or air
To which I do not cling,
But sweetest 'tis to linger where
I hear the sweet birds sing.

## MURIEL'S SONG (AT THE ORGAN).

Hush! she sings, that angel child!
Faintly, slowly, fall the notes,
In the evening soft and mild,
Hark! the spirit-music floats;
Melodies of brighter lands,
Chords that still to sweeter change
Tremble 'neath her fairy hands;
Mystic music, sweet and strange.

Hush! if song to heaven ascends,
Surely will that plaintive lay,
Like a spirit-voice it blends
With the angels' far away;
Father, mother—dry those tears,
E'en to thee should hope be given;
In that anthem's spell she hears
Songs she hopes to sing in heaven!

#### HOME-LOVE.

'Tis sad to leave familiar things
For objects new and strange,
The heart must rest where first it clings,
It never sighs for change;
The meadow and the winding stream,
Where first we gather'd flowers,
Oh! never was so bright a dream
As that sweet dream of ours.

Turn where we may, roam where we will,
For rest the spirit yearns,
The home-love is the strongest still,
To that the heart returns.

'Tis not the pride of power and place
That makes the happy lot,
The brightest spot I e'er can trace
Will be our village cot;
Content, perchance, I still shall be
With thee, where'er we go,
But happier times I ne'er can see
Than those we used to know;
Turn where we may dwell where we

Turn where we may, dwell where we will,
The heart this lesson learns,
The home-love is the strongest still;
To that the heart returns!

## TEACH HER TO FORGET.

Oh! do not breathe the false one's name,
When she is standing by;
We cannot now her passion blame,
Her unavailing sigh;
We told her that he never loved,
We saw it with regret;
But now his falsehood she has proved,
Oh! teach her to forget.

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Oh! tell her there are many things
Too fair and bright to last,
That all to which her mem'ry clings
Belongs but to the past;
That few those early hopes restore
On which the heart was set;
To win her from the past once more,
Oh! teach her to forget.

We strive amid the festive throng
To wile her grief away,
We bid her sing each fav'rite song
She loved to sing and play;
'Tis vain, with grief her heart is bowed,
Too oft her eyes are wet,
We see her lonely 'mid the crowd,
She never can forget!

## THE FACE TO CHARM A HOME.

There's something in a silken curl,
That charms a lover's eye,
The witcheries of many a girl
In smiles and dimples lie;
But there's a charm that all can trace,
We never need to roam,
To meet that quiet, angel-face,—
The face to charm a home.

A snowy brow, a rosy cheek,
From some a smile may win,
Give me the brow whose lines bespeak
The thought that lies within;
I care but for the lips that smile
A welcome when I come,
That speak a heart devoid of guile,—
The face to charm a home.

#### THOU WERT NOT THERE.

The guests were gathered, fair and gay;
I joined the glittering throng,
But one dear form was far away,
And silent one sweet song;
There seemed a gloom, some joy unfelt,
That all had hoped to share;
Upon the past alone I dwelt,
For ah! thou wert not there.

The laugh we heard in olden days,
That filled with mirth the place,
The voice whose spell we loved to praise,
The happy, smiling face,
We missed them, and to me each brow
A sadness seemed to wear;
Can this be love? I own it now,
For ah! thou wert not there.

# OH! WAKE ME NOT IF 'TIS A DREAM.

Oh! wake me not if 'tis a dream,
I cannot yet believe
The promises he made so oft
Were meant but to deceive;
I cannot yield him mine again,
I feel my heart 'twould break,
The past has been so sweet a dream,
'Twere death from it to wake.

He bade me keep my heart for him,
He told me long ago,
He claimed me for his own, and now
You say 'twill not be so;

Oh! rather bid him still deceive Than snap the golden chain, The new love still may pass away, The old, the true, remain.

Perchance in some dim twilight eve,
When she he loves grows cold,
He'll think 'twas such a blissful hour,
In which we met of old;
And when he finds I'm faithful still,
The fatal spell may break;—
It must be so—from such a dream
Oh! do not let me wake!

### ADAM BEDE TO HETTY.

Oh! do not wear that blushing flower
Amid the tresses of thy hair,
Should one whose beauty is her dower
A fleeting blossom deign to wear?
I would not have an added grace
Where nature's spell should only be,
Nor seek an alien charm to trace
In one, a flower herself to me.
Then take away the blushing flower,

Then take away the blushing flower, Or in thy breast the blossom wear, And sweet will be its dying hour, To fade and fall and perish there.

The courtly dames, in pictured hall,
May twine a chaplet for the hair,
A face whose smiles like sunlight fall
No gaudy wreath can make more fair;
You deem the wreath but joy reveals,
Ah! little of the world you know;
Too oft the rose but ill conceals
The hidden thorn that wounds below.

Трыт take вмяд, фс.

#### THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

Through the shadows, through the shadows,
At the calm decline of day,
When the twilight dims the meadows,
Oh! how sweet it is to stray;
When the bird the nest is seeking
And the bee comes laden home,
Of the past and future speaking,
Hand in hand then let us roam.

Through the shadows—secrets telling,
When no prying ear is by,
Gentle thoughts our fond hearts swelling,
While our lips breathe sigh for sigh;
Till we fancy that we wander
In some far-off fairy home,
And our hearts grow even fonder,—
Through the shadows let us roam.

#### PARTED.

We met not as we met of old,
He could not calmly gaze,
My altered looks too plainly told
The tale of other days!
The happy past, so dear to him,
He never more may see,
The future now so dark and dim,
So desolate for me.

He bore upon his trembling arm
A fair and blushing bride,
His brow, before so clear and calm,
Now wore no look of pride;

It spoke a heart whence joy had fled, Whose shadow still must be, The love to him now lost and dead— The memory of me.

And she, his young and willing bride,
Who tempted him with gold,
Will she not spurn him from her side,
To her so stern and cold?
It may be so—and yet I'd give
The love that mine should be,
To know that she might happy live—
Nor hear him speak of me.

### THE MAGIC OF MOONLIGHT.

I'll meet thee at eve when the glare of the day Has melted in twilight and faded away, When the winds softly sigh and the nightingale's song.

Shall teach us the tones that to true love belong;
Oh! deem not the daylight will do half so well
To speak all the secrets I'm waiting to tell,
"I'is then, only then, that love's spell we can
weave,

For there's magic in moonlight,—then meet me at eve.

Alone in the calm of that magical hour I'll meet thee again in our favourite bower,
And the stream, as it sings on its way to the sea,
Shall tell thee how changeless my love is to thee;
Yes, there, tho' awhile from the world thou art
flown,

Thou wilt live in a brighter—a world of our own, And, listening to vows that shall never deceive, () wn the magic of moonlight, then meet me at eve.

#### DANCING SONG.

Oh! the dear delight of dancing!
Joy surpassing bliss of song!
Music sounding, bright eyes glancing—
Can it be so very wrong?
If the waves in measured motion
Dance beneath the open sky,
Nature bids them I've a notion,
If they dance—then why not I?

Everything in nature dances,
Dance the leaves upon the trees,
Cloud to silvery cloud advances,
Dancing to the tuneful breeze;
All the flowers dance in gladness,
To the music birds supply,
Why should I then yield to sadness?
All things dance—then why not I?

# SUMMER, I LOVE THEE!

When will the flowers their bloom restore?

The summer time is sweet to me,
I long to roam the hills once more,
To wander with the bird and bee;
The winter time may weave a spell
For those who love the chimney nook,
But I with nature love to dwell,
The fount and flower, the stream and brook!

Summer, I love thee!

When will the summer sunshine fling
The smile again upon my brow?
Around my pathway gaily spring
The flowers I miss so sadly now?

The winter time is harsh and cold,
And all our griefs we then recall,
But when the fields their flowers unfold
They pass, and leave a smile for all!
Summer, I love thee!

#### EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Early recollections,
In thy heart they rest,
Childhood's first affections
Dearest, sweetest, best;
Lips our own were prest on
Freshly came to mind,
Some green spot to rest on
Mem'ry still will find.

Childhood's first affections,
Time can never kill,
Early recollections
Linger with me still.

Sadder recollections,
Thoughts of later years,
Blighted hopes—affections,
Wept with bitter tears;
Plighted vows all broken,
Idols shatter'd now,
Where leave they their token P
On the heart and brow!

Yet our first affections
Time can never kill,
Early recollections
Linger with us still.

#### HE SPEAKS NOT OF THE OLD TIMES.

He wears a look of gladness
When I linger by his side,
He chides me for my silence
And the tears I cannot hide;
He knows not whence my sorrow,
Or he deems my heart is free,
For he speaks not of the old times
So very dear to me.

He knows we roved together
In the days when we were young;
The same old home we dwelt in,
The same old songs we sung;
But the vow was never spoken
And it now may never be,
For he speaks not of the old times
So loved by, lost to, me:

His words are kind as ever,
As when first on me he smiled,
But I cannot meet his glances
As I could when but a child;
Yet the love my girlhood gave him
Is cherished still by me,
Though he speaks not of the old times
That I never more may see.

## ONE KIND WORD BEFORE WE PART.

When the bleak wind kills the flower,
Then the clouds drop gentle rain,
So a smile in sorrow's hour,
Bids the heart its peace regain;
We have wept each other's sorrow,
Shared our joys—lived heart in heart,
Shall we not be friends to-morrow?
One kind word before we part.

If in anger I have spoken,
Be it thine but to forgive;
E'en while friendship's links are broken,
Memory of the past will live;
Mine alone shall be the sorrow,
Take me back into your heart;
Yes! we shall be friends to-morrow,—
One kind word before we part!

#### SCATTERED-GATHERED.

Scattered are last year's leaves,
And the birds have left the bowers,
And the friends of earlier years
Are scattered—like the flowers;
And the hopes of other days,
And the joys in youth we knew,
And the sunbeams of the heart,
Are they not scattered too?

Yes! all are scattered, all,
The bright things of the past,
And the beautiful and true,
Too beautiful to last.

They were the first to fly !

Gathered, the new year's flowers,
And the sweet birds sing once more,
There is youth, but oh! not ours;
No apring can that restore:
But we've friends perchance as true
As those we used to love;—
Alas! they're gathered now
In the cloudless realms above!
Gathered and scattered all—
Of earth and air and sky;
And the beautiful and true

## THE OLD FAMILIAR PLACE.

We may rove the wide world o'er,
But we ne'er shall find a trace
Of the home we loved of yore,
Of the old familiar place;
Other scenes may be as bright,
But we miss, 'neath alien skies,
The welcome and the light
Of the old kind loving eyes.
Home is home—of this bereft,
Mem'ry loves again to trace,
The forms of those we left
In the old familiar place,

We may sail on every sea,
But we still shall fail to find,
Any spot so dear to see
As the one we left behind;
Words of welcome we may hear,
But they cannot touch the heart,
Like the tones, to memory dear,
Of the friends from whom we part.
Home is home—the wand'rer longs
All the scenes of youth to trace,
And to hear the old home-songs
In the old familiar place.

## FADED ROSES.

The roses are faded—faded,
But not from the bower alone,
Her brow is with grief o'ershaded,
The rose from her cheek hath flown

There came to our home a stranger,
His laugh and his song were gay,
She saw in his smile no danger,
Nor wept till he went away.

The song of the bird no longer
Is heard by our cottage door,
But a voice that was sweeter, stronger,
Now sings by our hearth no more;
We know by each silent token,
That more than her tears can say,
Though never a vow was spoken,
He has stolen her heart away.

## SHE NEVER NAMES HIM NOW.

There was a name she loved to hear,
A voice whose lightest tone
Could wake a smile, or cause a tear,
But ah! those days have flown;
Another now, perchance, repeats
Each idly-spoken vow,
His glance another fondly meets;
She never names him now.

There was a time when she was named
The gayest of the gay,
She scorned us when her mirth we blamed,
That time has passed away;
We mark her sadness now and chide
Her pale and altered brow,
But though her grief she cannot hide,
She never names him now.

#### VIOLANTE.

"Leave to return to Italy—I care not for honours, for rank—but for the land, the native land—oh! to see it once more—oh! to die there!"—"My Novel." By Bulwer Lytton.

Oh! for the land—the native land
I pine to see once more,
I only ask again to stand
Upon my own bright shore;
Speak not of honour, wealth, or fame,
'Tis not for these I sigh;
Who here would breathe the stranger's name?
But there—'twere bliss to die!

Oh! leave me free—and break the spell,
Nor heed my falling tear,
There all the much-beloved ones dwell,
Should one enchain me here?
When passion's fitful dream is o'er.
Who then could break the tie?
Oh! let me see my native shore,
Once more, and then—to die!

## LOVE UNFADING.

The summer flowers are fading round us,
Yet grieve not that their time is past,
The gentle buds that spring has found us,
Are not the same we clung to last;
There must be change, as joy and sadness
Alternate wake the smile or sigh,
Enough for us, through grief and gladness,
That love blooms on, though roses die.

You tell me time perchance will whiten
Your locks, now like the raven's wing,
But sunshine oft the snow will brighten,
And do not hearts renew their spring?
Then do not grieve that time steals o'er us,
The past need never wake a sigh,
Though all earth's bright things tade before us,
Love still blooms on, though roses die.

#### THE RIFLE RANGER.

No life's like the life of a gay mountaineer,
He soars, like the eagle, on high,
No chasm appals him, no height does he fear,
But he boldly climbs up towards the sky;
With rifle in hand how he merrily hies
Where the chamois are bounding in glee;
The game once in view, if he marks it, it dies!
Then a free Rifle Ranger I'd be!

No home is so bless'd as a gay mountaineer's,
But when from the valleys below
The war-cry that tells of oppression he hears,
Then his rifle is turned on the foe;
Thus able in peace or in war to defend
The land of the brave and the free,
He is ready to vie with a foe or a friend;
Then a free Rifle Ranger I'd be!

## IF SHE HAD LOVED HIM.

If she had loved him I could say,
"Farewell, another claims your heart,"
But when he speaks she turns away,
And coldly as they meet, they part;

Ah! no! this is not love, and yet
They doom her to become his bride,
And I must breathe no vain regret,
And bear the grief I cannot hide.

If she had loved him, could she meet

My gaze with such a changeless brow?

And would a smile, though sad, yet sweet,

Illume her placid features now?

Ah! no! she knows that she must wear

The fatal chain, of love denied,

But she must learn at last to bear

The grief she struggles now to hide.

## MY OWN BELOVED RHINE.

They tell me of the mighty streams
That glad their western land,
They say, not e'en my wildest dreams
Could picture aught so grand;
I'sigh not for the great, the vast,
Where no proud records shine,—
Give me thy memories of the past,
My own beloved Rhine.

There may be mountains far more steep,
And rivers like the sea,
But none whose blue is half so deep,
Whose sons are half so free;
Thy every wave some legend tells,
Thy every home's a shrine
In which the soul of freedom dwells,
My own beloved Rhine!

#### THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

There is a land, a glorious land,
No foot e'er crushed its bowers,
Its palaces in beauty stand
Amid a realm of flowers;
There weary hearts forget their grief
To dwell on joyous themes,
But ah! the mourner finds relief
But in the world of dreams.

It is the land—the happy land
That proves the soul divine,
There parted friends meet hand in hand,
And kindred hearts entwine;
In that bright land how sweet to stray;
But ah! it ever seems
Hope only beams to point the way
Towards the world of dreams!

## SISTER FAIRIES, FOLLOW ME!

Where the birds are sweetly singing,
Where the bloom is on the tree,
Where the lily bells are ringing,
Sister fairies, follow me!
Where the silver beams are straying
In the fountains as they flow,
And the streams, like lutes, are playing
Rippling music—let us go—
Where the birds, &c.

Where the wild bee gaily passes
Thro' the meadow—thro' the glade,
Hovering o'er the nodding grasses
In the sunshine, in the shade;

Where the whispering winds are breathing
To the woods their anthems low,
There our spells we must be weaving;
To the woodlands let us go—
Where the birds. &c.

#### CHIDE ME NOT FOR WEEPING.

Oh! chide me not for weeping,
Far better tears should flow
Than break my heart in keeping
Unwept my present woe;
In vain with accents tender
You strive to so the my grief,
These tears alone can render
My stricken heart relief.

Then chide not thou my sorrow,
"Twill sooner pass away,
And smiles may beam to-morrow
Where now but shadows play;
The heart that's fraught with feeling
The voice of pity fears,
The grief that time is healing
Must find relief in tears.

## THE ROSE OF KILLARNEY.

Och! the Rose of Killarney is lovely and gay,
'Tis her form that still haunts me by night and
by day;
For of all the fair flowers, where'er I may be,
'Tis the Rose of Killarney that's dearest to me;
Her breath is as sweet as the balm of the south,
Like a rose when it opens at morn is her mouth,

And sure of all pearls there are none to be seen, Like the white ones that sparkle her red lips between!

Och! the Rose of Killarney is lovely and gay, 'Tis her form that still haunts me by night and by day;

For of all the fair flowers, where'er I may be, 'Tis the Rose of Killarney that's dearest to me.

Och! the Rose of Killarney, her eyes when you view

No sky is so bright and no lake is so blue,

Her cheek wears the blush—but the rose has the

Of the flower that is called by her own darling name:

Her voice—but don't listen, 'twill haunt you so long,

Like the music that lives in her own native song, Her form—but there's naught in the world can compare

With a vision so lovely—a floweret so fair!
Och! the Rose, &c.

## MUSIC ON THE WIND IS STEALING.

DUET .- BOTH VOICES.

Music on the wind is stealing.
Soft and tender, faint and dim,
Is it fancy, is it feeling,
Or some distant vesper-hymn?

#### SECOND VOICE.

No, the heavenly strain resembles
Nothing heard on earth before,
Undefined each soft note trembles,
Faintly—then 'tis heard no more.

#### FIRST VOICE.

Is it fancy, is it feeling,
Wakes those echoes soft and low?
Music on the wind is stealing,
Whence the source that bids it flow?

#### SECOND VOICE.

'Tis no voice of earth's fair daughters,
'Tis no shepherd's lonely flute,
Stealing o'er the tranquil waters,
All save echo now is mute.

#### FIRST VOICE.

'Tis the birds that, homeward bending,
Join their merry tuneful notes,
'Tis the woodland murmurs blending
With the breeze that gently floats;
Sweet to fancy, sweet to feeling
Is the tranquil of the mind,
When, at evening o'er us stealing,
Music floats upon the wind!

#### BOTH VOICES.

Music on the wind is stealing, &c.

## OLD THOUGHTS.

Old thoughts, they oft will come again,
For memory loves to range,
Though many things familiar now,
Were then but new and strange;
And I call back those early days,
For ever past and flown,
I wonder'd if I e'er should find
A heart like thine, my own.
Old thoughts, how sweet it is to dwell
On each familiar theme,
And find that all we wished for most
Was not a fairy dream.

Old thoughts—I well remember still
The hour when first we met,
I dared not speak when you were near,
It was not love as yet;
But time passed by, and friendship then
To deeper feeling grew,
I wonder'd if I e'er should share
Life's future path with you?
Old thoughts, they still to mem'ry cling,
But sweeter that they seem
A hope fulfill'd—a wish come true,
And not a fairy dream.

## THE MERRY TROUBADOUR.

I'm a merry Troubadour,
And I sing to high or low,
Little ask I of your store,
Few my wants where'er I go!
All my wealth my gay guitar,
Yet of that I make the most,
'Tis my passport near or far,
Say what more can monarch boast?
Listen—listen while I sing
Songs from sunny lands afar,
I can joy and gladness bring
With my song and gay guitar.

Spurn not, then, the Troubadour,
He can charm you with his lay,
If, like him, you're very poor,
Listen still, there's naught to pay;
If you're lords or ladies fair,
Do not do the minstrel wrong,
From your store a trifle spare,
What is life bereft of song?
Listen—listen, &c.

## THE FLOWER QUEEN'S HOME.

Will you wander with me to the realms of delight?

I will lend you my wings for our fanciful flight, I will lead you where mortal ne'er ventured before,

And show you the wealth of that magical shore. To you it may seem but a beautiful dream

As we float through the air over valley and stream.

But even in dreams it is rapture to roam,
Will you come, will you come to the Flower
Queen's home?

I've a palace that stands in that bright spot of earth.

Where the flowers that are loveliest all have their birth.

Where the roses and lilies grow wild in the dale, And the violet's perfume is borne on the gale; It is there that each flower hath a song of its

'Tis the music of love—I will teach you its tone; Will you wander with me?—there 'tis rapture to roam.

Will you come, will you come to the Flower Queen's home?

#### NORAH MAGEE.

Sure it is not of reading and writin'
That Terry's of ganus the spark,
The boy's a deal better at fightin',
And that he calls making his mark;

'Tis true he oft sends me a letter,
The strength of his passion to tell,
I can't read myself—all the better,
I can take of the writin' a spell.

There's a mighty big D to begin it, And then EAR, I can see, So I guess all the rest that is in it, For he calls me dear Norah Magee.

When I bring home the milk in the morning, I'm thinking of him all the same; I know to decave he'd be scorning, For love's of his letter the crame; I can bake and can brew and boil praties, And butter-milk, too, I can make, And as for accomplishments, fait' 'tis Myself that can dance at a wake.

It's little that I care for learning,
For Terry is faithful to me,
And says he'll my name soon be turning
To another than Norah Magee!

#### WINNIE WINN.

I'm called Winnie Winn, ne'er a goat climbs the mountain,

With step that is lighter or fleeter than mine, At morn when my pitcher I fill at the fountain, At eve tripping gaily to call in the kine;

I've lovers enough, David Price and Ap Shenkin, But why should I seek all my cares to begin? There's time enough yet for all that to be thinking,

So they who'd win Winnie must please Winnie Winn. Ap Thomas he comes with his harp ever ready, And sweet are the tunes that to please me he plays,

There's young Morgan Jones, a rich farmer and

steady.

Winnie Winn.

I'm not to be bought by his gold or his praise; My heart still is free as the breeze of the mountain,

And teasing my lovers I think is no sin, So I'll sing while my pitcher I fill at the

fountain,
"Tis they who'd win Winnie must please

# MARY OF TRALEE.

Och! sure and is it true, then, that my love is coming back again?

And will his face like sunshine come to glad our cottage door?

'Tis then the clouds will clear away and never will look black again,

For he's written me a letter, and we soon shall meet once more:

He tells me he has gold in store—but oh! he tells me something more,

He says tho' we were parted he has still been true to me:

And I've to him been faithful too, and will my dream at last come true?

Perhaps it's in a coach and four he's coming back from sea!

He is coming back to me—
He is coming back to me—
And he's welcome as the sunshine to
Mary of Tralee!

Och hone! when Terry went away, it's little we'd between us then,

We pledged our hearts, 'twas nothing else that we had got to pledge;

A heart of stone I'm sure it would have melted to have seen us then.

But the only stones that saw us were the cold ones 'neath the hedge;

But now a lady he'll make me, and Terry Lord Lieutenant be,

And won't we keep a pig or two if that should be the case,

But spite of all his gold in store, if we but meet to part no more,

I'd give up ev'ry penny just to see his darlin' face.

He is coming back to me— He is coming back to me—

And he's welcome as the sunshine to Mary of Tralee!

Och! Terry, and I knew it, will become a great and mighty man,

There never was his equal, as I told him long ago,

He only had one failing, that he often was a flighty man,

But sure that was the whisky, and not Terry's self, you know;

But now that he has wiser grown the whisky pr'aps he'll let alone.

And if the boy for spirit lacks he'll find enough in me,

For when I ride in all my state, and he a duke or magistrate,

Sure not a pair more illigant in Dublin town you'll see.

For he's coming back, &c.

## THE ROSE QUEEN.

I am thinking of the roses
That I gathered in my youth,
When the Flower Queen they called me
And I half believed it truth;
'Twas the wild, the wayward fancy
Of a merry child at play;
Where are now my old companions?
And the roses—where are they?

They have withered in the garden,
They have faded from my cheek;
'Mid the younger and the fairer
For the Rose Queen they must seek.

I am thinking of the roses
With a mingled joy and pain,
Of the bloom of youth departed
That I never can regain;
But the fairy dreams of childhood
They can never quite depart,
While the boon of memory lingers,
Shedding sunshine on the heart.

Though the roses that I gather
Weave for me no more their spell,
And for me they bloom no longer,
On the past I love to dwell.

## THE PRIDE OF LOCH LOMOND.

Oh! gie me the hills o' the Highlans,
Oh! gie me our ain sunny glens,
There's freedom an' joy on the mountains
The lass o' the Lawlan ne'er kens;

'Tis there as we pu' the sweet heather, I sing wi' a heart light an' free; There is nae a blithe highlan' lassie Sae gay an' sae happy as me.

They ca' me the pride o' Loch Lomond, For there to the bagpipes sae shrill, I dance on the banks at the gloamin', When the shepherds come down frae the hill.

My creel oft I fill in the morning
Wi' trout freshly caught in the lake,
Then hie to the Laird or the Leddy
A wee bit o' siller to make;
For ev'ry young lass there's a laddie,
And I, too, hae ain in my ee,
And all that I save is for Robin,
Wha slily comes courtin' to me.

He calls me the pride o' Loch Lomond, For there to the bagpipes sae shrill, I dance on the banks at the gloamin', When my shepherd comes down frae the hill.

# ANNIE O' THE CLYDE.

Auld Scotland's hills are blithe and free,
But I maun gang awa',
Though partin' frae my highland hame
May brek' my heart in twa;
For me nae mair the heather bell
Shall bloom in purple pride.
A Lawlan' Laird has won the heart
O' Annie o' the Clyde.

Oh! sweet it was at gawden morn.
To see the wild roe spring,

Or where the gleesome burnie rins
To hear the birdies sing;
Oh! had my luve been highland born,
That there I might abide;
There ne'er can be a scene sae dear
To Annie o' the Clyde.

A tear is standing in my ee,
An' grief is in my heart,
Now I maun say fareweel to all,
From all that love me part;
And yet within that hame-sick heart,
True luve has conquer'd pride,
For luve is countrie, hame, and a'
To Annie o' the Clyde!

## THE NORTHERN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The air is heavy with the breath of roses,
And sounds of mirth and song hang on the
breeze,

On beds of flowers the gentle moon reposes,
And glittering lamps hang from the waving
trees:

And yet I long to hear the rush of waters,
For some brave bark that dashes o'er the foam;
I am not happy, like the dark-eyed daughters
Of this fair land, for it is not my home.

The last faint flush of eve is faintly dying;
'Tis sweet to wander by these murmuring rills;
But yet my heart is sad, for I am sighing
To feel the breeze that fans my native hills;
Sweet is the music of these sparkling fountains,
But sweeter far 'twould be once more to roam,
The crag, the steep, to climb the snow-clad
mountains,
Tho' bleak and bare—forthere it would be home.

#### TIDINGS FROM THE SEA.

A bright bird came to my window frame,
One sunny morn in May,
The gentle thing had the sea-bird's wing,
With its plumage like the spray;
I knew no word to that stranger bird
From human lips might be,
But I watched his flight with a strange
delight,
For he tidings bore to me,—

Tidings from the sea!

He told me spring, when the birds take wing
Towards our sea-girt shore,
Was the time a bark—but to me an ark,
Would homeward steer once more:
That He whose care saved the sea-bird,
where
The wild winds wandered free,
Had sent that bird, that my heart so stirred,
With tidings on to me,—
Tidings from the sea!

## THE MERRY GREEN FIELDS.

A song for the fields, for the merry green fields!
Let who will praise bright Italy's sky,
Dear England alone is the land that I own,
And what land can its beauties outvie?
How countless its flowers—through the long
summer hours,
How sweet through its mesdows to stray,

Where freedom and health may be found that the wealth

Of the proud never gained far away.

Tho' others may roam from their own native home,

For me it still happiness yields,
And say what they will of each vine-covered
hill.

Can they match me our merry green fields?

A song for the fields, for the merry green fields,—
Tho' our skies oft are darkened with showers,
If sunshine alone o'er our pathway were thrown,
Could we boast of such beautiful flowers?
Our hedge-rowsare green and our meadows are seen
Filled with daisies and buttercups wild,
And to me they're as gay as on each sunny day
I gathered them when but a child.

Tho' others may dream of the mountain and stream,

While my wild harp its melody yields, My song it shall be of the land of the free, And the charms of its merry green fields.

## "SWEET-SWEET."

"Ah! yes, it is love's golden age
When like a bird in gilded cage
The young heart, panting to be free,
Still sings in sweet captivity;"
Thus thought a maiden fair and young
As near her still a bright bird sung,
"Poor Bird," she sighed, mourn'st thou thy mate,
As I the absent one await?

Sweet! sweet! sweet! 'twas all she heard—
The music of that happy bird.

That pretty bird the whole day long Still cheered the maiden with his song. She heard, but only sighed the more, No coming footstep neared the door: Then oft she to the window hied, And to his cheerful note replied: But when at calm decline of day The bird had ceased his tuneful lay. "Sweet! sweet! sweet!" again she

heard.—

It could not be that happy bird.

Ah! no, the signal well she knew. Again she to her casement flew. The listening breezes caught the words. Tho' murmured low as song of birds: Thus wooed in true love's golden age The maiden fluttered in her cage, Till open once her prison door The captive fled and came no more.

> Sweet! sweet, sweet! sweet! through life she heard From love's own voice, from happy bird!

## THE PRIMA DONNA'S SONG.

Can they, then, so soon forget She who charmed them with her lave. Brief the time since last we met, Yet another's voice they praise; In their halls the spell of song Falls as oft it fell of yore, She who there reigned queen so long Now the throng may charm no more:— Let them from my memory fade, Dreams of fame too bright to last,

What cared they who sung and played, So the spell was round them cast— The spell of song!

Could they know what once I felt
When their wreaths they flung to me,
Mine the shrine at which they knelt,
Now I know in mockery!
Fickle as the changeful wind
List they to another's lay,
She too soon herself will find
But the idol of a day:
Take me from this cheerless shore,
Where too long I've loved to roam,
Let me fondly weave once more
In my own dear native home
The spell of song!

#### THE CONTENTED MAN.

I've a shilling, the last that I've got,
But I'll cheerfully spend it, my brother,
For since that to labour's my lot,
When it's gone I shall soon earn another;
What's the use of their riches, say I,
Men and women, not gold, form the nation;
I sleep like a top,—never sigh,
For I'm bothered by no speculation.
So I, bless her, sing God save the Queen—
If I'm happy, I'm rich as my neighbour;
When it's free, I see what's to be seen,
And live well as I can by my labour.

As to money, it's all one to me,
I can do either with or without it,
If scanty my earnings should be,
Why I don't make a bother about it;

What's the difference, tell me, my friend,
When Death singles one from the many?
The rich are as poor in the end
As we who 're oft wanting a penny.
Then, with me, sing God save the Queen,
And be honest and true to your neighbour,
Speak your mind, and see what's to be seen,
And live well as you can by your labour.

#### THE VINE.

I love, I love the vine
Before the forest tree,
She gives me mighty wine,
The vine, the vine, for me;
The oak in regal splendour
May reign the forest king,
But he no joy can render,
Like that the vine can bring.

I love, I love the vine!
She creepeth high and low,
Till clusters crown the bine,
And set all hearts aglow;
She sets the poet thinking,
Let's loose the lover's tongue,
And gives, when wise the drinking,
But joy to old and young.

I love, I love the vine,
For all the good she sends,
But most her spells be mine
When shared with ancient friends;
And while the grape, her daughter,
With blushes kisses me,
Away! I say with water,
The rosy wine for me!

#### THE OLD MUSICIAN'S DAUGHTER.

Oh! the old musician's daughter,—
A tear stood in her eye,
As she sang the songs he taught her,
To each careless passer-by;
The bleak winds blew around her,
But she heeded not the rain;—
In sorrow there I found her,
And I strove to soothe her pain.
I sought him, broken-hearted,
The soul of song was dead,
His summer friend's departed,
And all save Ellen fled.

Oh! that old musician's daughter,—
How proudly beamed her brow,
When once again I sought her,
The vocal wonder now;
The tears, like raindrops falling,
From woman's eyelids fell,
And thrice that song recalling,
Men owned its magic spell;
Then sought the home she cherished
His friends of other days,
But the soul of song had perished,
He heard not Ellen's praise.

Oh! that old musician's daughter,
She spurned their proffered gold,
For the songs she loved had taught her
Love is not bought and sold;
She knew their cold caresses
Were only for her fame,
But his memory still she blesses
Who to her in sorrow came:
To the silent grave I brought her,
Where her father sleeps alone,
But the old musician's daughter
Placed no name upon the stone.

#### HERO AND LEANDER.

Oh! close not yet the classic page,
My spirit loves to wander
Back to the bright and golden age
Of Hero and Leander;
When lovers died for maidens fair
To live again in story,
As he, young Hero's love to share,
Lost all—save deathless glory.

And still a tear will dim the eyes
As o'er the tale we ponder,
While many a maiden sadly sighs

Mothinks I see her torches glare—
Too well his bride obeyed him—
I conjure up her wild despair
When that false wave betrayed him:
I hear the plashing of the deep
Two young hearts could not sever,
When she, too, sank with him to sleep
Beneath the wave for ever.

O'er Hero and Leander.

To many a tale of love and wrong The mind at times may wander, But none like that that lives in song, Of Hero and Leander.

#### NEVER SAY DIE.

Push along, push along, ever keep moving,
Only the faint-hearted sit down and sigh,
Look around, wealth is found, labour's right
proving,
Go ahead—nothing dread—never say die

Steadily work away, tho' like a Turk away
You may be called on to toil, for at last,
Be it by loom or spade, or but by thinking made,
Fortune may smile and success crown the past.
Then push along, &c.

Ask for a trial and take no denial,
One man may fail where another'll succeed,
Never sit counting the hours on the dial,
Every day lost only adds to your need:
Coming behind you now, striving to blind you
now,
Many you'll find with an eye to your pelf,

Many you'll find with an eye to your pelf, Is there a soul in you, be that controlling you, Spurn not advice—but rely on yourself.

Don't be down-hearted, although now departed May be the hopes that you dwelt on of yore, Oft not the first in the race who has started Proves the best man when the trial is o'er: Try again manfully, openly, handsomely, Injure not others in act or in deed, Sweet the reward to you work will afford to you, Honestly, hopefully strive—and succeed!

## IF I LIVE TO GROW OLD.

The days of my youth had near fleeted away,
And so quickly the moments had rolled,
That I dared not look back, but continued to boast
What I'd do if I lived to grow old;
And now, in life's winter, its snow on my brow,
The sand from my glass nearly run,
How sad is the feeling that over me steals
When I think of how little I've done.

It is never too soon when a friend's to be served,
It may be too late to repent,
The act once performed, tho' a trifle at most,
Is more than the noblest intent;
Then act on the instant if good's to be done,
The best of intentions grow cold,
So vain is the boast that we make in our youth,
What we'll do if we live to grow old!

## THE FLOWER AND THE TREE.

Twas on one of those eves when the brown autumn leaves

Flit like ghosts of the summer around,
That a tree to a flower to speak had the power,
As it seemed as I lay on the ground;

Said the flower to the tree "it was love planted me.

And I linger the brightest, the last;"
But the evergreen said, "I shall live when you're dead.

For here friendship has rooted me fast."

In the morning I flew to the spot where they grew,

For I thought 'twas a dream and no more, There the evergreen spread in his pride his hale head,

But the reign of the flower was o'er; Thus by poverty's frost love's frail blossoms are lost,

While friendship still lasting may be, In spite of the cold, though the heart may grow old,

Like the sturdy, hale, evergreen tree!

#### RED AND BLUE.

There is blue in the skies above,
There is blue in the sea below,
But the eyes of the maid I love
Have the brightest blue I know;
There is red in the royal rose,
And red on the cherry tree,
But a deeper crimson glows
Where but two red lips I see.

The blue of the skies may pale,
The beam in the cloud decay,
But never did bright eyes fail
To charm us with their ray:
The red of the rose awhile
May some gaudier bloom eclipse,
But nothing can dim the smile
That sparkles round two red lips.
While earth and heaven combine
To form those colours two,
No other shall e'er be mine,—
Then hurrah! for red and blue.

## FLOATING AWAY.

"He put his hand in his breast, and tenderly took out the handful of roses, and gently launched them on the flowing river. The flowers, pale and unreal in the moonlight, floated away: and thus do greater things that once were in our breasts, and near our hearts, flow from us to the eternal seas."—Little Dorrit.

Bear upon thy breast! Oh! river,
These bright flowers I fling to thee;
Would the memory of the giver
Could as calmly flow from me:

Did I hold them till they perished,
They would picture but decay,
With them each fond hope I cherished
Now seems floating far away.

When I deemed they were a token
Hearts and flowers were side by side,
Then the words were still unspoken,
Now—I fling them to the tide;
In the heartless world to-morrow
I must still seem light and gay;
There how many a silent sorrow
Leave we—floating far away!

# THE OLD MAN'S DREAM OF HOME.

It was not of his native skies,
Though they were bright and blue,
It was not of the starry eyes,
That he in childhood knew;
The sunny path, the shady trees,
Where off he used to roam,
It wandered back to none of these,—
That old man's dream of home.

It was not of his early friends,
He dreamt not—where are they?
The charm to life that friendship lends
For him had passed away;
It shewed to him that sunny strand,
That only angels roam,
It bore him to the spirit's land,—
That old man's dream of home.

# WHEN SORROW FILLS UP THY MEASURE.

When sorrow fills up thy measure,
And tears will no longer flow,
When vanished is every pleasure,
And the present's a time of woe,
Oh! then to the past and future,
Look forward and back with care,
And you'll find there is ne'er a sorrow
But some lingering joy is there.

In winter the ice-bound river,
It flows not towards the sea,
In summer the tall reeds quiver,
For the wavelets again are free:
And so, though the cloud of sorrow
Is over thy pathway cast,
There will shine forth a beam to-morrow,
And the time of thy grief be past.

When sorrow fills up thy measure,
Then check not the tears that flow,
For the heart finds a secret pleasure
In brooding upon its woe;
All our trials on earth are given
In wisdom by Him above,
To call back our thoughts to heaven,
And to strengthen our hearts' deep love.

## LOVE'S RETREAT.

I knew a spot so darkly green
Where sunbeams seldom stray,
And oft behind that leafy screen
I hide at close of day;

The little bird goes there to meet
His mate, when day has flown;—
They call that arbour "Love's Retreat,"—
But I go there alone.

Sometimes I linger till the skies
With stars are shining bright,
And they on me, like loving eyes,
Look down with tender light;
I tremble lest I one should meet,
But who I must not own,
For when I go to "Love's Retreat,"
I always go alone.

Don't ask me which the path that leads
To that secluded bower,
I can but point across the meads,
And hint—the twilight hour;
To you it would not be discreet
That fairy haunt to own,
But if you find out "Love's retreat"—
Be sure you come alone!

## SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.

The sunbeams on yonder blue wave are asleep,
And smooth as a mirror the ocean's calm
breast,

But danger may lurk 'neath the treacherous deep,

And the winds lash the waves that now tranquilly rest;

Yon bark that so peacefully glides on her way
May reach not in safety the far-distant shore,
The breezes that waft her may lead her astray,

And their homes the brave mariners gaze on no more.

And thus 'tis in life's happy moments, we deem Our joys are so lasting they'll pass not away, Forgetting the lights that we bask in may beam From smiles that but lure us to lead us astray: Then let us. when sunbeams around us are cast. Remember the shadows that fall o'er life's

And, watchful through sunshine and storm to the last.

Thus calmly and peacefully glide to the grave.

#### REMEMBERED BEAUTY.

There are forms that through life we can never forget, Tho' but once, and as strangers, we parted and

That float in our memories ever, and seem Like the angels that greet us sometimes in a dream.

That change not with time, but for ever appear As lovely as when in that earlier year. They flitted across us and burst on the sight, Like the meteor that dazzles, then melts into night.

Thus it ever should be, for can beauty survive. Or the flowers of the spring in the winter-time thrive?

And who would relinquish a splendid ideal To know in life's winter 'tis fragile and real? Far better to know and to love for a day Than to cherish a thing that is doomed to decay; For mem'ry can dwell on a form that is bright, Though the vision that gave it be melted in night.

## THE SOFT WIND FROM THE WEST.

Of all the winds that blow I love
The soft wind from the west,
It is the wind that wafts the dove
At evening to her nest;
It sleeps upon the silent waves,
It murmurs o'er the river,
It plays upon the stream that laves
The spots where aspens quiver;
It sings within the ocean shells
That on the shingles rest,
It whispers many fairy spells—
The soft wind from the west.

It seems to come from sunny isles,
Where summer roses blow,
It fans the cheek where beauty smiles
And golden tresses flow;
It lingers where the moonbeams sleep,
Where dew-drops flowers are steeping,
In gentle sighs where willows weep,
Its breath is ever creeping.
It is a spirit, never seen,
That lulls the soul to rest,
The breath of some bright fairy queen,—
The soft wind from the west.

## OLD FRIENDS AND NEW ONES.

Could they always be with us, how sweet it would be
To have old smiling faces around us,
To soothe all their troubles, to share in their glee,
To welcome, wherever they found us;

But since that old friends, like old wines, crusty get,

Till we can't tell the false from the true ones, A welcome alike, when together we've met, Let us give to both old and to new ones.

Were friendship but centered in wrinkles and age,

We should ne'er have a friend till we tried them.

And, tested too often, 'twould prove, I'll engage,
That our hearts and our board were denied

So let them who will still their fealty forget,
We may still turn the false into true friends,
If a welcome alike when together we've met,
We give to both old and to new friends.

#### MY DEAR OLD HOME.

"You know how I am loved at home, and how I love home; you can hardly think it, perhaps, seeing me going from it of my own free will and choice, but I do so dearly love it. . . . All homes are not left with such a blank in them as I shall leave in mine."—Little Dorrit.

Oh! blame me not I leave the home,
I never more may see,
Nor chide me that I part from those
Who fondly clung to me;
I freely go—yet strange it seems
To cast it thus away,
That dear old home from which I deemed
My steps could never stray.

You tell me 'tis the fate of all
When trusting hearts entwine,
But few have ever left a home
So dearly loved as mine;
I ask thee then, when I am gone
(And far my steps must roam),
Be kind to those I leave behind
Within the dear old home.

## WERE THEY NOT HAPPY DAYS?

When thy brow was wreathed with smiles,
And thy heart was fresh and young,
Oh! what merry games we played,
Oh, what cheerful songs we sung!
Then I dreamt not that I loved,
Though I lived but in your gaze;
Now those hours are past and gone,
Yet were they not happy days?

When thy girlhood passed away,
And the bud a rose became,
And thy voice grew sweeter still,
Though the songs were all the same,
Then I told you that I loved,
And you blushed to hear my praise;
Those sweet hours are past and gone,
Yet were they not happy days?

Now the rose has left your cheek,
And your song is heard no more,
And the snow upon my brow
Tells life's summer-days are o'er;
But fond memory lingers yet,
Like the last faint golden rays
Of the sunshine of the past,
Of those bygone, happy days.

# THOU CANST NOT CALL HIM BACK AGAIN.

Thou canst not call him back again,
His bark is sailing far at sea,
Far from the busy haunts of men
His home—unloved, where should it be?
Too late is now each sad regret,
What might have been, when last ye met,
Thy heart can picture thee!
He deemed the billows and the wind
Than thy false bosom less unkind;
Thy hopes are now wrecked on that sea,
Thou canst not call him back to thee!

Thou canst not call him back, the 'ne'er
He loved the lone and treacherous sea,
Thou know'st he linger'd in despair
For one kind, gentle word from thee;
That word unspoken—'tis too late!
Thou canst not now avert his fate,
Whatever it may be:
For every whisper of the wind
But tells him thou art still unkind,
And thy late loving vain must be;—
Thou canst not call him back to thee!

## TELL ME YOUR DREAMS.

Tell me your dreams, and they will teach me
If joy or sorrow fills thy heart,
For though I would not care should reach thee,
I've marked thy tears, unbidden, start;
I know that from the world is hidden,
The secret cause of woe and pain,
But dreams are thoughts that come unbidden,
And all the light of truth retain.

Tell me your dreams.

Tell me your dreams—they should be only
Of golden fields and sunny skies,
And yet I've seen thee sad and lonely,
And marked too oft thy frequent sighs;
I would the sunshine of thy morrow,
Should be as bright as morning beams;
I'd share thy every joy and sorrow,
And only learn them from thy dreams!
Tell me your dreams!

# SUNNY SMILES AND LOVING HEARTS.

Sunny smiles and loving hearts,
So they cheer us on our way,
From the mind no joy departs,
Wheresoe'er we chance to stray;
Life may be a changing scene,
But how much the fault is ours,
If we have too often been
Gathering gold instead of flowers;
Sweeter are the ties of home,
Thence the gladness ne'er departs;—
Dear to those who never roam,
Sunny smiles and loving hearts.

Sunny smiles and loving hearts,
Earth no treasure owns like these;
When the tear, unbidden, starts,
What can give the mourner ease?
Smiles that chase our gloom away,
Hearts responsive to our own,
These the lights that round us play,
Shining, and for us alone.
Cherish, then, the ties of home

Cherish, then, the ties of home, Thence, &c.

#### LITTLE JESSY GRAY.

'Twas in the early days of spring,
When flowers bedecked the ground,
And love and light in everything
Fair nature shed around;
The village maidens gather'd were
To choose the Queen of May,
And fairest, best and brightest there
Was little Jessy Gray.

The sport went round—no village queen Was e'er so free and glad,
A smile on ev'ry brow was seen,
And ne'er a heart was sad;
The village squire he joined the dance
And stole her heart away,
Then left forlorn—to fate or chance,
Poor little Jessy Gray.

A lady in her silken pride,
Now lords it o'er the green,
And oft where little Jessy died,
The grey-haired squire is seen;
And every Sabbath he doth pass,
And oft is seen to pray,
By that small mound of tufted grass—
The grave of Jessy Gray.

## THE FLOWER AND THE BREEZE.

The breeze one day went out to play,
And 'mid the summer bowers
He found a rosebud fair and gay,
The sweetest of the flowers;

"Oh! pretty rosebud, let me kiss,"
He said, "those lips so rare,
I would not such a treasure miss,
But stay thy sweets to share."

The rose was flattered, so they say, And oped her petals fair, The breeze went on his roving way, And left her lonely there.

Then, maidens, when with witching spells,
Some rover calls you fair,
Heed not the idle tale he tells,
But of his wiles beware;
The breeze may kiss the merry flowers,
And wander where it will,
But maidens in their youthful hours
Must act with caution still.
The breeze he had a tell-tale tongue,
And little did he care,
He left the rose so fair and young

## THE HAUNTED TREE.

To fade and perish there.

It stood alone in an open glade,
And the cattle browsed 'neath its ample shade,
And many a tale the peasant told
Of that giant oak-tree, gnarled and old;
How fairies came from the green-hill side,
And frolicked there in the eventide;
But no one ventured there but me,
All, all were afraid of the haunted tree.

Perhaps it was that the tales I'd tell
Of the haunted tree, made half the spell,
For never a maid nor peasant bold,
Would venture there as the day grew old;

But there I'd go, and a tale I'd bring, How the fairies danced in a mystic ring, And a fairy spot it was to me, For love's trysting-place was the haunted tree.

Many's the song I beneath it heard, But it was not the song of the summer bird; Nor was it the strain of the fairy throng, That kept me there when the nights were long: There I was wooed and won at last, But that's a dream of the days long passed;— Bright days—sweet dream, still, still to me A memory dear is that haunted tree!

## I DARE THEE TO FORGET.

You think because you fly from me
My tears will cease to flow,
You cannot fly from memory,
Wherever thou mayest go;
It may be I, when thou art gone,
In silence may repine,
But, if my heart no peace may know,
It cannot rest in thine.

Go where thou wilt, far, far away
From where we oft have met;
I care not where your steps may stray,—
I dare thee to forget.

Perchance thou'lt strive to wreathe thy spell Round one more bright and fair, The thought of me thy heart shall tell How false thy flatteries were; And when the songs I loved to sing
From other lips you hear,
The melodies will leave a sting,
That once but won a tear.

Then go—I would not have thee stay;—
I would we ne'er had met;
You cannot banish thought. Away!
I dare thee to forget!

#### THE SWISS MOTHER.

She took his rifle from the wall,
The same his father bore,
She gave her boy his alpenstock,
His father's long before;
She did not let him see her weep,
But kissed his rosy face,
Then bade him boldly venture forth,
And take his father's place.

She thought but of her country's wrongs,

Yet pressed him to her heart, Oh! well might that proud mother weep From her brave boy to part.

A month before her husband joined
His brethren of the glen,
A week his lifeless form they bore
In sorrow back again;
Those warrior-peasants laid it down
Within her Alpine cot,
Then hastened back to meet the foe,
For they might mourn him not.

But she must send another forth;
Her doubly stricken heart
Might well be proud and not to break
From her brave boy to part.

And so she took the rifle from
'The chamber of the dead,
And filled the flask, and put it on,
Then forth her boy she led:
"Go," she said proudly, "o'er the hills
You'll find your father's foe,
Yet not his death-blow to avenge,
For freedom strike the blow!"

It was her bleeding country's wrongs, That nerved that mother's heart, Yet bitter were the tears she shed To see her boy depart.

## THE ENGLISH GIRL'S WISH.

"My heart in thy keeping
Take far o'er the sea,
And waking or sleeping
'Twill beat but for thee;
I'll trust thee for ever,
But far from my home,
Its loved ones, I never
Could venture to roam.

Go—plough the dark ocean, But here I must stay To prove my devotion While thou art away."

Thus sung a young maiden Of Britain's fair isles, With tears her eyes laden, But hope in her smiles; "I wish," she said, "dearest,
The world you should see,
But if where thou steerest
One truer than me

You find, 'mid earth's daughters, To humble my pride, Then bring o'er the waters That one as your bride."

He saw the bright glances
Of Afric's dark maids,
He joined in the dances
Of Asia's soft glades;
Though some, he deemed fairer,
Her beauty might dim,
He was but a sharer,
They smiled not for him.

His vessel, love-laden, Returned o'er the foam, His own English maiden Soon welcomed him home.

## WITH YOUR HAND IN MINE.

Darling! darling, you remember
In the summer shine,
How, of old, we roved together
With your hand in mine;
Then we sought but woodland flowers,
Happy when we came
To some old familiar blossom
That we knew by name.

Darling! darling—you forget not
Where the roses twine,
'Neath the porch how oft we lingered,
Still your hand in mine;

Then how sweet our twilight partings
By that cottage door,
Though I came by stealth to meet you
O'er the gloomy moor.

Darling! darling—all that's over,
Now you call me thine,
Yet at eve I love to watch thee,
Still your hand in mine;
Love to muse as when we wander'd
By the purling brook,
And to see my blissful future
Mirror'd in thy look.

## AGE CANNOT LOOK WITH YOUTH'S FOND EYES.

I had a garden of my own,
And that was filled with flowerets rare,
They did not bloom for me alone,
So many blooms there were to spare;
But every day, and every hour,
All through the spring and summer time.
I gaily roved from flower to flower,
And culled the blossoms in their prime.

Those cherished flowers for me no more
Leaf, bud, and bloom their form displays;
My garden was the world, before
I'd passed my childhood's sunny days;
Ah! thus it is when years have flown,
We fling aside what others prize,
And learn too soon this truth to own:
Age cannot look with youth's fond eyes.

#### OH! KEEP ME IN YOUR MEMORY.

Oh! keep me in your memory!
I will not ask thee more,
I will not say what might have been,
Now love's first dream is o'er;
I know to doubt is to despair
With one so proud as thou,
And that, since thou hast doubted me,
Thou canst not love me now:
I leave thee free! yet mine will be
Of grief the bitter task,—
But keep me in your memory,
'Tis all the boon I ask!

Oh! keep me in your memory!
Whatever fate be mine,
The pilgrim, memory, will return
To seek its earlier shrine;
My truant heart will wander still,
Where'er my steps may stray,
To where my buried hopes must rest
When thou art far away.
Farewell!—my love, I scorn to hide
'Neath friendship's hollow mask,
But, keep me in your memory,
'Tis all the boon I ask!

## THE LAND WE LEFT BEHIND US.

Oh! lovely is the land that lies
By Yarra-Yarra's waters,
And bright the clear Australian skies,
And kind her dark-eyed daughters;
But—ah! we miss the loving looks,
The friendly hearts to bind us,
The cheerful, cosy, chimney nooks
Of the land we left behind us.

The flush of health upon our brow Rewards our honest labour, But wintry nights are weary now, Without a friend or neighbour; Old songs we sing, old tales we tell, Alas! they but remind us Of those afar we loved so well In the land we left behind us.

We've streams so bright, and hills so blue,
And woods with verdure teeming,
And flowers of every lovely hue
In perfume round us beaming;
But still we long once more to roam
Where dear old friends may find us;
The heart has only once a home,
'Tis the land we left behind us!

## THE WIDOW BRIDE.

I cannot calmly see thee stand
A second time a willing bride,
For doubts will come that with thy hand
Thou canst not give thy heart beside;
Upon thy former nuptial morn
I know that love alone held sway,
And thou wert then content to scorn
This glittering pomp—this bright array.

I grieve to think that gold should buy
A heart that once I deemed so pure,
To feel that, as the years roll by,
Thy purchased joys can ne'er endure;
I cannot place the orange wreath
Upon thy pale and joyless brow,
And know there lurks a thought beneath
For one who is remembered now.

Deem not each high and courtly dame,
That now thy bridal rites attend,
Will hold thy story free from blame,
Or love as loved each humble friend;
No! false as every changeful wind,
As summer birds fly wintry bowers,
In fashion's glittering throng thou'lt find
Life's path has more of thorns than flowers!

#### THE LESSON OF TIME.

As Beauty one day in a garden was straying,
It chanced that Old Time there was loitering too,
Amid the young flowers young Beauty kept
playing,

While Time with his scythe cut them down as

they grew;
"How cruel," said Beauty, "to spoil those bright flowers,"

But Time, as he ruthlessly gathered his store, Said, "Waste not in trifling life's first rosy hours, For you, when they're lost, they will flourish no more."

Then Beauty, offended, called Time a destroyer, And vowed she would fly to some garden more fair.

Said Time, "Let her go, for I would not annoy her, I'm sure to o'ertake her before she gets there!"

She met by the way many suitors who brought her

The fairest of flowers just pluck'd in their prime;

But Beauty, forgetting the lessons he tenght her. Got only half way when o'ertaken by Time. Soon Beauty, grown tired of the toil undertaken, Said she'd take the first offer chance threw in her way,

But suitors they came not, and Beauty, forsaken, Found she, like the flowers, now must own to

Then, maidens, take heed how in life's rosy hours

You trifle away all the best of your prime; Like Beauty, don't always coquette with the flowers.

And don't be too proud to take lessons from Time.

### ST. MICHAEL'S AND ST. BRIDE'S.

Young Michael went courting to Fanny the fair, And asked her one day if his fortune she'd share, But when they discussed at which church it should be.

It seemed with each other they failed to agree;
"St. Michael's my saint," quoth the swain, "and
you know

"On me, of all others, he'll fortune bestow, And so at St. Michael's, if you'll name the day I'm willing to marry"—the maiden said "nay."

"I vow and declare, when in wedlock I'm tied, The church that I'm married at shall be St. Bride."

They met not again, till, in bridal array, Young Fanny went forth with her bridesmaids so gay;

She waited and waited—till, left in the lurch, She met with young Michael returning from church. "Oh! Fanny," he said, with a face filled with woe, "I told you that I to St. Michael's should go,

'Twas there stood the priest who'd have made us two one,

And now, by your folly, see what you have done!"
"The fault's all your own," still the maiden replied,

"I'm willing to wed, but it must be St. Bride!"

This quarrel, of course, made another delay, And the wedding put off until some future day; But Michael meanwhile chanced another to meet, And thought, too, her temper than Fanny's more sweet:

No doubt he did wrong, but such things will occur When maidens one church to another prefer, To his saint he was true, false to her, for they say He took to St. Michael's her rival one day.

So, maidens who'd marry, when asked to decide, Say St. Michael's will do quite as well as St. Bride.

## THE LADY OF THE MAY.

Oh! the Lady of the May! She was fair as she was gay, For a sweetheart all too young Yet had she a winning tongue; Innocent, yet sweetly wild, Though she was a very child, She made all the village wait Near her floral throne of state.

> Thine was then a happy day, Little Lady of the May.

Oh! the Lady of the May! Few the years that passed away Ere she was a maiden bright, Still her step was fair and light; No one ventur'd then to sip Honey from her cherry lip, Still her bright and laughing eyes Caused around a world of sighs!

> But a lover came one day To wed the Lady of the May.

Oh! the Lady of the May! Now her golden locks are grey; Yet her smile, like sunset, beams When upon the past she dreams; Sweet to her that early time When the May was in its prime; Now to us so cold and strange, Yet she sighs not o'er the change.

Thine was still a happy day, Gentle Lady of the May!

#### THE FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.

"It is a land where the roses are without thorns, where the flowers are not mixed up with brambles."

"I have seen the flowers," interrupted William, "they are ten times brighter than our flowers here."—East Lynne.

Yes! I have seen those fadeless flowers
That grow by living streams,
Far brighter than this land of ours
E'er showed me—save in dreams;

No thorns amid those blossoms grew, No taint of earthly leaven, For me they live, for me they blew, Those fadeless flowers of heaven.

I know the earth is fair and bright,
And were I brave and strong,
I would not wish the world good-night,
Though life is not for long;
I yet would linger here, dear friend,
Your hopes and fears to share,
But heaven a gentle message sends,
And kindly calls me there:

Where 'mid the flowers no brambles grew, No taint of earthly leaven, For me they live—for me they blew, Those fadeless flowers of heaven!

### UNDERNEATH THE LIMES.

Pleasant were those evening rambles,
Spite of falling dew,
When we cared no for the brambles,
So we scrambled through;
Now we stroll in sober sadness
Down the hawthorn lane,
Seeing others, call it madness,—
From their sport refrain.

Yet in summer's sunny weather
In those dear old times,
How we loved to ait together
Underneath the Limes.

When the mowers, home returning,
Left the half-made hay,
How, the farmer's anger spurning,
We would romp and play;
Now we keep the path, while others
Toss it to and fro,
Chiding those it nearly smothers,
Laughing as they go.

Yet their mirth can still remind us
Of the dear old times,
When the sun oft sunk behind us—
Underneath the Limes.

Blessings on the children's faces!
In their mirth and glee,
There again fond memory traces
What we used to be;
Though our lips may gently chide them,
Check their harmless noise,
Would that we could sport beside them,
Happy girls and boys.

Yet their mirth shall still remind us Of the dear old times, When the sun oft sunk behind us Underneath the Limes.

## THE MURMURING WAVES.

List to the voice of the murmuring waves,—
Whence does their musical melody flow?
Is it that Sirens who sing in their caves
Send up sweet strains from their dwellings
below?

Murmuring, murmuring still as of yore. Songs of lament to the sea-beaten shore.

List to the voice of the murmuring sea,—
Is it the souls of the brave ones who sleep
(Some that were dear once to you and to me),
Singing in restlessness down in the deep?
Murmuring, murmuring still as of yore,
"When will the deep all the lost ones restore?"

List to the undying song of the deep,—
Hark! how the musical cadences swell!
Whose is the hand can such minstrelsy sweep,—
What doth its deep solemn harmony tell?
Murmuring, murmuring still as of yore,
"Time and Eternity meet on the shore!"

### WILT THOU BE MINE P

Wilt thou be mine? no vow has yet been spoken.
Yet have I dared to lift mine eyes to thine,
And I have deemed by many a gentle token
Thy heart doth beat responsively to mine;
Thy look, thy touch, when in the dance we
mingled,

Thy silent tear when we were doomed to part, Since from the crowd thy peerless form I singled, Have whispered hope to my once lonely heart.

Wilt thou be mine? I cannot give thee splendour,

But I can give thee peace and calm repose, A life-long homage to thee I can render,

And love thee as the wild bee loves the rose; I turn to thee with all the true devotion

The pilgrim feels who seeks some holy shrine,

Ah! not more fervid is the fond emotion

That fills my heart—wilt thou—wilt thou be
mine?

#### MY OWN MOUNTAIN STREAM.

They tell me of rivers in beauty that flow Through the flower-spangled meads of the valley below;

I care not how tranquil their murmurs may be, The roar of my own mountain torrent for me! When the summits are screened in the grey mountain mist.

As it dashes along to its music I list;
In the song of the stream lives the soul of the free.

And my own mountain stream is the music for me!

The valley may boast of its calm and repose, On its rivers the lilies their petals may close, The storm-braving rock, and the breeze-loving pine.

Where rushes the bright mountain-torrent, be

If life's but a struggle of right against wrong, Let's cheer it with music majestic and strong; The shout of the wind, and the roar of the sea, And the rush of my own mountain-torrent for me!

## FAIRY WHISPERS.

Fairy whispers—mystic voices—
Would ye hear them, haste away
Where the stream in song rejoices,
Where the nodding blue-bells play;

Where the winds make music, stealing Gently through the waving trees, To the list'ning flowers revealing Secrets borne upon the breeze!

Fairy whispers, mystic voices, Ever distant, ever near, When the soul in song rejoices, Glad the heart and charm the ear.

Fairy whispers—mystic measures,
Linger in the pearly shell,
In the themes the minstrel treasures,
In the song of birds they dwell;
Where the willows kiss the river,
When the winds responsive sigh,
Nature's songs that perish never
On the air come floating by!
Fairy whispers, &c.

## TIS THE HOUR FOR MUSIC.

'Tis the hour for music! Hark! the evening breeze,

How its low sweet murmurs sing amid the trees! From the flowery meadows sounds of sheep-bells

And the bee comes humming, honey-laden, home; Birds amid the branches rest their weary wings, 'Tis the hour for music—all creation sings!

'Tis the hour for music—hark! the cuckoo's call! Listen to the echoes of the waterfall! Now the distant river sings upon its way, And the sighing willows join the soothing lay! In the dewy twilight now the cricket springs,—'Tis the hour for music—all creation sings.

'Tis the hour for music—o'er the ocean's breast Southern winds breathe softly, lulling it to rest, In the leafy bowers, where the wild-briar blows, Nightingales are singing love-songs to the rose; Every passing zephyr sound of music brings, Let us join the anthem—all creation sings.

#### MY MOTHER'S SWEET "GOOD-NIGHT."

Two gentle words—two loving words,
I never can forget;
Tho' hushed the lips that breathed them oft,
They haunt my mem'ry yet;
Like echoes of departed days
When all was fair and bright,
Their spirit-music charms me still;—

My mother's sweet "Good-night."

I see again those watchful eyes,
That gazed with such delight,
As o'er me in my tiny bed
She fondly breathed "Good-night."

I've listen'd since to magic tones
By tuneful voices sung,
I've heard the mirth of manhood's prime,
The laughter of the young.
They cheered my drooping heart, but when
The festive hour took flight,
'Twas sweet to call to mind again
My mother's soft "Good-night."

And still, tho' years have passed, when fades

The last faint beam of light,

I seem to hear that spirit-voice,—

My mother's sweet "Good-night."

#### THE BIRDS AND THE MAIDEN.

I went one morn to a shady grove
To hear the sweet birds sing,
For morn, you know, is the time to rove
When dews to the branches cling;
There is no sun like the morning sun,
No breath like the morning air,
And they say that a day that's well begun
Will end with a might as fair.
That morn the birds, as it seemed to me,
Sang "Happy the maid whose heart is free."

I went one eve to the same sweet spot,
The birds sang on the spray,
They say that a maid, but I quite forgot,
Should ne'er in the twilight stray;
I listened not to the wood-bird's song,
For a voice I held more dear
Said, "Jeannie, love, I have waited long,
Is it me that you come to hear?"
No more the birds, since that eve, to me
Sang "happy the maid whose heart is free."

# TO LOVE AND BE BELOVED AGAIN.

Oh! sweet it is to rove at will
The pleasant scenes our childhood knew,
To find, when years have flown, that still
The friends of youth are kind and true;
But sweeter far, as time rolls on,
And youth has passed, to find, e'en then,
Some heart responsive to our own,
To love and be beloved again.

'Tis sweet to hear the same sweet song
That cheered us oft in life's young days.
To bid fond memory still prolong
The themes we dearly loved to praise;
But sweeter far the voice to hear
That sang the song of welcome then,
And still, through many a changing year,
To love and be beloved again!

#### ONLY THINE.

Only thine—only thine— Other forms may be fair, Other eyes brightly shine, But with thine none compare; As the wind loves the rose, As the oak loves the vine, So through life, till its close, I am thine—only thine.

Only thine—only thine—
As the stars love the sky,
As the clouds that entwine
When the breeze wanders by;
As the stream that flows past
With the sea to combine,
Faithful still to the last,
I am thine—only thine.

Only thine—only thine,
All of wealth or of power,
I would gladly resign
With thy heart for thy dower;
Every joy neath the skies
Were as nothing to mine;
'Tis thy love that I prize,
I am thine—only thine.

## TIME AND TIDE.

How brief the time, the hours how few,
That I may yield to beauty's sway,
Yet, Mary, I can still be true,
And think of thee when thou'rt away;
I can but woo thee as a man,
I have no love-sick tales to state;
Then take me, dearest, while you can,
For "time and tide for none will wait."

I know, my love, when we are wed,
Some shades may come across the brow,
But time will prove, when years are fled,
If I can love thee more than now;
The raven hair may change to grey,
The lips with song no more vibrate,
But still our hearts remain as gay
Though "time and tide for none will wait."

## I'M SO HAPPY WHEN YOU'RE NEAR ME.

"I'm so happy when you're near me,"
"Tis all that I can say,
But I would that you could hear me
When you are far away;
A thousand things I mean, love,
To tell you when you come;—
As soon as you are seen, love,
Oh! why am I so dumb?

I'm so happy when you're by me,
I would not let you go,
But that you mean to try me,
At least you tell me so;

Oh! never doubt my heart, love, Will true to thee remain; 'Tis even bliss to part, love, And know we meet again.

"I'm so happy when you're near me,"
Let that alone repay,
Thy loving words that cheer me,
For all I meant to say;
But if the eyes may tell, love,
What lips dare not impart,
Oh! look in mine and spell, love,
The tablet of my heart.

## WHO WILL BE MY VALENTINE?

Why should maidens in their prime
Sit and sigh the live-long day?
Runs not thus the olden rhyme,
"Gather roses while ye may?"
When the summer time has passed
All too late 'tis to repine;
Come then, while my roses last,
Who will be my Valentine?"

Here am I, a lonely maid,
What a hapless lot is mine;
Must I pine away and fade?
Who will be my Valentine?

Deem not that I am too bold
With the saint my chance to try,
'Tis a custom good, though old,
Made when swains were coy and shy;

If a worthless one I get,
Then shall he be none of mine,
But—while I've a heart to let,
Who will be my Valentine?

Worthy me, he shall not find Saint e'er truer to his shrinc, Come then, while I'm in the mind, Who will be my Valentine?

## OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

Out in the sunshine! All nature invites us,—
There, only there, the heart can be free,
There blooms each flower that charms and
delights us,

There sing the birds their wild melody;
There we may list to the voice of the fountain,
Tuning our hearts to its musical play,
There we may breathe the fresh air on the
mountain,
Out in the sunshine—let us away!

Out in the sunshine the streamlet is laving,
Kissed by the breezes, laughing in light,
There in their gladness the branches are waving,
All things are happy, all things are bright;
Then, if all nature is smiling around us,
Should we not love it and share in its glee?
Grateful for all that the summer has found us,
Out in the sunshine—come, then, with me!

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